SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVI AUGUST, 1924 NO. 2

Sentinels

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

SHE had always thought of them like that, "Yes" and "No," two tiny little figures, barely an inch high, and they invariably told her what was going to happen to her. Dark, slow moving fate, dragging with it all the universe in its sluggish course, had sent ahead these two vivacious little couriers to inform her which way it would turn. "Yes" was a little ballet dancer in ringed white skirts and with dainty pointed toes. "No" was dressed in black, like Mephistopheles, and he carried a sword. She would close her eyes. "Will it come true?" she would ask; "*will* it?" If it was to happen, "Yes" would twirl around and around, ecstatically, like a figure on a music box. If not, "No" would raise his sword, then point it sternly to the ground.

Of course she didn't believe it, not really, especially when "Yes" insisted upon coming to life when she wanted "No," or when "No" rose with his sword when she passionately desired "Yes"—but, strangely enough, she couldn't change them. Sometimes "Yes" would lie in a crumpled white heap and not by the utmost force of her will could she make her move, and yet, if she changed the question, "Yes," perhaps, would spring to her feet, twirling madly round and round.

She sat on the window-sill, in her thin flowered dress, and looked down to the dingy street. The street was swarming with children. Their voices made a high, excited, incessant treble to the low rumble of passing trucks and wagons. Listless women, in dirty "boudoir caps" were hunched in the doorways, some of them immovable, staring, their hands dropped between their knees, some of them indifferently rocking broken baby carriages. Men in their shirt sleeves lounged at the doorways of their hot, untidy little shops. It was all so hot, so headachy in the pitiless glare, so purposeless, so neglected. It looked as if it were beginning to melt at the edges like a saucer of rancid butter left in the sun. "How can they bear it!" she thought. "How can they want to live when living means only that!"

Living meant so much to her. It was gorgeous, full of promise. It was a cool, rosy, untouched fruit. "I am dying to see you," his voice had said over the telephone, "I haven't seen you for so long!" So long! It was only two days ago. She smiled, dreamily, as she thought of it, leaning her head back against the window frame. "I am dying to see you." Oh, it was almost too much, too perfect! If he had only said, "I am dying to see you," that would almost have been enough, but he was coming that afternoon! She was ready for him in her hat and gloves and snow white shoes. She was clean and fresh and pretty for him all the way through, through her soft clothes, through her skin, to her very bones. Soon he would be there! It was like waiting for music to begin!

She looked at her huge alarm clock on the mantel. Two o'clock? He said that he would come at two. Could he have

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forgotten?—but that was incredible. Perhaps he had changed his mind, perhaps he didn't want to come— And, now, waiting for him, that had before been so delicious, became an agony! Five after two. She paced up and down restlessly, trying not to look at the clock. Ten after. It was awful! If he didn't come, what could she do all afternoon? Nothing. No experience in the whole world could fill the horrible emptiness that would be in her heart if he didn't come. She would go to bed, try to sleep away the dreary time, for it would be useless, dead. She couldn't live through the hours alone that she had expected to spend with him. She would have to sponge them from her life with sleep. Twenty after— "Come, come," she stretched out her hands to the door. "Come!" Half past. It was over. There was absolutely no hope.

She pressed her hands to her eyes. "Will he come, yes or no?" The little ballet dancer hopped frantically on the music box. But there was nothing in that. It was silly. "Will he come, yes or no?" She said again—and again the white figure jigged up and down. He would! he would!

Her bell rang. She flew to the door, leaning on the knob, feeling quite faint and dizzy. It was he, of course. Everything clicked back into place—life was beautiful again.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked when he saw her white face.

"Nothing." She bit her lip, hysterically. "You were so late—I—" But what did it matter now? He was there. Nothing mattered.

"But I'm not late. It's just two." He saw her clock, contradicting him flatly. "Darling, that's just like you. If you had a thousand clocks, they would all be wrong."

He took it down from the mantel and set the hands back carefully. He couldn't bear to have anything out of order, least of all anything that belonged to her. Somewhat as a stage hand arranges the properties for a great actress, he wanted to make everything easy for her, to attend to the material side of her existence so that she might continue to be just what she was, careless, irresponsible, free to reveal to him evanescent, intangible loveliness in life that he could not find for himself.

She knew that he felt that way as she stood there, watching him bend over her clock, and she clasped her hands sharply in front of her as if she would crush her happiness between them, bruise it, with that frenzied desire to destroy that unbearably perfect things arouse. She wanted to tell him that it would be ecstasy to work herself to the bone for him, cook his food, mend his socks, wash his clothes, wear herself out in his service, like the veriest hausfrau and, in that way, kill the very thing that he loved in her.

He put down the clock, came toward her, stood over her a moment in silence. "You look awfully sweet to-day," he said at last. "I like that flowery thing."

He fingered the ribbon hanging at her waist, then lifted her hand. Thoughtfully, as if he were putting on an imaginary glove, he traced, with his thumb and forefinger, the shape of her hand, down each finger, along the palm, until he circled her wrist in his firm, overlapping grasp. She was sinking into a dark flood, deeper, deeper—inevitably, until, with his kiss, the waters rolled over her head and she drifted, laxly, for it seemed an eternity, where no sound or light or thought could intrude.

And when they had come back again, suddenly, into the raw world of insistent noise and color, they found it impossible to meet each other's eyes, for to each it seemed impossible that the other could have been so far away, so deeply submerged.

"You don't know what you did to me," she thought. "You must never know," and in an hysterical desire to make him think that all was as before, that she was quite mistress of herself, she laughed, though a little unsteadily, and said, "Will you have a glass of water—or something—before we go?"

"No, thanks; come."

He held open the door. Without stopping to rearrange her hat, for she didn't want to do anything that would seem to refer to that moment that would imply that she ever remembered it, she went out and they shut the door as if they left something imprisoned there, something

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terrible, from which they had barely managed to escape.

Oh, it was wonderful to sink down on the cushioned seat beside him in his car, to watch him drive so expertly, to see his lean hands on the wheel!

"I'm going to take you 'way out in the country. We'll have supper somewhere and come back when the stars are out. All right?" He smiled down at her. Yes, it was all right. Oh, pitiful, pitiful people who were left behind!

He stopped the car in the shadowed, narrow centre of the ferry-boat by the throbbing engine. They were sandwiched between a coal wagon and a truck filled with enormous barrels.

"Sing, Veronica," he said as the burdened boat swung into the river. "Go ahead, loud as you can. Give them a treat."

"I would if everybody didn't think that this was a ferry-boat. They don't know that it is an argosy taking us to the enchanted land."

"To Weehawken."

"Yes, to Weehawken, beautiful, winey Weehawken! Oh, Billy—" She suddenly leaned over, burying her face in her knees. "How can I stand the to-morrows? They'll be such dry, crackly things compared to to-day!"

"Will he come, yes or no?"—and the white figure jigged up and down. He would!—Page 116.

Her mouth drooped in mock dismay, as, with her face still pillowed in her arms, she looked up at him, but her heart sang nevertheless, for what was to-morrow but the drop over the precipice and they still had a long way to race toward it, hand in hand. But he could only read the sadness in her face and it worried him.

"Cheer up, Veronica," he said, "please."

She laughed, linking her arm in his. "My dearest, don't cheer me up any further than I am. It would be dangerous!" He pressed her arm in his side, relieved.

From the half gloom where they were

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sitting, the river and the Jersey shore looked like a scene on a moving picture screen, framed by the arch of the ferry-boat. The water was gray in the sunlight, sprinkled with jumping spangles. White gulls crisscrossed the picture and, when the boat turned, as a camera does, it revealed ships and tugboats with lethargic barges in tow. They had the air of busy little housekeepers, trailing their responsibilities after them.

"I wish that I could live on one of those tiny houses on a barge," she said.

"You can some day. I'll have it painted soft robin's-egg blue with awnings, and there will be a steward to serve you with long iced drinks."

"I prefer them as they are, thank you. Awnings are a bother, stewards are a bother."

It was all theirs, merely a setting for their happiness! Even the thunderous charge of the horses, recklessly galloping their heavy coal wagons, like colossal Roman chariots, up the steep incline of the ferry slip, had been arranged by some prince to give them a thrill of excitement.

They crawled after them in the car, threaded their way through the traffic, then shot forward—free on the road that led to trees and hillsides.

But there were so many wonderful places to stop when they found themselves in the country. They rode between wide fields frosted with daisies, fields rich with clover, into wooded glens where the bushes on either side of the road brushed the car as they passed with a sound like rustling silk. They wanted to stop. They wanted to leave the dead upholstery, the unquickened nickel and steel of the car and lose themselves in that sleepy, fecund beauty. But where? Should it be by a little brook, brown and silver, crumpling itself, with ceaseless sweet tinkling, over the stones, swirling into little dusky hollows where water bugs jerked lazily and dead leaves floated, or by a smooth pond, dark glassy green around the edges, where it mirrored the quiet trees on the bank, shining in the middle?

"If only water ran up hill," she sighed. "I want to sit by a brook in a shady place, high up, and look down on the world, don't you?"

"I want to be near you. That's the only thing that matters except that all should be as you want it. I'd make water run up hill for you if I could." He laughed and jerked back his head. "I could, too, do even that, if you'd give me time."

"There is no time," she answered somberly, "no time for anything, hardly. We must snatch at things as they pass."

"Veronica, I wish you wouldn't say things like that."

"I feel it, somehow."

He stopped the car and leaned over, gazing at her with troubled eyes.

"I'm coming back to you."

"Yes, I suppose so—in a year."

"You *suppose* so? Do you think anything could keep me away? I love you." After a long breath, he repeated the words in a whisper: "I love you."

Yes, he loved her and because of that, because he wanted to make sure of their future together, he was going away. He had planned it all in his usual careful way. If he succeeded, and he knew that he would succeed, for a tremendous confidence in his own untried powers surged within him, they would have money enough to marry—they could snare the exquisite thing that had floated in their reach and keep it forever. But she was afraid. Would it be there when he returned? Could it be possible that it would wait for him while he sought a net for it? Chance was cruel as well as kind. Chance had graciously brought them together, but, because of that, she might find even more malicious pleasure in tearing them apart.

"Oh, I can't—I can't find consolation in thinking of the future," she said at last. "I know that you can and you are right. You are wiser than I—but—" She tore at her handkerchief despairingly, "but in a year—in all those weeks and days, there is so much room for awful, awful things to happen."

"Nothing will happen," he assured her, "except that I shall build that bridge and make money and a name for myself perhaps, as an engineer, and then—" He lifted her chin and kissed the tears from her eyes. "Silly one!" he murmured.

"Oh, I know I'm silly—just as silly as I can be. Come on, let's go to a high, high hill. These dreary low places are not for us. I'll sing for you there."

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They started, laughing. Everything was keenly funny then as it had been keenly sad—intensified, like color under water, to an unreal poignancy that made her breathless. Her heart seemed charged with laughter, with tears. Whichever way she tipped it, ever so slightly, the tears or the laughter rippled out.

They had to climb through a fence and she ripped her skirt on the barbed wire. When they examined it their hands met through the jagged tear.

"I'm glad," she said. "I shall never mend it—just keep it to look at. It will bring this back to me." But she wished that the points might have scratched her heart instead, to make it sharply hurt, rather than ache as it did with that heavy, sad happiness.

They waded up the steep slope, through long grasses, gold-tipped, through the pink clover, heavy with murmuring bees.

"Look at that one," she whispered, stopping him before a clover blossom, swaying under the weight of a bumble bee. "See how he fumbles and searches in it. He looks like a little miser diving in a chest."

"I wish that we could take what we need so easily," he said.

"Can't we?" she thought. "Oh, can't we, for what do we need but each other?"

She glanced at him from under her lashes. What was he thinking about—money? Things perhaps. All that seemed so unimportant to her. But it was absurd, of course. People couldn't live like bumble bees, thoughtlessly flying here and there, plundering sweetness where they found it. Life for human beings had to be scheduled and planned, like a railroad—worse luck!

"Let's run," she said, recklessly—"railroads be damned!— Can I beat you?"

She couldn't. He beat her easily and they flung themselves down at the summit, on the grass under an oak tree, panting. She threw her hat aside and pressed her warm cheek to the ground. How firm it was! How it supported them! She could almost feel the masses and masses of hard packed earth and rock beneath her, the depths and depths of it supporting her as she lay limply on top, holding her up in steady unmoving strength, as if she were lying on a great hand. Just that—the firm earth supporting them, holding them up, indifferent alike to their moments of brief communion, to their loneliness. For even he was quite separate—she didn't know what he was thinking as he lay there. He was neatly cased away from her as she was from him and he would be forever! Perhaps, somewhere there was a pair of great eyes watching them, as she watched the little insects in the grasses. She shivered and sat up.

"What a lovely view!" he said dreamily. He lay with his chin on his crossed arms, looking out over the fields.

"Yes," she answered. Oh, it was—not merely because they were high up—she did not feel, as some people do, that the beauty of views depended on that, but because of the pure line of the distant hills, ethereal misty blue against the sky, the dark shadows under the trees, standing knee deep in flowing wheat, the steep slope of the field before them, crowded so thickly with wild flowers, so drenched in sunlight. Far off, they could see a tiny man with a team of horses, lazily plowing a patch of red earth, striped with lines of green.

A warm breeze rustled the leaves of the oak tree above them, blew back her hair from her forehead, pressed the stuff of her dress against her breast. Something must happen, something to relieve her of this suffocating sense of too much beauty, beauty that seemed to demand of her, expect, wait. It was like watching a wave poised too long before it toppled on the beach.

"Sing for me, Veronica," he begged. "You promised."

She sprang to her feet. Yes, she would sing, shatter it all into bright fragments with song!

"Ils ont fui, les longs soirs moroses—" she began. Her voice was clear, exhilarating. It thrilled through her whole body, from her toes up, as if she were an instrument vibrating to it.

"Déjà le jardin parfumé
Se remplit d'oiseaux et de roses.
Viens! mon bien-aimé

Soleil, de ta brulante ivresse
J'ai senti mon cœur enflammé;
Plus enivrante est ta caresse.
Viens! mon——"

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She stopped suddenly. "That won't do."

"Why not?" he asked, looking up at her curiously.

"Oh, gardens—we don't want to think of them here. They're not appropriate." The wave had crashed, broken its power on the sand, thank heaven! She sat down again, pulled a spear of grass, and chewed the end of it meditatively.

"The song from 'Butterfly' then. I love that."

"Un bel di vedremo," she hummed softly, under her breath. "Some day, some day he'll come. No, that's too sad. He didn't come, you know."

"Yes he did."

"Well," she laughed, "it would have been much better if he hadn't. I know —" She jumped to her feet. "I'll give you one that I composed myself, the words and everything. It has no rhyme or reason either, I suppose you will think. Perhaps it will seem to you to be only a lot of pretty words strung together."

"That's what a song ought to be." He leaned back with his hands crossed under his head, looking at the sky. "Let's have it."

"Sentinels,
You who stand at the gateways to beauty,
Lower your spears!
For joy has wrapped me in such folds of gold
That I am become one with loveliness,
One with soft night and grasses, wayside flowers,
And the deathless dream that lies on far stretches
of dim sea.
Now may I enter the quiet shrine
Where hang the clear, the crystal globes
Imperishable!
Sentinels,
You who stand at the gateways to beauty,
Lower your spears.
Throw down, throw down your spears!"

She began softly—a low recitative—but at the end, her voice rang out in full strength, in mad triumph. "Throw down, throw down your spears!" The wind seemed to snatch the words from her mouth and fling them out over the world. It was a bursting of bonds—freedom—joy!

"Jove," he said, sitting up in astonishment, "what a wonder you are!"

She flung herself down in the grass beside him, suddenly lonely again, weary.

"You have a great future," he went on, enthusiastically. "Aren't you glad? Don't you rejoice in the thought of it? I do. I'll help you. I'd rather die than hinder your career in any way."

She gazed in dreamy absorption at the back of his head. There were little sticks and bits of leaves clinging to his hair. She loved his crisp dark hair. She wanted to smooth it, to pull it.

"I have a great present," she answered, then added abruptly, "That's not what I wanted you to say."

"What do you mean?"

"That song was about you, Mr. Babe in the Wood. Look." She took a dead leaf from behind his ear and held it up between her thumb and forefinger. He rubbed his head vigorously with both hands.

"I'd love to see you as Carmen," he said. "You'd be wonderful in that part!"

Yes, she could see herself as Carmen, her hands on her swaying hips, provocative, looking back over her shoulder. "If I sang Carmen, would I make a hit? Would I?" She asked the unseen fates, but without interest. The little white doll on the box jigged in perfect frenzy. Of course she would, but what difference did it make? She didn't care in the least, not now at any rate.

"Where on earth did you get the fire that's in you, Veronica? You are not like an American girl, somehow. You have a dramatic quality always that the rest of us attain only once or twice in a lifetime. You are high romance—that's it. You personify the high places, That's why you wanted to come to this hill. It just suits you."

She scarcely heard him. He was praising her as he might a picture or a strange actor, carefully choosing his words. She felt miles away from him.

"My father was Spanish," she said dully. He expected her to say something, he was waiting for her response so eagerly.

"I know. Tell me about him."

"He died when I was a child. I only remember him as a short little man with big, hungry eyes."

"But you are tall."

"Yes, like my mother."

She almost hated her voice. It had come between them, somehow. He lay on

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From a drawing by Clarence Rowe.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" jigged fantastically through her head.—Page 124.

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his back talking of her future, of how great she would be, made plans to help her gain recognition, and all the time she felt as if he were speaking of some one else. She wasn't with them—the girl who was going to do all those wonderful things—and their precious day was ending!

The sun was going down. Already, the earth had lost its gloss, its shining translucency. The colors of the fields and trees were more vivid than before but opaque, as if they were made of rich, dull velvet. The sky was tinged with apricot. This they had, this day. She wanted to drown herself in it, forget that other days lay ahead. He was spoiling it—like a child who ignores the cake in his hand because he has caught sight of a bigger one—and he was so confident that all would be as he wanted it to be! To him to-day was only an incident, to her it was the end—the end! A year! The gates were closing. Perhaps they would open again. She didn't know. How could he know? The gates were closing. Wasn't it foolish to leave them to slowly shut? Wouldn't it be better to press upon them, frantically, with their hands, with all the strength of their bodies, while they could? "Oh, Billy, why are you going away? *Why* are you going away?" she cried.

He stopped in the middle of a sentence. "Veronica, darling, don't be so unreasonable. I've got to earn money for you. I want to give you everything to make you happy."

"To make me happy—then stay with me. Stay with me!"

"But I must go. Don't you know how terrible it is for me to leave you—how I hate it—but I must."

Oh, he was so much finer than she, so much stronger and wiser! He ought to convince her. She wanted him to, but she was afraid. He couldn't, of course, understand her fear. Then she put her hands over her eyes and asked the question she had not dared ask before. She had not been able to bring herself to know, since the happiness of both their lives depended on the answer.

"Is he coming back to me? Is he?"

Desperately, with all the force of her mind, she tried to make the little ballet dancer come to life, but Mephistopheles rose, pointed his sword, No!

"You're not—you're not coming back. I shall never see you again!" She flung herself, face down, on the ground, sobbing. Sobs tore through her body as if they would break it. She clutched the grass wildly. "I knew it all along. I knew it!"

"Veronica!" Even when he kissed her, held her shuddering in his arms, she couldn't stop. "What did you do just now? What happened?"

"I found out."

He would have asked her to explain but, suddenly, he forgot—they both forgot what they had been talking about. Everything faded away, everything but the consciousness of his long slow kisses, the feeling of his hand on her breast . . . And she felt as if all her previous existence had led but to that moment. That moment was the flowering of the water lily after its blind upward growth through dark water.

But, suddenly, she felt him stiffen. Slowly, as if he were pushing aside a great weight, he broke away from her. She opened her eyes and looked up into his face. There was a look of pain there—of horror. She heard him give a kind of low moan. "Veronica," he rose to his knees and kissed her hand, "forgive me!"

Forgive him! At first she couldn't understand, then a hot flame of anger flared in her heart. Yes, anger! So that was what he thought about it! Forgive him! As if she were not every bit as responsible as he, as if it would not have been a glad giving on both their parts and, worst of all, as if there were something base in their attraction for each other. Love, the kind of love in which the physical is made doubly poignant by the spirits' mutual consciousness of its holiness and beauty, that kind could be nothing but good. Surely he felt that. She couldn't bear to think that he didn't. It was only because it was beyond the comprehension of bleak, brittle minded people, of undiscriminating people, that they condemned it, or looked upon it with easy familiarity. They were as unaware of its real significance as a beetle is unaware of the stars. Life was full of ignoble things—hate, distrust, greed, vanity,

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From a drawing by Clarence Rowe.

It was madness! They were throwing away their happiness, emptying it out to the winds!—Page 125.

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rancor; but love — that perfect circle, shutting out the rest of the world—was the only absolutely flawless gift the gods had bestowed on mankind.

She looked at him a long time as he stood there in silence, with his back to her. Oh, well, perhaps he was right. But how funny that they should feel so differently about it.

Since he wanted her to marry him so much, she would do it. She was ready to do anything that he wished. But whether their marriage ever took place or not seemed to her unimportant. She couldn't help it. The great thing, the incredibly lucky thing, was their love, drawing them together. Does a king feel himself to be more regal because he possesses a crown and sceptre? They are only the symbols of his position, and so, to her, marriage would be a symbol of their love to the world, a gorgeous trapping, not an integral part of it. But to him it was everything. He looked forward to their long life together, and he would find as much joy, she was sure, in the establishment and elaborate mechanism of keeping up their "home" as he would in the reason for its being. She could imagine him, as she thought about it, solemnly winding the clocks every Sunday night as if he were performing a religious rite and in the evening after dinner, before the sun went down, they would walk about together, examining the rose bushes.

That's what he was thinking about. That's what he looked forward to. And her career as a singer, his career, all that too, neatly dovetailed together. Oh, why wasn't she like that? Why was she so intense? Why did she always try to snatch at the glowing core of things and let the rest go? Surely it was beautiful, that tranquil interest that he had in material surroundings, in all the necessary paraphernalia of living, in wanting everything, even their love, to be right and ordered, not dangerously, dizzily awry.

Perhaps her recklessness came from the feeling that something crouched ahead. Something lay in wait for her with slow moving tail and watching eyes, ready to crush and scatter their carefully laid plans with one blow of its paw! They could have cheated it, he and she, gathered all the happiness they could hold in both arms before— "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"—jigged fantastically through her head. Rosebuds! God, what a world! She gave an unexpected laugh. Oh, well, it didn't matter. Anything to break this silence—anything. She threw her hat, vigorously, in the air. It caught in the branches of the oak tree and snuggled there, grinning down at her like a Cheshire cat.

"I'll get it for you, Veronica," he said, springing at once to her assistance. He was never so happy as when he was doing things for her. He liked to see her in difficulties so that he could straighten them out. "This branch will hold me, I think."

"No, please don't," she said. "I don't want it."

"Veronica, *sweetheart.*" He turned to her with one hand on the tree trunk. "You are not thinking of leaving it?"

"Why not? Come on, Billy, let's go down to the car. It would take ages to get it. It's not worth it. Please come." She stamped her foot impatiently. "I don't want to stay here any more."

For suddenly that hilltop, the tree, the view had become unbearable to her. It was all horrible, dreary, strewn with wreckage, somehow, like a deserted dance hall. She wanted to change her surroundings, never see them again. Existence to her was like entering a series of bright bubbles. She was always enclosed in what she saw. All outside was void and that bubble that had been so iridescent, swimming with color, now was clouded, soapy, disgusting! She wanted to leave it, let it vanish completely into nothingness.

"All right. Just as you say." He waved a good-by to the hat. "Veronica, you are a funny little thing."

He took her hand but she slipped hers away. She couldn't bear to have him touch her now, not now. All that was over. It had been blasted. Perhaps it would come back, but just then it was impossible for her to imagine its coming back.

It had grown colder. She shivered slightly. He put his coat over her shoulders and they walked down soberly to the car.

Something that before made their

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companionship a breathless adventure had died, undoubtedly. It was less glamourous—as if some one had turned on a strong overhead light in a room mysterious with shadows. But the few hours left to them would still be solidly good—sweet too—as soon as they got away, away from that place that spoke to her, somehow, only of dreary failure.

"Go fast," she cried, "fast, fast!"

The car shot forward. They passed farmhouses, a pigsty, turned round a bend in the road—it had gone—out of her life. Was her hat still hanging there on a branch of the tree in the silence? Was that the only thing they had left there?

"I've planned a wonderful dinner for you," he said. "The best possible things in the world to eat. It took me hours to think it all out. Then I telephoned minute instructions about it to the inn. Hope you're hungry."

"I am," she answered, "awfully hungry." Then she sighed and said wearily, "Billy, you're so nice, so *nice* to me!"

During the long drive home through the thick night, she was silent, dumb under the melancholy thought that every mile was bringing them nearer, nearer to their parting. The headlights of the car cut the darkness with a broad streak of light on the road ahead of them, and, on either side of it, houses shut for the night, ghostly trunks of trees, fields gray and black swam near and were gone. Once a little rabbit scuttled before the car, terrified. He seemed unable, in his fright, to turn aside out of the blinding light that pursued him.

"Please stop, Billy," she pleaded, "let him get away."

When the car slowed down, he plunged, madly into the bushes. "Think how his heart must be pounding," she said. "He is probably still crouching there, gasping with fear! Do you think he will tell all the other little rabbits about his narrow escape?"

"It was his own fault. He could have got away any time if he hadn't lost his head."

"Yes," she said. Perhaps there was a perfectly simple way out of all of our difficulties, all of our fears, if we could only see it—if we kept our heads.

"I'm always losing mine, Billy. That's why I'm so—so ridiculous sometimes. Please keep it for me. You never lose yours."

"I'll keep it for you," he promised. "That's all I'm good for."

When they turned into her street, the same tired women seemed to be sitting in the doorways beside the baby carriages, the same children were swarming over the sidewalks. But it was cooler. A fresh wind was blowing and it all looked less nakedly sordid in the artificial light, less on the verge of decay, than it had in the glare of the sun.

"Good-by, Billy," she said, quite calmly, but her eyes were wide, dark with misery. "Good-by."

"Wait a minute." He fumbled in his pocket. "Will you wear this ring until I can give you a better one?"

A better one! She couldn't answer. She looked at him dumbly and held out her hand.

"I'm having one made for you," he explained, "but it isn't ready. I can't go away without feeling that I have given you something, something that will link you to me and when you look at it——"

"Can a ring do that?" she asked brokenly, "a ring?"

"Do what?"

"Link us together, make us feel that we belong to each other and no matter what happens——"

"Of course," he answered heartily. "See, I have had our initials engraved on it."

He started to put it on her third finger but she wore another ring there, an old Spanish ring, given her by her father. It was a huge emerald, sunk deep in knotted gold. He took it off and put it on the other hand, then slipped the plain band where it had been. She bent over it.

"Veronica, what is the matter? Say something to me."

But what could she say? It was madness! They were throwing away their happiness, emptying it out to the winds! Tears were choking her. Sobs were struggling in her throat. Was it too late to throw herself down, clutch his feet, implore him again: "Don't go—don't go"? It was too late.

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The White Monkey

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

PART II

IV

FLEUR'S BODY

FLEUR'S body, indeed, was at the moment in one of those difficult positions which continually threaten the spirit of compromise. It was in fact in Wilfrid's arms, sufficiently, at least, to make her say:

"No, Wilfrid—you promised to be good."

It was a really remarkable tribute to her powers of skating on thin ice that the word "good" should still have significance. For eleven weeks exactly, this young man had danced on the edge of fulfilment, and was even now divided from her by two clenched hands pressed firmly against his chest, and the word "good"; and this after not having seen her for a fortnight.

When she said it, he let her go, with a sort of violence, and sat down on a piece of junk. Only the sense of damnable iteration prevented him from saying: "It can't go on, Fleur." She knew that! And yet it did! This was what perpetually amazed him. How a poor brute could hang on week after week saying to her and to himself: "Now or never!" when it wasn't either? Subconsciousness that, until the word "now" had been reached, Fleur would not know her own mind alone had kept him dancing. His own feelings were so intense that he almost hated her for indecision. And he was unjust. It was not exactly indecision. Fleur wanted the added richness and excitement which Wilfrid's affection gave to life, but without danger and without loss. How natural! His frightful passionateness was making all the trouble. Neither by her wish, nor through her fault was he passionate! And yet—it was both nice and proper to inspire passion; and, of course, she had the lurking sense that she was not in the mode to cavil at a lover, especially since life owed her one.

Released, she smoothed herself and said: "Talk of something sensible, what have you been writing?"

"This."

Fleur read. Flushing, and biting her lips, she said:

"It's frightfully bitter."

"It's frightfully true. Does *he* ever ask you now whether you see me?"

"Never."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"What would you answer if he did?"

Fleur shrugged her shoulders.

Desert said quietly: "Yes, that's your attitude. It can't last, Fleur." He was standing by the window. She put the sheets down on his desk and moved toward him. Poor Wilfrid! Now that he was quiet she was sorry.

He said suddenly: "Stop! Don't move! *He's* down there in the street."

Recoiling she gasped: "Michael! Oh! But how—how could he have known?"

Desert said grimly: "D'you only know him as little as that? D'you suppose he'd be there if he knew you were here?"

Fleur winced.

"Why *is* he there, then?"

"He probably wants to see me. He looks as if he couldn't make up his mind. Don't get the wind up, he won't be let in."

Fleur sat down; she felt weak in the legs. The ice seemed suddenly of an appalling thinness—the water appallingly cold.

"Has he seen you?" she said.

"No."

The thought flashed through him: "If I were a blackguard, I could force her hand, by moving one step and crooking

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The White Monkey" will be found on page 2 of the advertising section.

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my finger." Pity one wasn't a blackguard—at all events not to that point—things would be so much simpler!

"Where is he now?" asked Fleur.

"Going away."

In profound relief, she sighed out:

"But it's queer, isn't it, Wilfrid?"

"You don't suppose he's easy in his mind, do you?"

Fleur bit her lips. He was jeering, because she didn't or couldn't really love either of them. It was unjust. She *could* have loved—she *had* loved! Wilfrid and Michael—they might go to the devil!

"I wish I had never come here," she said suddenly: "and I'll never come again!"

He went to the door, and held it open.

"You are right."

Fleur stood quite still, her chin on the collar of her fur, her clear-glancing eyes fixed on his face, her lips set and mutinous.

"You think I'm a heartless beast," she said slowly. "So I am—now. Good-bye!"

He neither took her hand nor spoke, he only bowed. His eyes were very tragic. Trembling with mortification Fleur went out. She heard the door closed, while she was going down the stairs. At the bottom she stood trembling. Suppose Michael had come back! Almost opposite was that gallery where she had first met him and—Jon. Slip across in there! If he were still hovering round the entrance of the little street, she could tell him with a good conscience where she had been. She peeped. Not in sight! Swiftly she slid across into the doorway opposite. They would be closing in a minute—just on four o'clock! She put down a shilling and slipped in. She must see—in case! She stood revolving—one-man show, the man—Claud Brains! She put down another shilling for a catalogue, and read as she went out. "No. 7. Woman getting the wind up." It told her everything; and with a lighter heart she skimmed along, and took a taxi. Get home before Michael! She felt relieved, almost exhilarated. So much for skating on thin ice! It wasn't good enough. Wilfrid must go. Poor Wilfrid! Well, he shouldn't have sneered—what did he know of her? Nobody knew anything of her! She was alone in the world. She slipped her latch-key into the hall door. No Michael! She sat down in the drawing-room before the fire, and took up Walter Nazing's last. She read a page three times. It meant no more with every reading—it meant less; he was the kind of author who must be read at a gallop, and given away lest a first impression of wind in the hair be lost in a sensation of wind lower down; but Wilfrid's eyes got between her and the words. Pity! Nobody pitied her, why should she pity him? Besides pity was "pop" as Amabel would say. The situation demanded cast-iron sense. But Wilfrid's eyes! Well—she wouldn't be seeing them again! Beautiful eyes when they smiled or when—so much more often—they looked at her with longing, as now between her and the sentence: "Solemnly and with a delicious egoism, he more than awfully desired her, who, snug and rosy in the pink shell of her involuted and so petulant social periphrasis—" Poor Wilfrid! Pity *was* pop, but there was pride! Did she choose that he should go away thinking that she had "played him up" just out of vanity, as Walter Nazing said American women did? Did she? Would it not be more in the mode, really dramatic—if she "gave herself to him," as they said in books, just once? Would that not be something they could both look back on—he in that East he was always talking of, she in this West? The proposition had a momentary popularity in that organism called Fleur too finely proportioned for a soul according to the theory which Michael was thinking over. Like all popularities, it did not last. First: Would she like it? She did not think she would; one man, without love, was quite enough. Then there was the danger of passing into Wilfrid's power. He was a gentleman, but he was passionate; the cup once sipped, would he consent to put it down? But more than all was a physical doubt of the last two or three weeks which awaited verification, and made her feel solemn. She stood up and passed her hands all over her, with a definite recoil from the thought of Wilfrid's hands doing the same. No! To have his friendship, his admiration, but not at that price. She viewed him, suddenly, as a bomb set on her copper floor; and in fancy ran and

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seized and flung him out into the Square —poor Wilfrid! Pity was punk! But one might be sorry for *oneself*, losing him; losing too that ideal of modern womanhood expounded to her one evening by Marjorie Ferrar, pet of the "Pan-joys," whose red-gold hair excited so much admiration. "My ambition—old thing—is to be the perfect wife of one man, the perfect mistress of another, and the perfect mother of a third. It's perfectly possible—they do it in France."

But was it really so perfectly possible—even if pity was posh? How be perfect to Michael, when the slightest slip might reveal to him that she was being perfect to Wilfrid; how be perfect to Wilfrid, when every time she was perfect to Michael would be a dagger in Wilfrid's heart? And if—if her physical doubt should mature into certainty, how be perfect mother to the certainty, when she was either torturing two men, or lying to them like a trooperess? Not so perfectly possible as all that! "If only I were all French!" thought Fleur.

The clicking door startled her—the reason she was not all French was coming in. He looked very gray, as if he had been thinking too much. He kissed her, and sat down moodily before the fire.

"Have you come for the night, Dad?"

"If I may," murmured Soames: "Business."

"Anything unpleasant, ducky?"

Soames looked up as if startled.

"Unpleasant? Why should it be unpleasant?"

"I only thought from your face."

Soames grunted. "This Ruhr!" he said: "I've brought you a picture. Chinese!"

"Oh, Dad! How jolly!"

"It isn't," said Soames, "it's a monkey eating fruit."

"But that's perfect! Where is it—in the hall?"

Soames nodded.

Stripping the coverings off the picture, Fleur brought it in, and setting it up on the jade-green settee, stood away and looked at it. The large white monkey with its brown haunting eyes, as if she had suddenly wrested its interest from the orange-like fruit in its crisped paw, the gray background, the empty rinds all round—bright splashes in a general ghostliness of color, impressed her at once.

"But, Dad, it's a masterpiece—I'm sure it's a frightfully good period."

"I don't know," said Soames. "I must look up the Chinese."

"But you oughtn't to give it me, it must be worth any amount. You ought to have it in your collection."

"They didn't know its value," said Soames, and a faint smile illumined his features. "I gave three hundred for it. It'll be safer here."

"Of course it'll be safe. Only why safer?"

Soames turned toward the picture.

"I can't tell. Anything may come of this."

"Of what, dear?"

"Is 'Old Mont' coming in to-night?"

"No, he's at Lippinghall still."

"Well, it doesn't matter—he's no good."

Fleur took his hand and gave it a squeeze.

"Tell me!"

Soames' tickled heart quivered. Fancy her wanting to know what was troubling him! But his sense of the becoming, and his fear of giving away his own alarm, forbade response.

"Nothing you'd understand," he said: "Where are you going to hang it?"

"There, I think; but we must wait for Michael."

Soames grumbled out:

"I saw him just now at your aunt's. Is that the way he attends to business?"

"Perhaps," thought Fleur, "he was only on his way back to the office. Cork Street *is* more or less between! If he passed the end of it, he would think of Wilfrid, he might have been wanting to see him about books."

"Oh, here's Fusy! Well, darling!"

The Chinese dog, let in, as it were, by Providence, seeing Soames, sat down suddenly with snub upturned and eyes brilliant. "The expression of your face," he seemed to say, "pleases me. We belong to the past and could sing hymns together, old man."

"Funny little chap," said Soames, "he always knows me."

Fleur lifted him on to the settee. "Come and see the new monkey, ducky."

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"Don't let him lick it."

Held rather firmly by his jade-green collar and confronted by an inexplicable piece of silk smelling of the past, Confucius raised his head higher and higher to correspond with the action of his nostrils, and his little tongue appeared, tentatively savoring the emanation of his country.

"It's a nice monkey, isn't it, darling?"

"No," implied Confucius, rather clearly, "put me down!"

Restored to the floor, he sought a patch where the copper came through between two rugs and licked it quietly.

"Mr. Aubrey Greene, ma'am!"

"H'm!" said Soames.

The painter came gliding and glowing in; his bright hair slipping back, his green eyes sliding off.

"Ah!" he said, pointing to the floor: "That's what I've come about."

Fleur followed his finger in amazement.

"Fusy!" she said severely: "stop it! He will lick the copper, Aubrey."

"But how perfectly Chinese! They do everything we don't."

"My father—Mr. Aubrey Greene. My father's just brought me this picture—isn't it a gem?"

The painter stood quite still, his eyes ceased sliding off, his hair ceased slipping back.

"Phew!" he said.

Soames rose. He had waited for the flippant; but he recognized in the tone something reverential, if not aghast.

"By George," said Aubrey Greene, "those eyes! Where did you pick it up, sir?"

"It belonged to a cousin of mine—a racing man. It was his only picture."

"Good for him! He must have had taste."

Soames stared. The idea that George should have had taste almost appalled him.

"No," he said, with a flash of inspiration: "what he liked about it was that it makes you feel uncomfortable."

"Same thing! I don't know where I've seen a more pungent satire on human life."

"I don't follow," said Soames dryly.

"Why, it's a perfect allegory, sir! Eat the fruits of life, scatter the rinds, and get copped doing it. When they're still, a monkey's eyes are the human tragedy incarnate. Look at them! He thinks there's something beyond, and he's sad or angry because he can't get at it. That picture ought to be in the British Museum, sir, under the label: 'Civilization, caught out.'"

"Well, it won't be," said Fleur, "it'll be here, labelled 'The White Monkey.'"

"Same thing."

"Cynicism," said Soames abruptly, "gets you nowhere. If you'd said '*Modernity* caught out'——"

"I do, sir; but why be narrow? You don't seriously suppose this age is worse than any other?"

"Don't I?" said Soames. "In my belief the world reached its highest point in the eighties, and will never reach it again."

The painter stared.

"That's frightfully interesting. I wasn't born, and I suppose you were about my age then, sir. You believed in God and drove in *diligences*."

Diligences! The word awakened in Soames a memory which seemed somehow appropriate.

"Yes," he said, "and I can tell you a story of those days that you can't match in these. When I was a youngster in Switzerland with my people, two of my sisters had some black cherries. When they'd eaten about half a dozen they discovered that they all had little maggots in them. An English climber there saw how upset they were, and ate the whole of the rest of the cherries—about two pounds—maggots, stones, and all, just to show them. That was the sort of men there were then."

"Oh! Father!"

"Gee! He must have been gone on them."

"No," said Soames, "not particularly. His name was Powley; he wore side-whiskers."

"Talking of God and *diligences*, sir, I saw a hansom yesterday."

"More to the point if you'd seen God," thought Soames, but he did not say so, indeed, the thought surprised him, it was not the sort of thing he had ever seen himself.

"You mayn't know it, sir, but there's more belief now than there was before the war—they've discovered that we're not all body."

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"Oh!" said Fleur: "That reminds me, Aubrey. Do you know any mediums? Could I get one to come here? On our floor, with Michael outside the door, one would know there couldn't be any hanky. Do the dark séance people ever go out?—they're much more thrilling, they say."

"Spiritualism!" said Soames. "H'mph!" He could not in half an hour have expressed himself more clearly.

Aubrey Greene's eyes slid off to Confucius. "I'll see what I can do, if you'll lend me your Peke for an hour or so to-morrow afternoon. I'd bring him back on a lead, and give him every luxury."

"What do you want him for?"

"Michael sent me a most topping little model to-day. But she can't smile."

"Michael?"

"Yes. Something quite new; and I've got a scheme. Her smile's like sunlight going off an Italian valley; but when you tell her to, she can't. I thought your Peke could make her."

"May I come and see?" said Fleur.

"Yes, bring him to-morrow; but, if I can persuade her, it'll be in the altogether."

"Oh! Will you get me a séance, if I do?"

"I will."

"H'mph!" said Soames again. Séances, Italian sunlight, the altogether! It was time he got back to Elderson and what was to be done now, and left this fiddling while Rome burned.

"Good-bye, Mr. Greene," he said; "I've got no time."

"Quite, sir," said Aubrey Greene.

"Quite!" mimicked Soames to himself, going out.

Aubrey Greene took his departure a few minutes later, crossing a lady in the hall who was delivering her name to the man servant.

Alone with her body, Fleur again passed her hands all over it. The altogether—it would come to that with her, too, if she followed the rules of drama!

V

FLEUR'S SOUL

"Mrs. Val Dartie, ma'am."

That name which could not be distorted murmured by Coaker affected her like a finger applied suddenly to the head of the sciatic nerve. Holly! Not seen since the day when she did not marry Jon. Holly! A flood of remembrance—Wansdon, the Downs, the gravel pit, the apple-orchard, the river, the copse at Robin Hill! No! It was not a pleasant sensation to see Holly.

"How awfully nice of you to come!"

"I met your husband this afternoon at Green Street, and he asked me. What a lovely room!"

"Fusy! Come and be introduced! This is Confucius; isn't he perfect? He's a little upset because of the new monkey. How's Val, and dear Wansdon? It was too wonderfully peaceful."

"It's a nice backwater. I don't get tired of it."

"And—" said Fleur, with a little hard laugh, "Jon?"

"He's growing peaches in North Carolina. British Columbia didn't do."

"Oh! Is he married?"

"No."

"I suppose he'll marry an American."

"He isn't twenty-two, you know."

"Good Lord!" said Fleur: "Am I only twenty-one? I feel forty-eight."

"That's living in the middle of things and seeing so many people——"

"And getting to know none."

"But don't you?"

"No, it isn't done. I mean we all call each other by our Christian names; but *après*——"

"I like your husband very much."

"Oh! Yes, Michael's a dear. How's June?"

"I saw her yesterday—she's got a new painter, of course—Claud Brains. I believe he's what they call a vertiginist."

Fleur bit her lip.

"Yes, they're quite common. I suppose June thinks he's the only one."

"Well, she thinks he's a genius."

"She's wonderful."

"Yes," said Holly, "the most loyal creature in the world while it lasts. It's like poultry-farming—once they're hatched. You never saw Boris Strumolowski?"

"No."

"Well, don't."

"I know his bust of Michael's uncle. It's rather sane."

"Yes. June thought it a pot-boiler,

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and he never forgave her. Of course it was. As soon as her swan makes money, she looks round for another. She's a darling."

"Yes," murmured Fleur; "I liked June."

Another flood—from a tea-shop, from the river, from June's little dining-room, from where in Green Street she had changed her wedding-dress under the upward gaze of June's blue eyes. She seized the monkey and held it up.

"Isn't it a picture of 'life'?" If Aubrey Greene hadn't said it, would she have? Still it seemed very true at the moment.

"Poor monkey," said Holly, "I'm always frightfully sorry for monkeys. But it's marvellous, I think."

"Yes. I'm going to have it here. If I can get one more, I shall have done in this room; only people have so got-onto Chinese things. This was luck—somebody died—George Forsyte, you know, the racing one."

"Oh!" said Holly softly. She saw again her old kinsman's japing eyes in the church when Fleur was being married, heard his throaty whisper, "Will she stay the course?" And was she—this pretty filly! "Wish she could get a rest. If only there were a desert handy!" Well, one couldn't ask a question so personal, and she took refuge in a general remark.

"What do all you smart young people feel about life, Fleur—when one's not of it and has lived twenty years in South Africa, one still feels out of it."

Fleur raised her white lids. "It's a case of '*Je m'en fiche'!*" she said: "We want to have a good time because we don't believe anything can last. But I don't think we know how to have it. We just fly on, and hope. Of course, there's art, but most of us aren't artists; besides, expressionism—Michael says it's got no guts. We gas about it, but I suppose it hasn't. I see a frightful lot of writers and painters, you know—they're supposed to be amusing."

Holly listened, amazed. Who would have thought that this girl *saw?* She might be seeing wrong, but anyway she saw!

"Surely," she said, "you enjoy yourselves?"

"Well, I like getting hold of nice things, and interesting people; I like seeing everything that's new and worth while, or seems so at the moment. But that's just how it is—nothing lasts. You see, I'm not of the 'Pan-joys,' nor of the 'new-faithfuls.'"

"The new-faithfuls?"

"Oh! Don't you know—it's a sort of faith-healing done on oneself, not exactly the old 'God-good, good-God!' sort; but a kind of mixture of will-power, psycho-analysis, and belief that everything will be all right on the night if you say it will. You must have come across them. They're frightfully in earnest."

"I know," said Holly, "their eyes shine."

"I dare say. I don't believe in them—I don't believe in any one; or anything—much. How can one?"

"How about simple people, and hard work?"

Fleur sighed. "I dare say. I will say for Michael—*he's* not spoiled. Let's have tea? Tea, Fusy!" and turning up the lights, she rang the bell.

When her unexpected visitor had gone, she sat very still before the fire. To-day, when she had been so very nearly Wilfrid's! So Jon was not married! Not that it made any odds! Things did not come round as they were expected to in books. And anyway sentiment was swosh! Cut it out! She tossed back her hair; and, getting hammer and nail, proceeded to hang the white monkey. Between the two tea-chests with their colored pearl-shell figures, he would look his best. Since she couldn't have Jon, what did it matter—Wilfrid or Michael, or both, or neither? Eat the orange in her hand, and throw away the rind! And suddenly she became aware that Michael was in the room. He had come in very quietly and was standing before the fire behind her. She gave him a quick look and said:

"I've had Aubrey Greene here about a model you sent him, and Holly—Mrs. Val Dartie—she said she'd seen you. Oh! and Michael, father's brought us this. Isn't he perfect?"

Michael did not speak.

"Anything the matter?"

"No, nothing." He went up to the monkey. From behind him now Fleur

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searched his profile, and his attitude. Instinct told her of a change. Had he, after all, seen her going to Wilfrid's—coming away?

"Some monkey!" he said. "By the way, have you any spare clothes you could give the wife of a poor devil—nothing too swell?"

She answered mechanically: "Yes, of course." And her brain worked furiously.

"Would you put them out, then? I'm going to make up a bunch for him myself—they could go together."

Yes! He was quite unlike himself, as if the spring in him had run down. A sort of *malaise* overcame her. Michael not cheerful! It was like the fire going out on a cold day. And, perhaps for the first time, she was conscious that his cheerfulness was of real importance to her. She watched him pick up Confucius and sit down. And going up behind him, she bent over till her hair was against his cheek. Instead of rubbing his cheek on hers, he sat quite still, and her heart misgave her.

"What is it?" she said, coaxing.

"Nothing!"

She took hold of his ears.

"But there is. I suppose you know somehow that I went to see Wilfrid."

He said stonily: "Why not?"

She let go, and stood up straight.

"It was only to tell him that I couldn't see him again."

That half-truth seemed to her the whole.

He suddenly looked up, a quiver went over his face; he took her hand.

"It's all right, Fleur. You must do what you like, you know. That's only fair. I had too much lunch."

Fleur withdrew to the middle of the room.

"You're rather an angel," she said slowly, and went out.

Up-stairs she looked out garments, confused in her soul.

VI

MICHAEL GETS WHAT-FOR

After his Green Street quest Michael had wavered back down Piccadilly, and, obeying one of those impulses which make people hang around the centres of disturbance, on to Cork Street. He stood for a minute at the mouth of Wilfrid's backwater.

"No," he thought, at last, "ten to one he isn't in; and if he is, twenty to one that I get any change except bad change!"

He was moving slowly on to Bond Street, when a little light lady coming from the backwater, and reading as she went, ran into him from behind.

"Why don't you look where you're going! Oh! You? Aren't you the young man who married Fleur Forsyte? I'm her cousin, June. I thought I saw her just now." She waved a hand which held a catalogue with a gesture like the flirt of a bird's wing. "Opposite my gallery. She went into a house, or I should have spoken to her—I'd like to have seen her again."

Into a house! Michael dived for his cigarette case. Hard grasping it, he looked up. The little lady's blue eyes were sweeping from side to side of his face with a searching candor.

"Are you happy together?" she said.

A cold sweat broke out on his forehead. A sense of general derangement afflicted him—hers, and his own.

"I beg your pardon?" he gasped.

"I hope you are. She ought to have married my little brother—but I hope you are. She's a pretty child."

In the midst of a dull sense of stunning blows, it staggered him that she seemed quite unconscious of inflicting them. He heard his teeth gritting, and said dully: "Your little brother, who was he?"

"What! Jon—didn't you know Jon? He was too young, of course, and so was she. But they were head over—the family feud stopped that. Well! it's all past. I was at your wedding. I hope you're happy. Have you seen the Claud Brains show at my gallery? He's a genius. I was going to have a bun in here, will you join me? You ought to know his work."

She had paused at the door of a confectioner's. Michael put his hand on his chest.

"Thank you," he said, "I have just had a bun—two, in fact. Excuse me!"

The little lady grasped his other hand.

"Well, good-bye, young man!" she said. "Glad to have met you. You're not a beauty, but I like your face. Remember me to that child. You should go and see Claud Brains."

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Stock-still before the door, he watched her turn and enter, with a scattered motion as if flying, and a disturbance among those seated in the pastry-cook's. Then he moved on, the cigarette unlighted in his mouth, dazed, like a boxer from a blow which knocks him sideways, and another which knocks him straight again.

Fleur visiting Wilfrid—at this moment in his rooms up there—in his arms, perhaps. He groaned—a well-fed young man in a new hat skipped at the sound. Never! He could never stick that! He would have to clear out! He had believed Fleur honest! A double life! The night before last he had embraced her. Oh! God! He dashed across into the Green Park. Why hadn't he stood still and let something go over him? And that lunatic's little brother—John—family feud? Himself—a *pis aller* then—taken without love at all—a makeshift! He remembered now her saying one night at Mapledurham: "Come again when I know I can't get my wish!" So that was the wish she couldn't get! A makeshift! "Jolly," he thought; "oh! jolly!" No wonder, then! What could she care? One man or another! Poor little devil! She had never let him know—never breathed a word! Was that decent of her—or was it treachery? "No," he thought, "if she *had* told me, it wouldn't have made any difference—I'd have taken her at any price. It was decent of her not to tell me." But how was it he hadn't heard from some one? Family feud? The Forsytes! Except Old Forsyte, he never saw them; and Old Forsyte was closer than a fish. Well! he had got what-for! And again he groaned, in the twilight spaces of the Park. Buckingham Palace loomed unlighted, huge and dreary. Conscious of his cigarette at last, he stopped to strike a match, and drew the smoke deep into his lungs with the first faint sense of comfort.

"You couldn't spare us a cigarette, mister?"

A shadowy figure with a decent sad face by the statue of Australia, so depressingly abundant!

"Of course!" said Michael; "take the lot." He emptied the case into the man's hand. "Take the case too—'present from Westminster'—you'll get thirty bob for it. Good luck!" He hurried on. A faint: "Hi, mister!" pursued him unavailingly. Pity was pulp! Sentiment was bilge! Was he going home to wait till Fleur had —finished and come back! Not he! He turned toward Chelsea, batting along as hard as he could stride. Lighted shops, gloomy great Eaton Square, Chester Square, Sloane Square, the King's Road —along, along! Worse than the trenches —far worse—this whipping and scorpioning sexual jealousy! Yes, and he would have felt even worse, but for that second blow. Less painful to know that Fleur had been, still might be, in love with that cousin, and Wilfrid, too, perhaps, nothing to her. Poor little wretch! "Well, what's the game?" he thought. The game of life —in bad weather, in stress? What was it? In the war—what had a fellow done? Somehow managed to feel himself not so dashed important; reached a condition of acquiescence, fatalism, "Who dies if England live" sort of sob-stuff state. The game of life? Was it different? "Bloody but unbowed" might be tripe; still—get up when you were knocked down! The whole was big, oneself was little! Passion, jealousy, ought they properly to destroy one's sportsmanship, as Nazing and Sibley and Linda Frewe would have it? Was the word "gentleman" a dud? Was it? Did one keep one's form, or get down to squealing and kicking in the stomach?

"I don't know," he thought, "I don't know what I shall do when I see her—I simply don't know." Steel-blue of the fallen evening, bare plane-trees, wide river, frosty air—he turned toward home. He opened the front door, trembling; and trembling, went into the drawing-room. . . .

When Fleur had gone up-stairs and left him with Confucius, he didn't know whether he believed her or not. If she had kept that other thing from him all this time, she could keep anything! Had she understood his words: "You must do as you like, that's only fair"? He had said them almost mechanically, but they were reasonable. If she had never loved him, even a little, he had never had any right to expect anything; he had been all the time in the position of one to whom she

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was giving alms. Nothing compelled a person to go on giving alms. And nothing compelled one to go on taking them—except—the ache of want, the ache, the ache!

"You little jinn! You lucky little toad! Give me some of your complacency—you Chinese atom!" Confucius turned up his boot-buttons. "When you are as civilized as I," they seemed to say: "In the meantime, scrattle my chest."

And scrattling in that yellow fur Michael thought: "Pull yourself together! Man at the South Pole with the first blizzard doesn't sing: 'Want to go home! Want to go home!'—he sticks it. Come, get going!" He placed Confucius on the floor, and made for his study. Here were manuscripts of which the readers to Danby & Winter had already said: "No money in this, but a genuine piece of work meriting consideration." It was Michael's business to give the consideration; Danby's to turn the affair down with the words: "Write him (or her) a civil letter, say we were greatly interested, regret we do not see our way—hope to have the privilege of considering next effort, and so forth. What!"

He turned up his reading-lamp, and pulled out a manuscript he had already begun.

"No retreat, no retreat, they must conquer or die
who have no retreat;
No retreat, no retreat, they must conquer or die
who have no retreat!"

The black footmen's refrain from "Polly" was all that happened in his mind. Dash it! He must read the thing! Somehow he finished the chapter. He remembered now. The manuscript was all about a man who when he was a boy had been so greatly impressed by the sight of a maid servant changing her clothes in a room over the way, that his married life was a continual struggle not to be unfaithful with his wife's maids. They had just discovered his complex, and he was going to have it out. The rest of the manuscript no doubt would show how that was done. It went most conscientiously into all those precise bodily details which it was now so timorous and Victorian to leave out. Genuine piece of work, and waste of time to go on with it! Old Danby—Freud bored him stiff; and for once Michael did not mind old Danby being in the right. He put the thing back into the drawer. Seven o'clock! Tell Fleur what he had been told about that cousin? Why? Nothing could mend *that!* If only she were speaking the truth about Wilfrid! He went to the window—stars above, and stripes below, stripes of courtyard and back garden. "No retreat, no retreat—tiddley-iddle-um, no retreat."

A voice said:

"When'll your father be up?"

Old Forsyte!

"To-morrow, I believe, sir. Come in! You don't know my den, I think."

"No," said Soames. "Snug! Caricatures. You go in for them—poor stuff!"

"But not modern, sir—a revived art."

"Queering your neighbors—I never cared for them. They only flourish when the world's in a mess and people have given up looking straight before them."

"By Jove!" said Michael: "That's good. Won't you sit down, sir?"

Soames sat down, crossing his knees in his accustomed manner. Slim, gray, close—a sealed book, neatly bound. What was *his* complex? Whatever it was, he had never had it out. One could not even imagine the operation.

"I shan't take away my Goya," he said very unexpectedly. "Consider it Fleur's. In fact, if I only knew you were interested in the future, I should make more provision. In my opinion death duties will be prohibitive in a few years' time."

Michael frowned. "I'd like you to know, sir, once for all, that what you do for Fleur, you do for Fleur. I can be Epicurus whenever I like—bread, and on feast-days a little bit of cheese."

Soames looked up with shrewdness in his glance. "I know that," he said, "I always knew it."

Michael bowed.

"With this land depression your father's hard hit, I should think."

"Well, he talks of being on the lookout for soap or cars; but I shouldn't be surprised if he mortgages again and lingers on."

"A title without a place," said Soames, "is not natural. He'd better wait for me to go, if I leave anything, that is. But listen to me: I've been thinking. Aren't

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you happy together, you two, that you don't have children?"

Michael hesitated.

"I don't think," he said slowly, "that we have ever had a scrap, or anything like it. I have been—I am—terribly fond of her, but you have known better than I that I only picked up the pieces."

"Who told you that?"

"To-day—Miss June Forsyte."

"*That* woman," said Soames. "She can't keep her foot out of anything. A boy-and-girl affair—over months before you married."

"But deep, sir," said Michael gently.

"Deep—who knows at that age? Deep?" Soames paused: "You're a good fellow—I always knew. Be patient—take a long view."

"Yes, sir," said Michael, very still in his chair, "if I can."

"She's everything to me," muttered Soames abruptly.

"And to me—which doesn't make it easier."

The line between Soames' brows deepened.

"Perhaps not. But hold on! As gently as you like, but hold on! She's young. She'll flutter about; there's nothing in it."

"Does he know about the other thing?" thought Michael.

"I have my own worries," went on Soames, "but they're nothing to what I should feel if anything went wrong with her."

Michael felt a twinge of sympathy, unusual toward that self-contained gray figure.

"I shall try my best," he said quietly; "but I'm not naturally Solomon at six stone seven."

"I'm not so sure," said Soames, "I'm not so sure. Anyway, a child—well, a child would be—a—a sort of insur—" He balked, the word was not precisely——!

Michael froze.

"As to that, I can't say anything."

Soames got up.

"No," he said wistfully, "I suppose not. It's time to dress."

To dress—to dine, and if to dine, to sleep—to sleep, to dream! And then what dreams might come!

On the way to his dressing-room, Michael encountered Coaker; the man's face was long.

"What's up, Coaker?"

"The little dog, sir, has been sick in the drawing-room."

"The deuce he has!"

"Yes, sir; it appears that some one left him there alone. He makes himself felt, sir; I always say: He's an important little dog." . . .

During dinner, as if visited by remorse for having given them advice and two pictures worth some thousands of pounds, Soames pitched a tale like those of James in his palmy days. He spoke of the French—the fall of the mark—the rise in consols—the obstinacy of Dumetrius, the picture-dealer, over a Constable skyscape which Soames wanted and Dumetrius did not, but to which the fellow held on just for the sake of a price which Soames did not mean to pay. He spoke of the trouble which he foresaw with the United States over their precious prohibition. They were a headstrong lot. They took up a thing and ran their heads against a stone wall. He himself had never drunk anything to speak of, but he liked to feel that he could. The Americans liked to feel that he couldn't, that was tyranny. They were overbearing. He shouldn't be surprised if everybody took to drinking over there. As to the League of Nations, a man that morning had palavered it up. That cock wouldn't fight—spend money, and arrange things which would have arranged themselves, but as for anything important, such as abolishing Bolshevism, or poison-gas, they never would, and, to pretend it was all-me-eye-and-Betty-Martin. He was deeply useful to two young people only anxious that he should continue to talk, so that they might think of other things. It was almost a record for one habitually taciturn. The conduct of Confucius was the sole other subject of consideration. Fleur thought it due to the copper floor, Soames that he must have picked up something in the Square—dogs were always picking things up. Michael suggested that it was just Chinese—a protest against there being nobody to watch his self-sufficiency. In China there were four hundred million people to watch each other being self-sufficient. What would

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one expect of a Chinaman suddenly placed in the Gobi desert? He would certainly be sick.

"No retreat, no retreat, they must conquer or die
who have no retreat!"

When Fleur left them, both felt that they could not so soon again bear each other's company, and Soames said: "I've got some figures to attend to—I'll go to my room."

Michael stood up. "Wouldn't you like my den, sir?"

"No," said Soames, "I must concentrate. Say good night to Fleur for me."

Michael remained smoking above the porcelain effigies of Spanish fruits. That white monkey couldn't eat those and throw away the rinds! Would the fruits of his life be porcelain in future? Live in the same house with Fleur, estranged? Live with Fleur as now, feeling a stranger, even an unwelcome stranger? Clear out and join the air force, or the "Save the Children" corps? Which of the three courses was least to be deplored? The ash of his cigar grew long, dropped incontinent, and grew again; the porcelain fruits mocked him with their sheen and glow; Coaker put his head in and took it away. (The governor had got the hump—good sort, the governor!) Decision waited for him, somewhere, somewhen—Fleur's, not his own. His mind was too miserable and disconcerted to be known; but she would know hers. She had the information which alone made decision possible about Wilfrid, that cousin, her own actions and feelings. Yes, decision would come, and would it matter in a world where pity was pap and only a Chinese philosophy of any use?

But not be sick in the drawing-room, try and keep one's end up, even if there were no one to see one being important! . . .

He had been asleep and it was dark, or all but, in his bed-dressing-room. Something white by his bed. A fragrant faint warmth close to him. A voice said low: "It's only me. Let me come in your bed, Michael." Like a child—like a child! Michael reached out his arms. The whiteness and the warmth came into them. Curls smothered his mouth, the voice said in his ear: "I wouldn't have come, would I, if there'd—if there'd been anything?" Michael's heart, wild, confused, beat against hers.

VII

THE ALTOGETHER

TONY BICKET, replete, was in vein that fine afternoon; his balloons left him freely, and he started for home in the mood of a conqueror.

Victorine too, had color in her cheeks. She requited the story of his afternoon with the story of hers. A false tale for a true—no word of Danby & Winter, the gentleman with the sliding smile, of the Grand Marnier, or "the altogether." She had no compunction. It was her secret, her surprise; if, by sitting in or out of the altogether, not yet decided, she could make their passage-money—well, she should tell him she had won it on a horse. That night she asked:

"Am I so very thin, Tony?" more than once. "I do so want to get fat."

Bicket, still troubled that she had not shared that lunch, patted her tenderly, and said he would soon have her as fat as butter—he did not explain how.

They dreamed together of blue butterflies, and awoke to chilly gaslight and a breakfast of cocoa and bread-and-butter. It was foggy; Bicket was swallowed up before the eyes of Victorine ten yards from the door. She returned to the bedroom with anger in her heart: Who would buy balloons in a fog? She would do anything rather than let Tony go on standing out there all the choking days! Undressing again she washed herself intensively, in case—! She had not long finished when her landlady announced the presence of a messenger-boy. He bore an enormous parcel addressed "Mr. Bicket."

There was a note inside. She read:

"DEAR BICKET:

"Here are the togs. Hope they'll be useful.

Yours
MICHAEL MONT."

In a voice that trembled she said to the boy:

"Thank you, it's O. K. Here's twopence."

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When his rich whistle was heard writhing into the fog she flung herself down before the "togs" in ecstasy. The sexes were divided by tissue-paper. A blue suit, a velour hat, some brown shoes, three pairs of socks with two holes in them, four shirts only a little frayed at the cuffs, two black-and-white ties, six collars, not too new, some handkerchiefs, two vests beautifully thick, two pairs of pants, and a brown overcoat with a belt and just two or three nice little stains. She held the blue suit up against her arms and legs, the trousers and sleeves would only need taking in about two inches. She piled them in a pyramid, and turned with awe to the spoil beneath the tissue-paper. A brown knitted frock with little clear yellow buttons—unsoiled, uncreased. How could anybody spare a thing like that! A brown velvet toque with a little tuft of goldeny-brown feathers. She put it on. A pair of pink stays ever so little faded, with only three inches of bone above the waist, and five inches of bone below, pink silk ribbons, and suspenders—a perfect dream. She could not resist putting that on also. Two pairs of brown stockings; brown shoes; two combinations, a knitted camisole. A white silk jumper with a hole in one sleeve, a skirt of lilac linen that had gone a little in the wash; a pair of pallid pink silk pants; and underneath them all an almost-black brown coat long and warm and cosey with great jet buttons, and in the pocket six small handkerchiefs. She took a deep breath of sweetness—geranium!

Her mind leaped forward. Clothed, trousseaued, fitted out—blue butterflies—the sun! Only the money for the tickets wanting. And suddenly she saw herself with nothing on standing before the gentleman with sliding eyes. Who cared! The money!

For the rest of the morning she worked feverishly, shortening Tony, mending the holes in his socks, turning the fray of his cuffs. She ate a biscuit, drank another cup of cocoa—it was fattening, and went for the hole in the white silk jumper. It struck one. In panic she stripped once more, put on a new combination, pair of stockings, and the stays, then paused in superstition. No! Her own dress and hat—like yesterday! Keep the rest until—! She hastened to her bus, overcome alternately by heat and cold. Perhaps he would give her another glass of that lovely stuff. If only she could go swimmy and not care for anything!

She reached the studio as it was striking two and knocked. It was lovely and warm in there, much warmer than yesterday, and the significance of this struck her suddenly. In front of the fire was a lady with a little dog.

"Miss Collins—Mrs. Michael Mont; she's lending us her Peke, Miss Collins."

The lady—only her own age, and ever so pretty—held out her hand. Geranium! This was she, whose clothes——!

She took the hand, but could not speak. If this lady were going to stay, it would be utterly impossible. Before her—so pretty, so beautifully covered—oh! no!

"Now, Fusy, be good, and as amusing as you can. Good-bye, Aubrey! Good luck to the picture! Good-bye, Miss Collins; it ought to be wonderful."

Gone! The scent of geranium fading; the little dog snuffling at the door. The sliding gentleman had two glasses in his hands.

"Ah!" thought Victorine, and drank hers at a gulp.

"Now, Miss Collins, you don't mind, do you? You'll find everything in there. It's really nothing. I shall want you lying on your face just here with your elbows on the ground and your head up and a little turned this way; your hair as loose as it can be, and your eyes looking at this bone. You must imagine that it's a faun or some other bit of all right. The dog'll help you when he settles down to it, f-a-u-n you know, not f-a-w-n."

"Yes," said Victorine faintly.

"Have another little glass?"

"Oh! please."

He brought it.

"I quite understand; but you know, really, it's absurd. You wouldn't mind with a doctor. That's right. Look here, I'll put this little cow-bell on the ground. When you're in position, give it a tinkle, and I'll come out. That'll help you."

Victorine murmured:

"You *are* kind."

"Not at all—it's natural. Now will you start in? The light won't last forever. Fifteen bob a day, we said."

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Victorine saw him slide away behind a screen, and looked at the little cow-bell. Fifteen bob! And fifteen bob! And fifteen bob! Many, many fifteen bobs before—! But not more times of sitting than of Tony's standing, from foot to foot, offering balloons. And as if wound up by that thought, she moved like clockwork off the dais, into the model's room. Cosey in there, too; warm, a green silk garment thrown on a chair. She took off her dress. The beauty of the pink stays struck her afresh. Perhaps the gentleman would like—no, that would be even worse—! A noise reached her—from Confucius complaining of solitude. If she delayed, she never would—! Stripping hastily, she stood looking at herself in a glass. If only that slim, ivory-white image could move out on to the dais and she could stay here! Oh! It was awful—awful! She couldn't—no! she couldn't. She caught up her final garment again. Fifteen bob! But fifteen bob! Before her eyes, wild and mournful, came a vision: Of a huge dome, and a tiny Tony, with little, little balloons in a hand held out! Something cold and steely formed over her heart as icicles form on a window. If that was all they would do for him, she would do better! She dropped the garment; and, confused, numb, stepped forth in the "altogether." Confucius growled at her above his bone. She reached the cow-bell and lay down on her face as she had been told, with feet in the air, crossed. Resting her chin on one hand, she wagged the bell. It made a sound like no bell she had ever heard; and the little dog barked. He did look funny!

"Perfect, Miss Collins! Hold that!"

Fifteen bob! and fifteen bob!

"Just point those left toes a bit more. That's right! The flesh tone's perfect! My God, why must one walk before one runs! Drawing's a bore, Miss Collins; one ought to draw with a brush only; a sculptor draws with a chisel, at least when he's a Michael Angelo. How old are you?"

"Twenty-one," came from lips that seemed to Victorine quite far away.

"I'm thirty-two. They say our generation was born so old that it can never get any older. Without illusions: Well! I never had any beliefs that I can remember. Have you?"

Victorine's wits and senses were astray, but it did not matter, for he was rattling on:

"We don't even believe in our ancestors. All the same, we're beginning to copy them again. D'you know a book called 'The Sobbing Turtle' that's made such a fuss—sheer Sterne, very well done; but sheer Sterne, and the author's tongue in his cheek. That's it in a nutshell, Miss Collins—our tongues are in our cheeks—bad sign. Never mind; I'm going to out-Piero Cosimo with this. Your head an inch higher, and that curl out of your eye, please. Thanks! Hold that! By the way, have you Italian blood? What was your mother's name, for instance?"

"Brown."

"Ah! You can never tell with Browns. It may have been Brune—or Bruno—but very likely she was Iberian. Probably all the inhabitants of Briton left alive by the Saxons were called Brown. As a fact, that's all tosh, though. Going back to Edward the Confessor, Miss Collins—a mere thirty generations—we each of us have one thousand and seventy-four million, five hundred and seventy-three thousand, nine hundred and eighty-four ancestors, and the population of this island was then well under a million. We're as inbred as race-horses, but not so nice to look at, are we? I assure you, Miss Collins, you're something to be grateful for. So is Mrs. Mont. Isn't she pretty? Look at that dog!"

Confucius, indeed, with fore legs braced, and wrinkled nose, was glaring, as if under the impression that Victorine was another bone.

"He's funny," she said, and again her voice sounded far away. Would Mrs. Mont lie here if he'd asked her? *She* would look pretty! But *she* didn't need the fifteen bob!

"Comfortable in that position?"

In alarm she murmured:

"Oh! yes, thank you!"

"Warm enough?"

"Oh! yes, thank you!"

"That's good. Just a little higher with the head."

Slowly in Victorine the sense of the dreadfully unusual faded. Tony should never know. If he never knew, he couldn't care. She could lie like this all day—fifteen bob, and fifteen bob! It was

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easy. She watched the quick slim fingers moving, the blue smoke from the cigarette. She watched the little dog.

"Like a rest? You left your gown; I'll get it you."

In that green silk gown, beautifully padded, she sat up, with her feet on the floor over the dais edge.

"Cigarette? I'm going to make some Turkish coffee. You'd better walk about."

Victorine obeyed.

"You're out of a dream, Miss Collins. I shall have to do a Mathew Maris of you in that gown."

The coffee, like none she had ever tasted, gave her a sense of well-being. She said:

"It's not like coffee."

Aubrey Greene threw up his hands.

"You have said it. The British are a great race—nothing will ever do them in. If they could be destroyed, they must long ago have perished of their coffee. Have some more?"

"Please," said Victorine. There was such a little in the cup.

"Ready, again?"

She lay down and let the gown drop off.

"That's right! Leave it there—you're lying in long grass, and the green helps me. Pity it's winter; I'd have hired a glade."

Lying in long grass—flowers, too, perhaps. She did love flowers. As a little girl she used to lie in the grass, and make daisy-chains, in the field at the back of her grandmother's lodge at Norbiton. Her grandmother kept the lodge. Every year for a fortnight she had gone down there—she had liked the country ever so. Only she had always had something on. It would be nicer with nothing. Were there flowers in central Australia? With butterflies there must be! In the sun—she and Tony—like the Garden of Eden! . . .

"Thank you, that's all for to-day. Half a day ten bob. To-morrow morning at eleven. You're a first-rate sitter, Miss Collins."

Putting on the pink stays, Victorine had a feeling of elation. She had done it! Tony should never know! The thought that he never would gave her pleasure. And once more divested of the "altogether," she came forth.

Aubrey Greene was standing before his handiwork.

"Not yet, Miss Collins," he said; "I don't want to depress you. That hip-bone's too high. We'll put it right to-morrow. Forgive my hand, it's all chalk. *Au revoir!* Eleven o'clock. And we shan't need this chap. No, you don't!"

Confucius was showing signs of accompanying the more important bone. Victorine passed out smiling.

(To be continued.)

The Leash

BY HELEN IVES GILCHRIST

SHE had held feeling on a leash too short.
Tight-twisted round her hand, the cord bit deep,
Cutting the flesh that checked the straining leap
Of feeling only asking her for sport.
Then once she dared that heavy leash to slip,
And eager feeling sped toward joys half-guessed,
Following in hope and then in wild unrest,
A sunlit cloud, a cup dashed from her lip.
Through starless, windy nights, unwanted morning,
Feeling, a shivering outcast, learned new pain;
Too vast the void, too chill the keen wind's warning,
And feeling whimpered for the leash again.
And now the hands are healed; and where they lead,
Dull feeling goes; there is no pull to heed.

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"Trick o' the Loop"

BY SHAW DESMOND
Author of "Passion," "Gods," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. SOULEN

"FIRE agin, me bould American, three shots a penny and a shillin' for every time you get the lady!"

"Trick o' the Loop" stood there in the market-place of Dunhallow, his rusty red hair springing out of long unshaven jowl, out of nostril and ear and even out of the top of the sugarloaf hat without which, in the memory of man, Trick had never been seen. His hands he carried up the voluminous sleeves of his ragged frieze coat, whilst every now and then, as his little red-rimmed eyes ferreted the crowd of peasants about him, he would wriggle verminously.

"Fire agin, me bould American . . ." but this time in a piercing treble from the barelegged girl who stood a little behind her father. A rather splendid-looking wench she was, with a flaunt of the hips and a full bosom, her shawl dropping from the great swathe of red hair that fell low on the strong young neck, to be caught loosely over the waist and under the arms.

The white-faced young man with the rattish head, who stood behind her, would look askant at her from time to time as he licked his lips.

"Fire agin, me bould American, three shots a penny . . .!" The voice came in a sort of stealthy cadence out of the steaming humanity that crowded about Trick and his board.

It was a five-foot board painted in inviting blues and yellows, with a dash of crimson here and there that looked like a murder. It was divided into four parts, with a great blue anchor in the top left-hand corner to face a diabolical Knave of Spades, black as sin. Beneath them, a King of Hearts grinned benignantly in scarlet, whilst facing him, his royal partner, a female of bounteous bosoms and seductive smile, opened a mouthful of yellow teeth to the countrymen about, challenging luck itself.

The board, with the tray of shining tin at the bottom, into which the stakes were thrown, and now full of the pennies which Trick had placed there as bait for a suspicious world, was studded with a forest of brass-headed nails, which the rat-faced young man, catching the cobbler's hammer which Trick always carried hidden in one of his sleeves to fling carelessly to his assistant, would smite with an accuracy born of years of practice under the rains and suns of Ireland's fairs—that striker who, blindfolded by Trick, would sometimes, instead of only striking, drive his nails home with two strokes of the hammer against the wagers of the crowd. So were audiences stimulated and so did advantage flow to Trick's pocket.

Every time that the little hammer span through the air out of Trick's sleeve, to be caught unerringly by Mikeen the Rat and then swept up and round to fall with shattering force upon one of the luckless nails with a skill that never missed, the shout of "Fire agin, me bould American . . ." would come from Trick's leathery mouth, to be echoed in the shrill treble of Brideen. Only, through all this, the striker himself remained dumb.

After each smash of the hammer, Trick, producing a green-glass marble from the region of his neck, would throw it into the top of the brass forest for it to jump jauntily from nail to nail, and, at the last, to run into the right-hand bottom corner to disappear inside the lady's mouth—that lucky hole into which the marble had to find its way to bring the thrower a shilling for his penny.

"Ye can see for yerselves that it's as aisy as tossin' off a noggin of whiskey, boys. A silver shillin' shinin' like the

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face of the Blessed Virgin for a dirty brass penny."

"Fire agin, me bould American and thry your luck!" Again came the piercing treble of the red-headed girl, the eyes with the green lights in them peering out from the folds of her lousy shawl as, with a fine, full, sweeping gesture, she caught her great horsetail of hair into a loose knot to pin it in place with the steel hairpins she had put in her mouth. The lanky, white-faced young man behind her searched stealthily the circle of the crowd with a thin, slanting eye, licking his lips a little from time to time, but always dumb.

"Let Mikeen the Rat thry his luck," came a voice from the crowd, to be followed by a hollow cackle of derision. "The Rat," Trick's confidential agent and general-utility man, only licked his lips again, to draw himself a little more under the lee of the board. In vain did Trick, wriggling diabolically, like a conjurer produce his hammer somewhere from the small of his back, and this time, instead of sending it flying through the air to his coadjutor, hit his nails on the head himself. The crowd, with the stubborn obstinacy which Trick knew so well, were not biting.

The crafty red-rimmed eye flashed malevolently through the now sullen crowd, a leer on the leathery mouth with its rusty bristles.

"God cripple ye! Where's yer sport?" said Trick, as with a flourish of temper he once more whipped out the hammer and hit the nail that stood in the right ear of the King of Hearts, only to mis-hit, to glide off it and to flatten it to the board into the royal nasal organ, to the jeers of the crowd, in them now a rising note of cruelty. But in a moment Trick, whose bread and porter depended upon his control, had produced another brass-headed nail, apparently from under his arm, and had thrown it and the hammer to Mikeen the Rat, who, catching them on the fly, had in a flash wrenched out the flattened nail, and with two blows, and hard clean blows they were, had replaced it.

"Is it min y'are or monkeys?" jeered Trick. "Be cripes! I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll put five shillings aginst a penny to the first man who chances his arm. Five silver shillin's aginst the first three shots." As he spoke, he flung two shining half-crowns on the stones before him.

There was a movement at the back of the crowd.

"Arrah, don't be a fool, me poor boy, thryin' your luck aginst the divil's own. . . ." "Go home whilst your money's safe! . . ." "Let him alone—give the boy a chance!"

And then a derisive: "Sure, don't we all know 'the Gom'—the decoy bird?" to be followed by a crackle of laughter.

The crowd opened out to make room for a blue-eyed, black-haired peasant boy, his eyes alight with fun, who pushed his way up to the board. A big, wild-looking *boucaleen* he was, with the black hair sprouting from under the felt hat that hung carelessly over his left ear, and a smile like the coming of Christmas. But as he came up to the board Mikeen the Rat threw the look at him like a snake about to strike. Brideen, too, drawing back a little under the shelter of her shawl, gazed at him steadfastly. There was fear in the look, but whether of him or for him, who could say?

"At last a noble sportsman!" cried Trick, wriggling in delight. "Isn't it he that puts the shame on the likes of ye all—you that call yourselves the lucky chancers. . . ." He broke off to look at the simple country youth, who, taking a penny from his trousers pocket, threw it into the tray at the bottom and, taking the marble which Trick o' the Loop passed to him with a stealthy, searching motion as though he had had it palmed, flung it carelessly into the nails.

The little green marble danced joyously down the brassy slope, hovered an instant between the King and the Queen at the bottom, and finally came to rest on the King's nose. In a moment, the boy had produced another coin and had thrown his marble again. But again he lost his money.

The crowd laughed. "Who's the Gom, now?" one of them called out.

"The third time pays for all!" cried Trick, with the air of benevolence which clothed him like his old green felt, as he pressed the marble once more on the young man, who, hesitating, took a third coin out of his trousers.

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Again the marble started jauntily, whilst the crowd stood open-mouthed. Again it danced to that fatal parting of the ways, seemed to hang a moment against all the known laws of gravity, and then, with a coquettish spring, jumped to the right and disappeared between the Queen's yellow teeth.

"Courage always pays," said Trick, sententiously, as he took his arm from where it had rested, seemingly by accident, on the shoulder of the board. In great bad humor he stooped to take up the shining half-crowns and hand them to the boy who had been called "the Gom," and who, overjoyed at his success, spat on them, tossed them one after the other into the air, and then pocketed them.

The red-headed girl looked at him again—a strange quick look—and then had turned to shout in the face of the crowd: "Fire agin, me bould American, three shots a penny. . . ."

The hot sun beat down on a mob now casting its pennies in a brazen shower into the tray. The marble tinkled, the crowd sweated, the cry to "fire agin," now more infrequent, rose on the air, as Trick, with a seductive, passing motion, diverted the copper stream into one of his capacious pockets before you could say "God help us!"

And now, the Queen smiling in vain upon a crowd nearly empty of pennies, Trick, trusting in a Providence which watches the fall of a sparrow and which had never failed him, perilously unbuckled the greasy belt which stood between him and indecency—the belt from which he got his nickname. Fishing up a *kippeen* of a stick from the lumbar regions and slowly coiling the length of greasy leather, he began the refrain by which he was known in every market-place in the County Waterford: "Here's the stick; there's the loop; find the loop with the stick and get money for nothin'!"

The crowd, which had begun to vanish, now gathered in again, eager for revenge.

To see Trick as he slowly unwound the strap from the stick where adventurous youth had placed it, only to find that it was not in the loop—to see Trick, I say, commiserating with the victim as though he had been his Father Confessor, was to see the gentle art of dispossession brought to its finest: "'Tis not for you, me poor boy, to be temptin' luck. . . ." "Go home, now, whilst ye have the money on ye. . . ." "Ah, what was it in the name of God that brought ye down from the mountains?"—this last to a hillman with a pair of shoulders like a barn door . . . all having one end, the passing of the coppers from the seduced to the seducer. And when all else failed, wasn't there "the Gom," with the happy flaunting smile of him under the summer sun and the light shining out of his eyes and his hair flying in the face of heaven—and behind him Brideen, whose tongue, complained the giant from the hills, querulously, after he had lost one and fourpence, "would charm the birds off the trees"?

But all the time, Brideen looked at the Gom and the Gom looked at Brideen, till they struck sparks out of each other's eyes, and all the time Mikeen the Rat watched behind.

Drunk with success in the cool of the day, the fair being over and the last of the gamblers gone, Trick, passing one lank hand across his mouth, folded his board over the double hinge.

"Brideen," said he, "there'll be no more pickin's this day for honest men. Let us go home in the name of God."

The girl tied the piece of frayed rope around what Trick called "the conthraption" of their belongings, and putting it on her strong young back, held the belly-band that tied it to her in the front with her two hands. Her bare, freckled legs showed the swelling calves as she bent to her task, the small, strong feet seeming to grasp the paving-stones of the market-place. The low of a solitary unsold cow and the cry of a drunken countryman were their requiem as they passed out of the deserted square with its lonely gray-faced houses into the backlands of the old town.

Trick, his hands still up his sleeves and still wriggling, went ahead, his crafty head scheming God knows what. Behind him his daughter bent under her load. Mikeen the Rat came last, his eyes fixed on the bare feet of the girl before him, never offering the hand to help her.

At last he sidled up to her to say: "When is it to be, Bride?"

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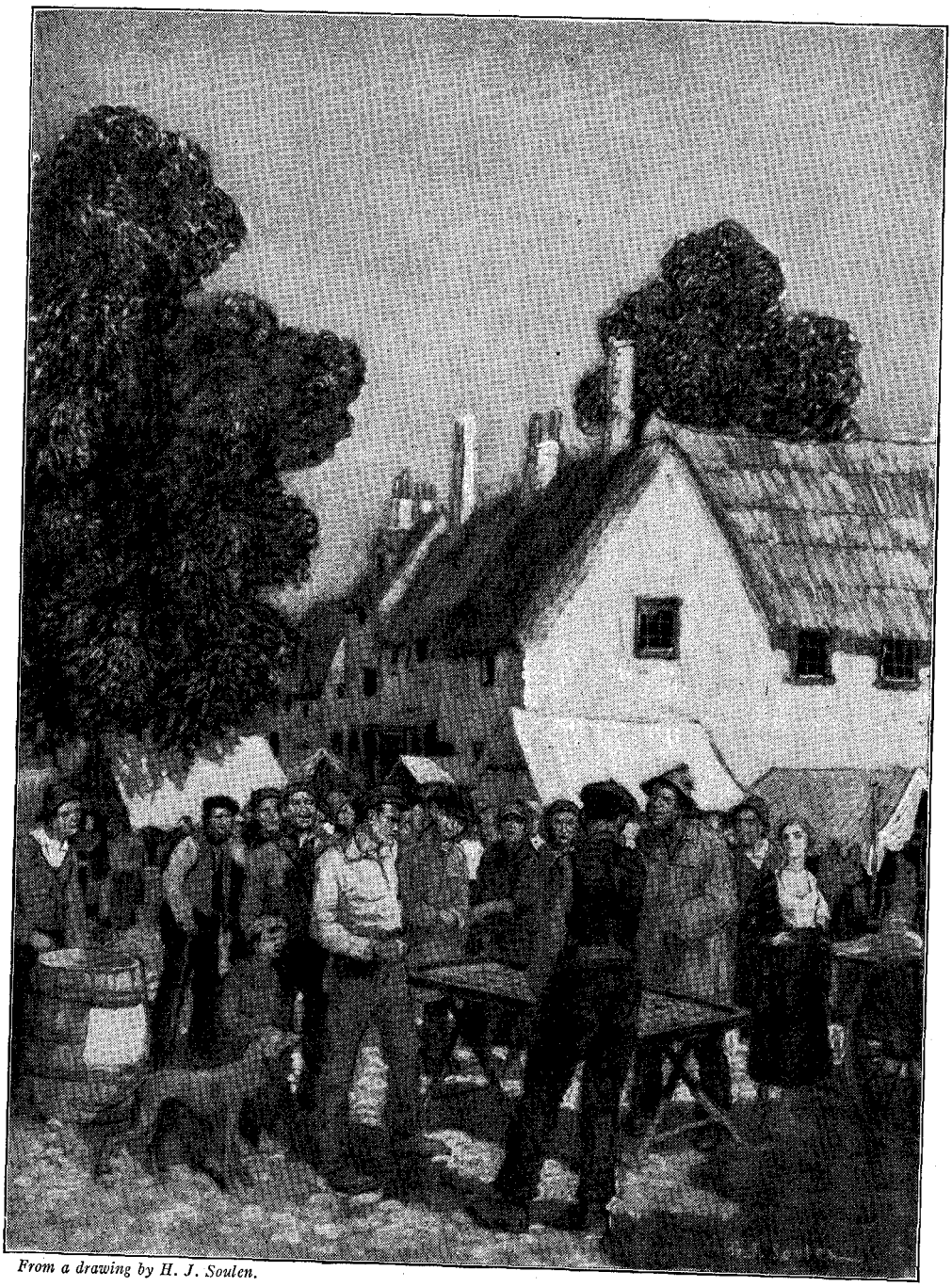

From a drawing by H. J. Soulen.

"At last a noble sportsman!"—Page 141.

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"When's what to be?" asked the girl, wiping the sweat from her forehead as it dripped on the road before her.

"What? You know," said Mikeen. "Sure isn't it your father that wishes it?" He added, after a moment: "Isn't it he that knows I have money in the stockin' —enough for the two of us? . . ." He paused again, and again added in that queer suppressed way as he tried to catch sight of the face that bent to its work:

"If I thought it was of 'the Gom' you were thinkin', I'll tell you what I'd do. . . ." He stopped.

"What'd ye do?" she asked quietly enough, but stealing a glance at the white face by her side, with its little slanting eye.

"Never mind what I'd do," he said, suddenly cautious. "But I'd do it," he added under his breath.

They straggled down the lane known as Borinatrau, with the slimy water in the choked runways and the fish-guts strewing its channels, the end of which, framing the harbor, showed the sun low on the horizon and setting in a fiery ball. Trick, coming to what was half a house, with the roof crushed in at the gable end to leave only one room, pushed open a half-door and went in, to be followed by Brideen, who dropped her burden in the corner like a tired animal.

First taking the hairpins in her mouth to gather her tousle of hair with that generous sweeping gesture into one great knot, she crouched by the blower in the corner and began to turn the wheel under the glimmer of fire in the hearth, the chimney of which gaped to the stars above. Cluck-cluck-cluck went the wooden wheel. The strap spun, the sparks flew up, and soon there was a glow to light up the crafty face of old Trick, where he crouched on the seat on the inside of the hearth, his hat still on his head. Mikeen the Rat sat opposite him on the other seat.

"Well, 'twasn't a bad day," said Trick, with that queer twisted smile, as he sucked at his short black clay.

The boy opposite made no reply.

"If it wasn't for the Gom, God knows it is us that would have come back as hungry as we went."

". . . What's that you're sayin'?" The Rat slanted a look across at him.

"What's that I'm sayin'?" mimicked Trick in the high, wheezing voice of the other. "Aren't I sayin' the truth of the saints? If the Gom hadn't done his part, my bucko, 'tis ourselves that would be lookin' for the tail of a hake this night instead of croubeens and praties."

As he spoke, he conjured up, apparently from the seat of his trousers, a dozen pigs' feet that stuck out from a piece of dirty newspaper and threw them into the girl's lap.

The girl, with a laugh, tossed them into the lap of the Rat, who sat looking at them for a moment as though they had been snakes. Then with an oath he took them to fling them into the glowing coals.

"God damn ye!" screamed Trick, as he flung himself on the sizzling feet and threw them out on the floor of beaten earth. "Is it mad that ye are?"

"Mad, is it I am? No, Trick, it isn't mad but merry I'd be. You and your 'Gom!' Aren't I tired of hearin' about the Gom did this and the Gom did that? When did the Gom do what I did with ye to the peeler on the road to Inschindrischla?—tell me that. . . ."

"Howld your whisht!" said Trick, glancing at the girl. Then with a laugh and a frankness that was his own, he turned to the boy:

"May the divil cripple ye, ye *omadhaun*," he said with a little laugh. "'Tis jealous ye'are of the Gom, ye fool—and though 'tis he that acts the 'gom,' 'tis you that are the fool. Sure don't ye know that Brideen there would sooner the toenail parings of a smart man like you that has the understhandin' of things and money in the stockin' than the whole of a poor fool like the Gom?"

As he spoke, the door opened.

"Ah, there he is," chortled Trick in a sort of wheezy delight. "Talk of angels and ye'll hear their wings. There's a sight for sore eyes. The best boy in the Old Borough. Faith we scraped them clane this day, thanks to you, little Gomeen. But . . ." and Trick took out the short clay from where it stuck in his face to let the slaver run down from the open mouth, as though a thought had come to him: "but I hope you weren't seen comin' here, little Gomeen. If 'twas known you were wan of us, we were done. There's

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too many know it already. Did you hear the voice from the crowd?"

"You needn't be unaisy," and the big blue eyes stared hard at Trick from under the old felt hat that rested on the back of his head as the owner stood before the blaze, the long arms with their great hands hanging loosely before him. "It isn't long that I'll be comin' here. . . ."

The cluckety-cluck stopped for a moment and then went on again.

"What do ye mane?"

"Is it what I mane? Why I mane that I've got the father and mother of a livin' with Paddy Mac at the ferry. That's what I mane."

Trick's face became a study in emotion. It passed from loose-lipped amazement to hot anger, and then he had whipped out the hammer from the sleeve which was its invariable resting-place.

"Be Christ!" he screamed, the froth standing on his lips, "if I thought ye meant that, I'd take wan of these nails and drive it into your skull wid the hammer here." He took out a brass-headed nail as he spoke.

The Rat from his chimney corner looked first at Trick, then at the Gom. Then his head had sunk between his long, lank hands for him to gaze into the fire.

But Brideen had let the wheel spin alone and had risen to stand between her father and the big black boy. She looked down on her father like some fierce animal —and then at the Gom with the look of a mother, fiercely protecting.

"Ah, don't be foolish, my poor boy," came mellifluently from Trick as his face changed for him to throw the hammer into one corner and the nail into another, for his hands once more to hug themselves up their respective sleeves. "Don't be throwin' away a fine livin' for scratchin' for halfpence on Paddy's ferry. Sure the business couldn't do widout ye." It was the voice of the market-place again, soft and cozening.

"I've made up me mind," came back the answer. "Aren't I tired of seducin' honest men and stealin' money and me goin' to confession, and didn't the priest say . . ." The words came out torrentially.

"Ah, who'd be mindin' their riverences whin they talk about things they don't understhand. Whin Father Foley can sthand in Dunhallow market-place and make that . . . so can he be talkin' . . ."

Trick, as he finished, groped around the front of his trousers and then dived inside them to pull out a handful of coppers and to throw them in a jingling shower at the feet of the Gom, who stood looking at them helplessly.

"They're all for you," said Trick, eying the boy craftily.

"Indade an' I won't, I won't," he finally replied sullenly. "'Tis me sowl I'm afther sellin' . . . and thin there's Brideen there." He looked at the girl, who churned furiously to send the fire up in fountains of flying sparks. "Don't I want to make her an honest woman . . . I mane," he said, correcting himself hurriedly as he saw Trick's eyes fixed on him, "I mane, don't I want to go wid her to the priest and God's holy altar . . . and didn't ye promise me at the beginnin' of the year that if I'd sthay wid ye until the end of the year that ye would give her to me, only that I wasn't to let on to anybody until the time came and . . ."

"What's that?" said the Rat, his face livid in the firelight as he came to his feet. "Blast it! I'll leave ye, Trick," he howled, "leave ye, stockin' and all . . . and afther all ye promised me about Brideen. I'll do more," he screamed under the lash of indignation. "I'll tell about the peeler on the road to . . ." Even in that woful anger, he stopped an instant, as he saw Trick's face watching him like a ferret. "Yes, be God! even if I swing for it . . ." at last came from him in ungovernable explosion.

"You'll what?" said Trick, moving his arms, still tangled, up to his mouth and freeing one hand to take his pipe from his mouth and to put it in his pocket. "You'll what?" And he was smiling at him, a terrible smile, until the little red eyes had narrowed under the tufted brows to show but two tiny green sparks.

The Rat was silent. He licked his lips a little.

"Why, I'll tell ye what I'll do wid ye, I that made ye, ye spawn of hell—you that saw the light under the gallus . . . I'll . . . I'll . . ." He stuttered in his frenzy.

". . . Why I'll tell ye what I'll do. The Gom there will be the man for Bri-

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deen. He'll come to do the honest work in the business and we'll get another for the dirty. Why, God cripple ye! you and your stockin'. And you'll put me away, will ye—you'll go King's evidence!

"Will ye, by God!" He laughed mirthlessly and sat down again to suck at his empty clay and to look into the fire.

Mikeen the Rat was staring across the floor. But he was not looking at Trick now, but at the Gom.

. . . . . .

The shadows drew down over the sacrifice of the little white bones that lay scattered about the altar of the hearth under the glow of the dying coals. The round white moon looked in at the little square of the window, out from the black masses of encircling cloud, to throw a shaft of silver across the room to where the litter of shavings that was the nightly bed of Trick and the Gom lay in the corner, and to leave the rest of the floor in heavy shadow. On the litter in the corner where the moonlight struck, Trick snored with his mouth open, his old sugar-loaf hat pushed back a little and stuck askew on his head. On the outside of him, the light fell on the Gom, who lay half over on his arm, his hat still on his head and, like Trick's, used as a sort of pillow.

The soft breathing of the girl from behind the square of old sacking drawn across the farther corner came softly to the ear.

Only Mikeen the Rat was awake, lying in the long, deep biscuit-box in the corner opposite to Trick and the Gom, which served him for a bed, but which looked like a coffin. The glow from the dying embers, reflected from the wall above him, shone on the piggish eyes as they moved whitely from side to side in the parchment of the face, set like that of a mummy.

Hour after hour the eyes turned from side to side, but always returning to the corner where Trick and his bedfellow lay together, as though they could see their way through the side of the box. The hand under the sacking that covered him would every now and then contract itself on something, and sometimes two lank hands would steal over the edge of the box for an eye, slanting and wicked, to come up and search the corner over there where the two old felt *caubeens* and the two heads of sprouting hair, one young and the other old, snored side by side. But always, at the long last, it would fasten itself on the Gom where he lay on the outside, the black of his unshaven jowl lying velvety on the olive skin to contrast itself with Trick's red bristles and pallid hide.

He must have fallen half asleep, for he came to himself to hear a whispering from behind the sacking in the farther corner which was Brideen's bedroom. In a moment he had hunched himself in his box to listen to the voices that came from behind the strip of sackcloth.

Sleuthy, he scrabbled out of his box, like a corpse rising from the tomb, to creep over on hands and knees, glancing as he crept to where the moonlight shone on Trick lying curled against the wall like the letter "S," and wriggling in his sleep. The moon-path, as he crossed it, shone on something that gleamed in his hand. It was Trick's hammer, which he had thrown into the corner.

". . . But, darlin', he'll kill ye, I know he will. I saw murder in his eyes this night. An' I love ye so. Sure I'd never be his woman in a hundred years, and he knows it—though God knows what I'd have done if you had not been there—for me father put the hard force on me."

The girl clung to the strong young body in the darkness as the Rat looked through a hole in the sacking, and over her bent the great dark head of the Gom.

"Thin come away wid me. Come away to-morrow. I won't do the dirty work for Trick. We'll go away to another part and get married before the child comes—and thin, whin it's all clear and over, we can come back an' I'll work for Paddy on the ferry. Promise me, *acushla*."

The girl moaned a little.

"I can't leave me father, darlin'. It isn't the will of God that I should go from him that gave me life and kept me livin'. When I saw the light in the blue eyes of ye that day ye came down here from the back of beyant, I knew that you were my man . . . but I can't leave me father . . . even though ye saved me from the Rat itself."

"Then come away, Brideen."

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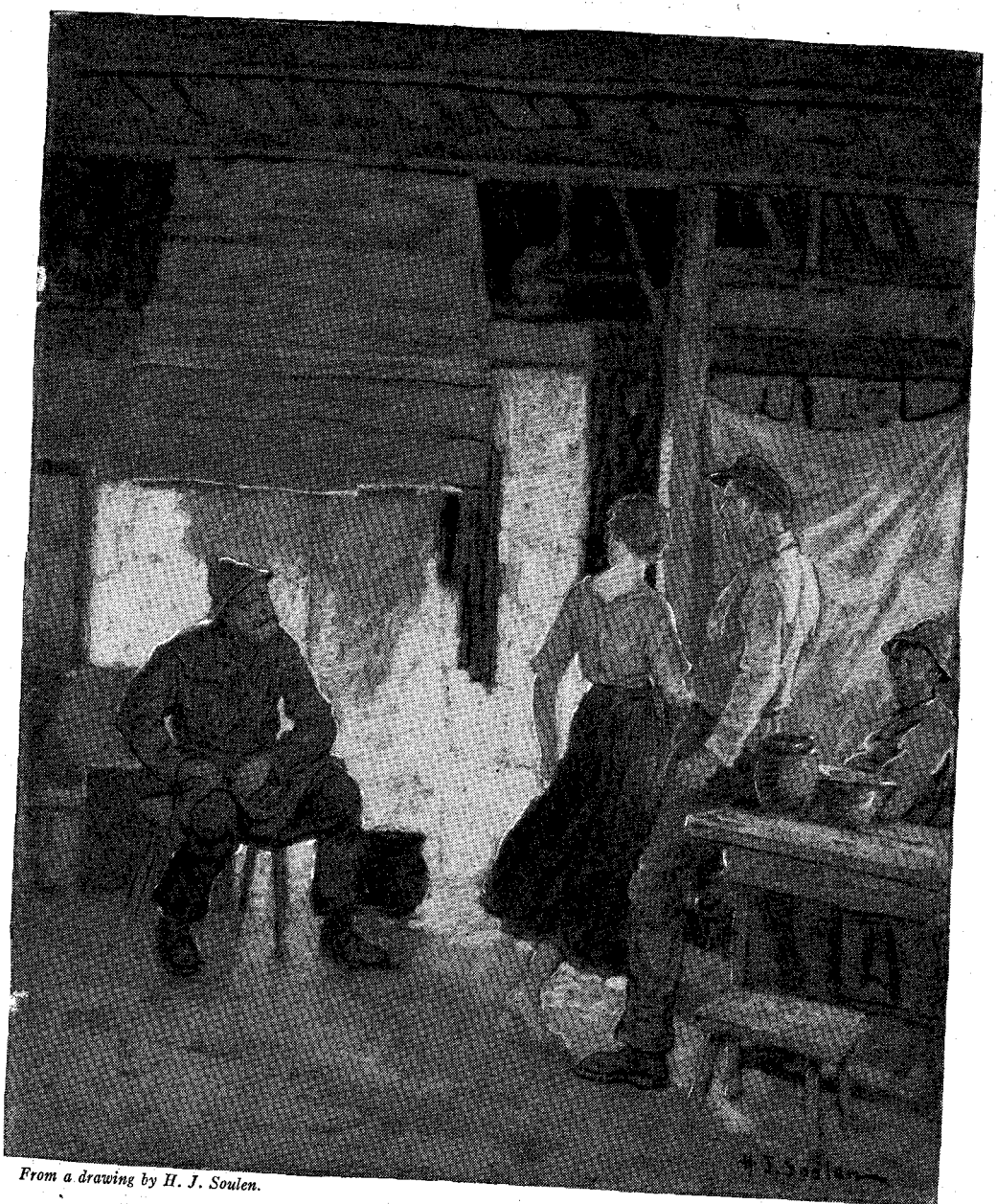

From a drawing by H. J. Soulen.

"Ah, don't be foolish, my poor boy," came mellifluently from Trick. . . .—Page 145.

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"But I can't—I can't leave me father, an' he ould an' alone," the girl said stubbornly. . . .

" . . . What was that?"

The Gom had freed her from his arms, to lie there straining his ears in the darkness for a hundred heart-beats. Then he had lifted the curtain only to see the Rat's box and to hear Trick's snore as he had heard it when he had left his side a few minutes before. The Rat had been asleep then. He must be asleep now.

He turned again, quickly, almost fiercely, to the girl at his side, once more in low, passionate pleading: "Why won't ye come, *alannah?*" he asked. "Why?"

She snuggled close to him in the silence.

"Why—oh why?" Again the fierce low passion of it came to the girl.

At last he heard her whisper in her agony: "Oh, whirrah! whirrah! what am I to do? If I don't go wid ye, darlin', me father will make me take him, for he knows he has money in the stockin' . . ." She paused a moment, to add despairingly:

"For he'll never give me to you, and he doesn't know" . . . her voice was shy and low . . . "about the childeen that's stirrin' in me. All that talk about givin' the Rat the cowld showlder was only talk in the way that he has when he's mad with the Rat, who knows too much.

"Oh blessed saints in heaven, what am I to do, at all, at all . . . an' the child comin'!" she added.

The boy took her to his arms, again to smother her face with kisses. "For the child's sake," he said in a whisper, "come away—*now*."

The girl trembled in his arms, and then he felt her yield, suddenly.

"All right, darlin' . . . for the child. We'll go now that me father is in the deep sleep, an' may God forgive me if I'm doin' wrong."

Creeping back to his corner to take his hat where he had left it on the outside of the bed, from which the moon had passed behind a cloud to leave it in darkness, his searching hands found that Trick had rolled over in his sleep to take the outside position and to lose his hat as he rolled, his head now resting on the Gom's hat. Not daring to wake him by drawing it from under his crafty old head, he crossed the floor to glance at the Rat, now lying with his face to the wall, as though asleep. The Gom looked at the form as it lay there shadowy in the half-light, and then had turned to find a soft hand placed in his to lead him noiselessly out into the moonlight through the unbolted door.

. . . . . .

The shadows deepened against the white bar of moonlight that had come again, only to be suddenly cut off by a passing cloud. Something was stirring over there in the old box by the hearth, on which the ashes were now cold.

The moon came again through the window to show two white hands, one with a hammer in it and in the other a long brass-headed nail, which for a moment gleamed brightly under the slant of the moon. And then a cloud had blotted out the face of the moon, and, with it, the hands.

Over there in Trick's corner a hand was feeling for a hat and a face on the outside of the bed. Like some crawling thing it crept its way about the head of the sleeper, a head that showed itself dimly in the shadow, to feel the hat that was the Gom's hat and the face that must be the face of the Gom.

A silence, pregnant, black.

And then the smash of hammer on metal, a scream, and the two lank white hands had closed themselves around the hairy throat that writhed under the grip and lashed itself from side to side. But ever, as the warm flood poured over the hands, the struggles grew more feeble, at last to cease.

The moon came through the window once more to show a white face bending over the dead mask with its red bristles and the dark stream trickling from the temple, where the great nail stood out.

The Rat screamed in the darkness.

And then the shadows had fallen.

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The Newspaper Man's Newspaper

BY EDWARD P. MITCHELL

[SECOND PAPER]

I

LIFE on a cotton-plantation in North Carolina just after the Civil War; a two years' apprenticeship as reporter on the *Boston Advertiser*, most respectable of dailies in 1871 and 1872, thus gaining entrance through the inviting door that opens to the composing-room; editorial work down in Maine, with approaches to the metropolitan newspaper for which I had conceived a distant but compelling admiration; such were the steps, elsewhere spoken of, that took me to *The Sun* in New York.

THERE was no lack of happiness with the Dingleys on the *Lewiston Journal*. The emoluments, however, did not seem promising to a young married man with increasing responsibilities. So, after several months of hesitation, meanwhile contributing to *The Sun* perhaps a dozen articles, imaginative sketches, news reports, and a few editorials, I took the Portland boat to New York and walked up Rainbow Street, otherwise Frankfort, from the East River to Printing House Square one summer evening, with the following letter of credit in my pocket:

"THE SUN," NEW YORK, May 14, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR: I have no doubt we shall be able to give you as much work as you want, and of whatever kind.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. DANA.

E. P. MITCHELL, Esq.

The old French's Hotel, then and for some years afterward, stood on the corner now possessed by the golden-domed building of *The World*. It need not be said that thither my steps were directed, for this hostelry was separated only by the narrow street from *The Sun* office in the ancient brick structure that had once housed Tammany Hall. By what struck the hotel's new guest as an extraordinary benevolence of assignment, the room given me was on the Frankfort Street side, on a level with the brightly illuminated editorial rooms opposite, and commanding a perfect view of the newspaper's personnel and interior mechanism.

Nearest of all my envied neighbors, at a desk upon which one could almost have tossed his visiting-card, sat a vivacious gentleman whom the observer soon identified as the mainspring of activities. His eyes were protected by a huge visor of green pasteboard. He was apparently over fifty, of spare frame but endowed with an energy little short of demoniac. Every few minutes boys came up to him on the run, bringing sheaves of yellow paper. These manuscripts he seized and scrutinized from beneath his green blinder and disposed of them with a speed nigh incredible. To one batch he would scarcely give a glance before tossing it contemptuously into the basket at his feet. Another batch he would subject to merciless mutilation, seemingly sparing neither the dignity of the stateliest paragraph nor the innocence of the most modest part of speech as his terrible blue pencil tore through the pages, leaving havoc in its wake. I had never seen a great editor work as this great editor worked, pausing only to impound new victims or to project a violent stream of tobacco-juice in the direction of a distant cuspidor to the south-southeast of him. Surely, but one man could exercise this autocratic power of life or death upon the produc-

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tions of his subordinates! "Has it been my luck," I asked myself, "to behold Mr. Dana at last, and in action?"

When I was admitted next forenoon to the small corner room inhabited by the editor-in-chief, I was welcomed by a man midway between fifty and sixty, well-set physically, his generous brown beard and mustache just beginning to be tinged with gray. He wore no green shade. His not overabundant locks were crowned with a cylindrical skull-cap of embroidered silk—not a smoking-cap, for he never smoked, and this top-piece was discarded soon after I came to know him. I had been as inaccurate in my supposed identification of the physical Dana in his own office as of the mental Dana in the editorial columns of his newspaper.

Mr. Dana pulled up a rush-bottomed chair beside him and invited me to sit. The usual commonplace about a busy man's time was uttered. He smiled through his glasses with his pleasant and rather quizzical blue eyes, and said something about the Day of Judgment being yet far off and went on to talk for nearly an hour.

Before I left it had been arranged that I was to come to *The Sun* about the first of October, that my achievements, whatever they might be, were to be supervised by nobody but himself, and that he was to pay me fifty dollars a week at the start, and as much more thereafter as might be deserved.

"Fifty was the highest salary I ever had on *The Tribune*," he said encouragingly, "but that was a long time ago. I didn't get it till I made a rumpus; for it was the same as Greeley's.

"I have no doubt," he added, when he bade me good-by till autumn, "that we shall be able to make everything comfortable for you here."

Later, I discovered that the implied promise was worth par.

I also discovered that the Dana of the night before, he of the green visor and the cuspidor, was none other than the once celebrated Doctor John Wood, known to contemporary fame as the "Great American Condenser."

II

PERHAPS no minor circumstance ever surprised me more than a discovery made soon after returning to New York in the fall of 1875. In the case of Mr. Dana's *Sun*, I found that the paper's social position—to use an odious but convenient term—did not tally with my previous rating of its merits. *The Sun* was taboo in many quarters where recognition and welcome seemed to be indicated as a matter of course by its intellectual qualities. I learned with amazement, for instance, of its long-continued exclusion from the reading-rooms of institutions like the Century Club in East Fifteenth Street.

The phrase "yellow journalism" had not then been put into circulation by my dear friend, the late Ervin Wardman; but if it had been current in the early seventies it would have helped to describe the disesteem in which *The Sun* was then held by a large and very respectable part of the metropolitan community.

When Charles A. Dana acquired *The Sun*, in January, 1868, by purchase from Moses S. Beach, for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, at the same time buying the old Tammany Hall building at the corner of Nassau and Frankfort Streets for about two hundred and twenty thousand dollars more, he was associated with a body of co-owners fairly representing the cream of influence in New York—financial, professional, commercial, social, and political. His list of stockholders included such notables of the law and of Republican politics as William M. Evarts, Roscoe Conkling, Edwin D. Morgan, and Alonzo B. Cornell, besides Thomas Murphy, Grant's close friend and collector for the port, and George Opdyke, the war mayor of the city in 1862 and 1863. Dana had with him in The Sun Printing and Publishing Association such representatives of large enterprise as Cyrus W. Field, of the Atlantic cable, and William H. Webb, the great shipbuilder; such eminent bankers and merchants and publicists as Marshall O. Roberts, Abiel Abbott Low, the father of Seth Low, Dorman B. Eaton, the father of Civil Service Reform, David Dows, F. A. Palmer, of the Broadway Bank, Amos R. Eno, Elliot C. Cowdin, Theron R. Butler, John H. Sherwood, and Salem R. Wales. Thomas Hitchcock, who was to stand with Dana till the latter's death as the second in ownership, was among the partners in the two-cent *Sun*.

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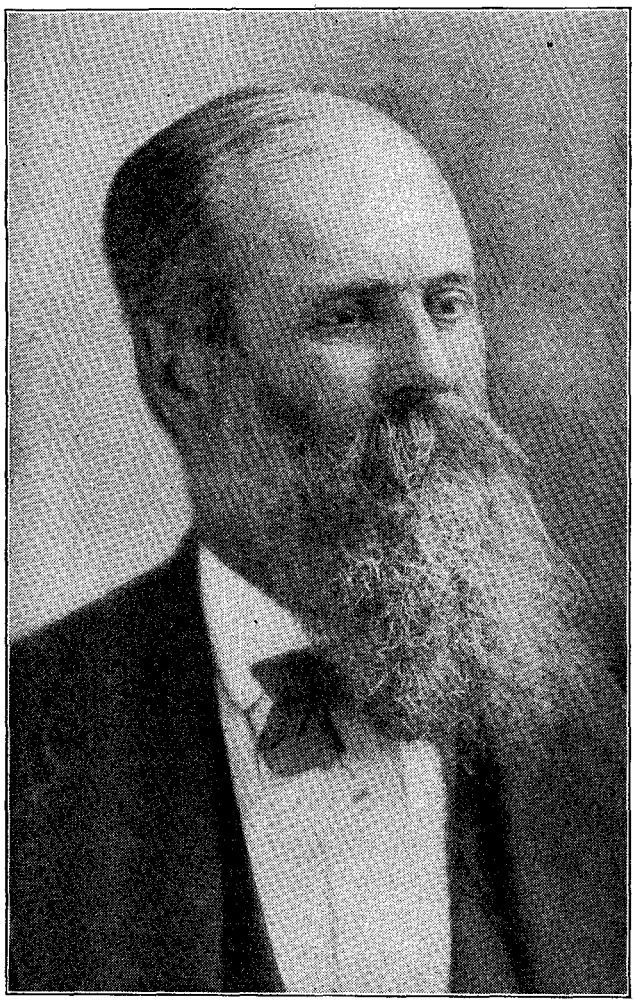
Surely, few newspapers, anywhere, have ever entered the competitive field through a more imposing archway of wealth and influence. Nevertheless, the fact is as has been related. The distinguished backing at the start counted little in *The Sun's* subsequent career. In a few years many of the original proprietors had been alienated by the turn of the paper against the Grant Administration, a rupture important in the history of the relations of American journalism with American statesmanship; and, by its vigorous attacks upon the individuals and policies, which the high-stoop, brownstone Republican front had become accustomed to regard as sacrosanct. Old friendships, dating from Brook Farm and *Tribune* and War Department days were, in some cases, embittered. Indifference or reproaches or the affectation of contempt the militant editor repaid systematically with the acerbity of aloes or wormwood, sugar-coated, often, with a mock politeness and a humorous pretense of admiration more galling to the object of ridicule than the concentrated extract of gall.



Charles A. Dana about 1875.

It is necessary to apprehend the situation at the beginning in order to measure the magnitude of the achievement of this

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born journalist during the quarter of a century of life left to him for the exercise of his incessant activity. Many men, if not most men, under the same conditions, would have resorted frankly to the well-known expedients of appeal that produce a large circulation at the expense of more or less surrender of intellectual self-respect. The remarkable thing about this transition period in *The Sun's* development is that Mr. Dana neither cheapened the quality of his wares nor revised his professional standards to court a new constituency on a lower level. He had his own conception of what a daily newspaper should be. The simple secret of his strength was in the diameter of the horizon of his personal tastes, his personal sympathies, his personal appreciation of what was really of interest to intelligent minds in the way of news, of comment, of criticism, of imagination, of humor, of poesy, of philosophy.

Dana was congenitally incapable of making a newspaper on any other principle. He cared not a doit for conventional ideas of news perspective, or for news presentation bequeathed by previous generations and accepted by contemporary imitativeness. He hated all that was dull. He had little use for the commonplace. He held dear and eagerly grasped at whatever sets men a-thinking about matters big or small. Never in his professional life was he intimidated by precedent. Never was he awed by the solemnity of prestige. He despised shams and charlatans practising their arts in any calling; he would blithely risk a libel suit any day of the year to expose the gammon. A nincompoop had his pity, but he showed a soft side for the simpleton who was honest. Somebody reported on a letter intended for publication: "This man's a darned fool." "Let's print it," said Dana. "Always give the darned fools a chance." Other things being equal, his sympathy was instinctively with the under dog. His sense of humor was ingrained, pervasive, always on tap, exuding genial warmth or blistering heat according to the demands of the occasion. He could be vindictive when wronged, or even when vanity was wounded. He chuckled most over a joke on his enemies, a little less heartily over a joke on his friends, but he could chuckle also if the joke was on himself, providing it was not offensive to self-esteem.

Two trifling illustrations of this I remember in the first year of my acquaintance with him.

When the preparations for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia were making, in the spring of 1876, it was reported that William M. Evarts, who was to pronounce the oration at the opening ceremony, had not yet completed his address. Mr. Dana asked me to write an editorial paragraph complimentary to his old friend.

There was no finer orator in the United States than Mr. Evarts. His admirable addresses were fashioned for delivery rather than for print. Those who heard him speak and followed the orderly development of his rhetoric were scarcely conscious, as clause followed clause shaping the idea with precision and wit and cumulative force, of the numerical strength of some of the sentences thus marshalled by this master of expression. I composed with no little trouble a paragraph of two hundred and thirty-six words, void of punctuation-marks more obstructive than the comma. With some prickings of conscience the disrespectful elephantine thing was laid upon the chief's desk.

Through the open doorway that stood between his desk and mine I saw a look of slight surprise come into his countenance. He reached for his fat blue pencil and turned partly toward me with what seemed to be a gently reproachful glance; but before the look arrived at its destination, a couple of yards away, I was behind a wide-open newspaper from the pile of exchanges. When this screen was lowered again the editor was seen diligently engaged in breaking up the Evarts paragraph into decently brief sentences, changing commas into periods, introducing initial capitals, and altering the syntax to suit. I thought of Lord Timothy Dexter's unpunctuated pamphlet, with the last pages containing an assortment of points of all kinds to be peppered in by the reader according to preference. But of a sudden Mr. Dana's blue pencil halted. He had come to the last lines of the continuously flowing paragraph, wherein the distinguished orator was notified that

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any attempt to bridge the gap between this Centennial and the next with a single sentence must result in failure.

My censor pushed back his chair and came through the doorway with his characteristic stride, firm as a sea-captain's on the quarter-deck. There was a twinkle in the eyes behind the gold-bowed spectacles as he remarked:

"Mitchell, I'm afraid you're a humbug. I guess you'd better get another proof and make your own corrections. Evarts will enjoy it."

The other little incident was that of the red apple. Like Horace Greeley, his former companion in the making of *The Tribune*, Dana cherished especially his relations with the rural subscribers to the weekly edition, which in the case of *The Sun* had then a circulation of nearly a hundred thousand, going chiefly to farmers.

In dendrology the knowledge of *The Sun's* editor was as accurate as his interest was keen and genuine. His country place, Dosoris Island, on the Sound near Glen Cove, was famous for the variety and beauty of its trees and shrubbery. He was an eager collector and cultivator of rare specimens of leafy creation; many of these had been acquired with the advice and assistance of his friend, Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, the foremost American expert on arboriculture and still at this writing the director of the great Arnold Arboretum at Jamaica Plain. Another lifelong friend of Mr. Dana's, Judge Willard Bartlett, has said of him: "Mr. Dana continually surprised expert foresters and professional and amateur gardeners by his knowledge of trees and plants. In 1879, when I travelled with him through England, Scotland, and Ireland to visit all the great British and Irish tree gardens, I was asked again and again by nurserymen and others whether he was not a forester or gardener by profession." I am not capable of saying whether Mr. Dana's science was equally authoritative in pomology and the humbler branches of agriculture, but I do know that he was proud whenever a farmer subscriber to *The Weekly Sun* applied to him directly for information or counsel.

One night soon after twelve o'clock I went, as usual then, to the composing-room to make up the editorial page of the morning's paper. I found already in the form, and marked with Mr. Dana's imperative "*Must*," a short article in agate type, substantially but not exactly, as follows:

"We are indebted to our esteemed subscriber, Mr. Jabez Lightwalter of Goshen, for the largest and reddest and most mysterious apple that ever came to Manhattan. For more than one reason it is a prodigy of fruition. It looks as good as it is beautiful, but it would be a pity to cut it for eating; for it displays in perfectly distinct white letters on its unimpaired natural skin the initials of the Editor of this paper, who is compelled to confess that the marvel of cultivation or of artifice producing this phenomenon is beyond his comprehension."

It was quite a struggle to persuade the experienced foreman of the composing-room to let a freshman in the establishment take the responsibility for disregarding a "Must" properly held in that quarter to be an edict inviolable. I had to explain then and there, as I did more timidly to my chief afterward, that while the acknowledgment of the gift was all right, the avowal of the mystification would be unfortunate in print; inasmuch as many boys' books and treatises on natural magic taught how to perform the miracle by pasting letters cut out of paper on the equator of the apple when it was green and then letting Phœbus Apollo do the rest.

When Mr. Dana arrived the next day he demanded at once: "What became of my 'Must' paragraph about the apple?" I told him with trepidation why I had ventured to hold it over for him to see again. He blushed slightly—he was always able to blush, even to the age of seventy-eight, though it was rarely for himself and generally at the provocation of something disagreeable or discourteous said in his presence—and then broke into a hearty laugh:

"Don't be afraid to kill my 'Must' for any reason as good as that one. Lynch him without judge or jury."

III

So affectionate was this editor's relations with those under him, so entirely

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absent was the least symptom of jealousy of his subordinates, so slow was he to fasten blame upon the blameworthy, so quick and cordial was his recognition of a good thing done by anybody in *The Sun's* employ, from star reporter to office-boy, that there grew up around Charles A. Dana a fealty more like that of a patriarchal family, or a club of good friends—all life members—working together, than an organized force for business enterprise. This comradeship of effort under autocratic rule did not strike me at first as out of the common; some observation of conditions in not a few similar institutions was needed in order to perceive that what had been taken for granted as a matter of course was really an exceptional state of affairs. Dana's personality inspired the almost perfect *esprit de corps* that existed in the ramshackle old office.

I recall, for instance, no attempt on his part to hand down publicly the responsibility for even a disastrous or expensive blunder to the person actually accountable. Dozens of cases might be given where he hastened, in public or semi-public conversation, to assign to one or another of his people the entire credit for performance naturally attributed to himself. When on the stand before a committee of Congress investigating, in 1886, the so-called Pan-Electric scandal, he was questioned about the authorship of certain editorial articles in *The Sun*. "They were not written by me," he replied; "I wish they were; I wish I had the faculty to write such things." That illustrates one reason, out of several, why not many editors-in-chief have ever possessed staffs so loyal.

Mr. Dana wrote much less of the editorial matter in *The Sun* than was generally supposed to be his own by the readers of that paper. He never desired or possessed a private secretary. When he had something that he wanted to say himself in *The Sun*, it was his custom to send for Tom Williams, his faithful but not overworked stenographer for many years, and to dictate the article; often at the same time running through the exchanges on the window-seat and perhaps continuing, in a fragmentary way, an interrupted conversation with a visitor, or responding briefly to some comer-in from another part of the office seeking instructions. His dictation was swift and sure. He seldom haggled in picking the right word; but when he got to work upon his proofs he would sometimes spend hours in furbishing the phrases, returning to the task day after day, recasting whole paragraphs until the emendations satisfied a fastidious taste.

Thomas F. Williams, Dana's stenographer for a quarter of a century, was a genius deserving more than mere mention. He was a sworn Fenian of 1864, a Dublin scholar and journalist, good as gold and taciturn as an educated clam, with a little of Mark Twain's physiognomy and a great deal of Mark Twain's tardiloquence. Like Boyle O'Reilly, he came to this country when presence in Ireland was no longer possible. An ardent fisherman, his sailboat, the *Sand Flea*, was frequently in evidence on Sundays in the lower bay. It was difficult to detect emotion in his sun-tanned countenance unless the subject was the wrongs of Erin or piscatorial conditions on the Roamer shoals. I wonder why the figures that emerge most distinctly at long-distance call are so often those which history might not appraise as the really eminent. Heaven be kind to Tom Williams, with his unintelligible system of pot hooks and his beloved hooks of another sort, and give him reasonable talkers and good fortune on the happy fishing-grounds! For years there was famous in shorthand circles the story of his application for the post that became of life tenure. "Mr. Williams," inquired Mr. Dana, "are you sure you can take me as fast as I can talk?" "I don't know whether I can take you as fast as you can talk, Mr. Dana," drawled Williams, "but I do know I can take you as fast as any sensible man ought to talk."

Mr. Dana's editorial doctrine was perhaps peculiar to himself; it was *laissez faire* in the cases of most assistants in whom he had confidence. He depended little upon advance instruction as to what should be written by others. There is much to say for the idea of the editorial council, so called, sitting daily to consider the news of the world, and to decide what the policy shall be on each topic of interest and who shall treat it; but this formality would have seemed, from Dana's point

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of view, somewhat humorous. His method was collective and selective, rather than suggestive. Except on unusual occasions, he preferred to leave the choice to the initiative of his contributors. Of course this resulted in frequent duplications. Sometimes an impressive event would bring to his hands two, three, or even four leading articles on the same subject. Then it was the impartially determined best that would go to type, even if by chance he had written one of the lot himself. Nor did he believe that it was the duty of the editor to comment systematically on every piece of important news. "A man at the dinner table," he once remarked to the present writer, "who insists on giving you his opinion about everything on earth, is a confounded bore. So is a newspaper at breakfast."

Mr. Dana's time-saving custom was to condense his reply of approval, rejection, or criticism into a sententious phrase of blue-pencilled comment. "My! Ain't he mad!" he wrote across a vitriolic editorial in Mr. Bowles's Springfield paper, denouncing him for his attitude toward Civil Service reform. "I don't know about this. Perhaps you do. Use your judgment," on no end of things handed down for decision. "Not a touch of genius in it.—C. A. D." disposed of many manuscripts. "This won't wash.—C. A. D." was a common form of rejection. "This is nearly bad enough to be good" put the case precisely. "Say, what's got the matter with you?" he wrote to a contributor whose manuscript transcended, in some respects, the recognized bounds of propriety. These blue indorsements made him seem very human, very distinctly personal, to those who received them, whether the words carried pleasure or disappointment.

In a magazine sketch of Mr. Dana I once told about an eminent clergyman of sensational proclivities, who wrote suggesting the fashion in which *The Sun's* editorials ought to be conceived in order to be effective and yet be like Cæsar's wife. At last Mr. Dana invited the persistent critic to show us the way by an example from his own hand. The manuscript came after a week or so of evidently laborious and conscientious effort to adapt himself to what he supposed to be the worldly and reckless tone of Sunday journalism. He got it back indorsed, as usual, in blue: "This is too damned wicked!"

Under conditions of leadership such as have been noted in the foregoing, it is not surprising that Dana's *Sun* came to be regarded by many discerning journalists throughout the country not only as a desirable establishment with which to be connected, but also as more or less of a model for editing, reporting, and editorial writing. This was a professional judgment based on workmanship, and wholly apart from the question of agreement or disagreement with the paper's views on politics, people, or anything else. Esteem in other offices finally took form in the long current expression, "The newspaper man's newspaper." It is likewise true that the influence exerted by Dana upon the technics of the craft, the art of putting things in what was called the newspaper way, was greater than that of any other editor during the quarter of a century or so that preceded the gradual yielding to the public demand for quantity, rather than brevity, the standardization of many of the methods of presentation, the disappearance of strongly marked individuality, and the dire appearance of "head-line English" as a supposed mechanical necessity induced by a supposed public craving for huge captions.

It was mighty pleasant, anyhow, to believe that we had the good-will of the brethren in this professional way, whatever they might think of our preachings; and to get from personally unknown correspondents in distant sanctums such letters as this from the young editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, whose famous editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" had appeared only three months earlier:

"I hope you may never know how badly I happened to need encouragement when I opened *The Sun* yesterday.

"*The Sun* has always been kind to me. I used to work on the *Kansas City Star* and write nonsense verses and minion editorial, and *The Sun* always dug out the best things. I once wrote a Kipling parody to the jingle of 'Danny Deever' about the 'colored servant' and 'Rudyard on parade' when the Kipling baby was born—it was the first thing *The Sun*

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ever used and it pleased me greatly—being young and vain at the time.

"I came down to run this paper in Popdom because I thought I had a word to say that should be said. I am trying in a feeble and incoherent way to say it. Incidentally I am under a Populist boycott and am having more fun than you can shake a church steeple at.

"In this letter I am addressing an unknown deity. I have no idea to whom I am indebted for the courteous treatment I have received from *The Sun* office."

William Allen White was one of many young newspaper writers in the East, West, and South with whom Dana's *Sun* held pleasing intercourse and who afterward won exceptional distinction. Joel Chandler Harris of the *Atlanta Constitution* was another. There came to the office, in 1884, a poem in negro dialect of unidentified origin, but of such quality that it was attributed to Harris and sent to him to verify. No answer was received and a second inquiry was sent, bringing this reply, dated January 15, 1885:

"Perhaps the letter miscarried; perhaps it fell under the eye and into the clutches of your famous office cat.

"What I intended to say—if I did not say it—was that the poem you inclosed is perfect of its kind, and that I am sincerely sorry I cannot say to you that Uncle Remus is the author. But that poor old man never did so well—never succeeded in embodying in his songs the embryo mysticism that is one of the features or characteristics of the negro mind, though he did make a serious attempt in the 'Plough-Hands' Song.' It is easy to see that the poem is not a transcription, but an interpretation, and it is so successful that I am puzzled as to its authorship; for it is a little beyond the reach of those who have gained notoriety by means of their dialect writing."

The Sun's office cat, here referred to by Uncle Remus with proper respect, was the invention of Judge Willard Bartlett, and was long held accountable by press and public for any mysterious disappearance of manuscript. In Frank M. O'Brien's "The Story of *The Sun*"—a book notable as a reflection of the spirit of that newspaper, and unique of its kind in that it is a true biography of the newspaper itself, its body and soul and life, with incidentals about the persons concerned in its making, not merely biography of an individual or individuals with incidentals about the newspaper—it is told how the celebrated censor and devourer of copy came into being. One warm night in the eighties, the flimsy telegraph copy of a presidential message fluttered out of the window and was lost in Nassau Street. "*The Sun* had nothing about it the next morning, and in the afternoon, when Judge Bartlett called on Mr. Dana, the matter of the lost message was under discussion. The editor remarked that it was a matter difficult to explain to the readers. 'Oh, say that the office cat ate it,' suggested Bartlett." A paragraph appeared next day, creating the cat, and the animal immediately became popular as a polyphage in hundreds of other newspaper-offices.

As early as 1881, when my eldest son was about five, he had become immensely interested in the fortunes of the creatures with which Uncle Remus was just beginning to people the hearts of childhood. Doubt on the boy's part as to an important question of matrimony led to an inquiry. It was settled at once:

To Master Neddy S. Mitchell:

Esteemed Sir: The inquiries made by your private secretary, Mr. E. P. Mitchell, have been received by Uncle Remus, who has given them his attention and authorizes me to respond, which I take great pleasure in doing—as nearly as possible in Uncle Remus's own words:

"Youk'n des take en tell dat little chap dat nigh ez I kin git at it, ole Brer Rabbit, he marry Miss Molly Cottontail, wich wuz wunner de gals w'at Miss Meadows had livin' 'long wid 'er. En den 'long time atter dat, wiles he wuz a widder he tuck'n marry ole Miss Fox. Ez ter me I ain't puttin' no 'pennunce in dat, kaze Brer Rabbit wunner deze yer kinder mens w'at sticks after his own color. Dat Tobe, he 'uz wunner de wuss chilluns in de naberhoods, en he keep on gwine on fum bad ter wuss twel bimeby he run up wid Mr. Dog, en no sooner do he do dis, dan he gits nabbed. Bad chilluns ain't see no peace twel dey gits good."

Trusting, dear sir, that this will prove satisfactory, and begging that you will

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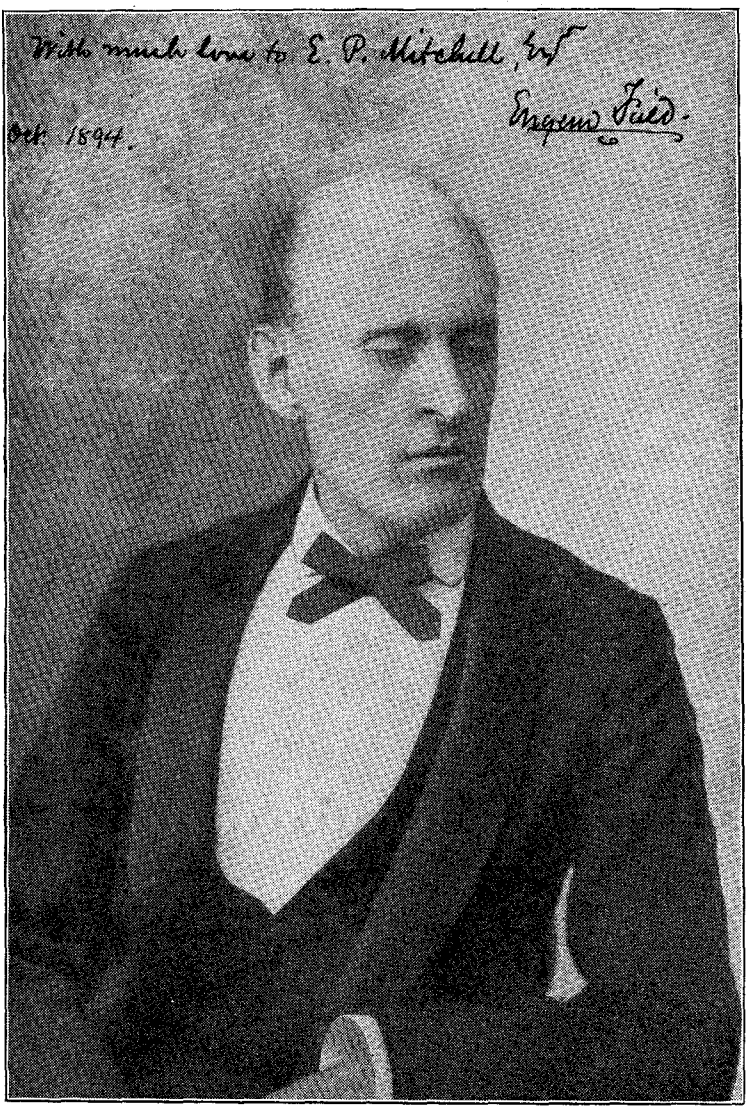
convey my thanks to your papa. . . . I remain,

Faithfully yours,

31 January, 1881. JOEL C. HARRIS.



An unusual inscribed photograph of Eugene Field given to Mr. Mitchell.

IV

EUGENE FIELD, that genius of extraordinary contradictions, loved *The Sun*, and I think he loved the men on *The Sun* whom he knew personally. His admiration of Mr. Dana was boundless; freely expressed in prose and verse. While there were few persons in his wide range of acquaintance whose dignity he was not ready to sacrifice temporarily for the sake of a practical joke—and among such were Stedman, Edward Everett Hale, Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, and dozens of others—there was never anything in tone or attitude toward Dana that was not sincerely affectionate and even reverential. The friendship began with Dana's visit, in 1882, to Denver, where Field was working on *The Tribune*, and had just registered

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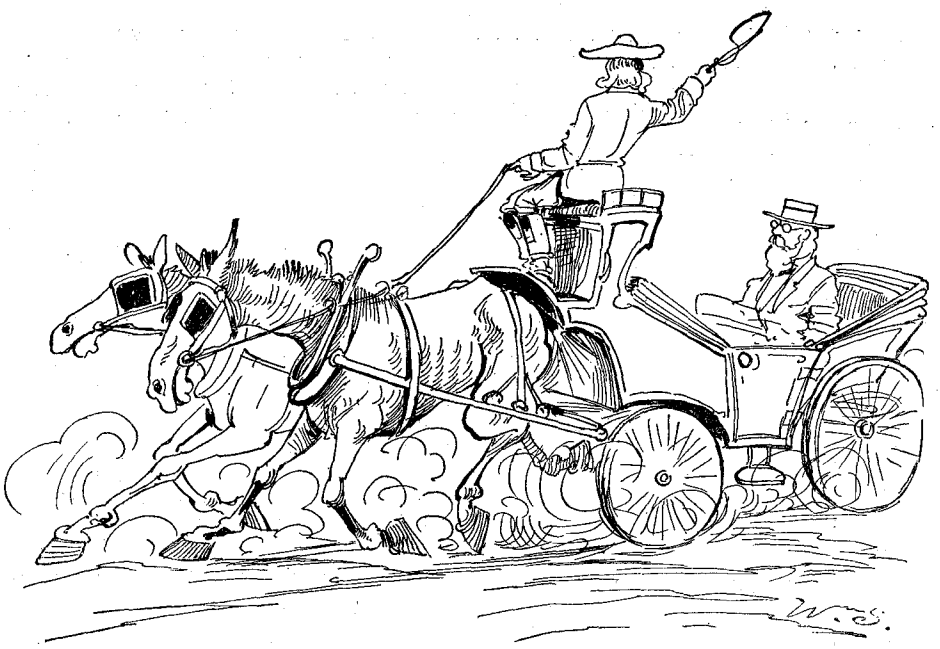

Selanders's cartoon of Mr. Dana's famous drive in Kidney Bill's hack in Milwaukee.

his first bid for fame as a humorist in the series of drolleries gathered in the little book, his earliest published, "The Tribune Primer," now among the excessively rare treasures sought by collectors of first editions of Americana.

My friend, Melville E. Stone, took Eugene Field from Denver, in 1883, and put him to work on the *Chicago Daily News*. For years he poured into the famous column, "Sharps and Flats," the inexhaustible store of delicate fancy, broad fun, tenderness, pathos, and impishness that was in him. In Mr. Stone's interesting reminiscences, "Fifty Years a Journalist," in the two volumes of Slason Thompson's exquisite biography and in Francis Wilson's sketch there is plenty of material for an understanding of this many-sided character. I came to know him pretty well and to be fond of him; the purpose now is to speak of him only as he came in contact with what he, like others, used to regard as "the newspaper man's newspaper."

Field's verses, "The Man Who Worked with Dana on the *New York Sun*," with the beautiful tribute in the last stanza, are, or were, familiar to every newspaper man in the United States. Less known, perhaps, but equally expressive of sentiments entertained, is "Cy and I," in which Eugene and the late Cy Warman, journalist, poet like his friend, are supposed to meet in Broadway and swap opinions. Here are the last two stanzas of the poem which hung, in manuscript calligraphy, for a long time on the wall of Mr. Dana's room:

"The town is mighty big, but then
It isn't in it with its men,
Is it?" says I.
"And tell me, Cyrus, if you can,
Who is its biggest, brainiest man?"
"Dana," says Cy.
"You bet!" says I.

"He's big of heart and big of brain,
And he's been good unto us twain"—
Choked up, says I,
"I love him, and I pray God give
Him many, many years to live!
Eh, Cy?" says I.
"Amen!" says Cy.

Field suggested, from Chicago, the gift or theft from Dana's desk of the antiquated shears with which *The Sun's* editor was accustomed to clip from the exchanges poetry that captured his fancy.

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He explained that he was making a collection of edged instruments of the highest distinction and wished to put Dana's scissors alongside of Gladstone's axe, which he had already obtained. His desire was satisfied without violation of the criminal code. He replaced the old shears with an elegant new pair incased in an elaborately wrought brass scabbard. Dana used the noble implement as long as he lived; it passed to me after his death, and is now possessed by my friend and associate for many years, Harold M. Anderson. The Field-Dana scissors were, in a way, typical of the relations of the two: this pair of sharp-cutting blades, so riveted that they never cut each other.

The earliest of the letters from Eugene Field which I now find bears a date in the year after his removal from Denver to Chicago. It was a modest but characteristically worded request for pecuniary recognition, indited in the minute and neatly regular script that appears in all his correspondence; few writers for the press besides himself and William M. Laffan produced such microscopic copy, wonderfully legible.

Selanders's cartoon of Mr. Dana in the Chicago office of *The Daily News*.

Two years later he was writing more like himself as I came to know him:

CHICAGO, August the 25th, 1886.

DEAR MITCHELL: This is a "damned wicked" world. My friend Mrs. —— —— ——, has made a metrical translation of one of Goethe's lyrics and she is going to play it on Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland for an original poem. She has chosen one of Wilhelm Meister's poems to Filina (Philene) and she has made quite a pretty job of the translation. But she has not made a very close translation, since the last stanza of the original is somewhat amatory. My friend is very anxious that the *Sun* should pick Miss Cleveland up on the poem in case she prints it in *Literary Life* as original. So I send you these lines at her request and in case the poem is published, you will receive a copy of the magazine and all the necessary data, references, etc. Mrs. —— tells me that she intends to trip Miss Cleveland on Goethe, "if it takes all summer." She is remorseless.

Sincerely yours,
EUGENE FIELD.

Here now was Eugene at his deviltries! Does it require detective ability to descry the instigator of the remorseless conspiracy against poor Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the President's sister, imposing on her editorial responsibilities as an original Chicago product a well-known lyric of the poet whose name, according to Field, was generally pronounced by the Chicago intellectuals so as to rhyme with teeth? I had forgotten the incident, but the key to it is contained in an already published letter to Slason Thompson, dated a month after the foregoing.

"I have begun to surmise that my re-

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marks about *Literary Life* will lead to Miss Cleveland's retirement from the editorship of that delectable mush bucket. The signs all point that way now. I enclose you a letter to my friend Mitchell of the *Sun*. Tell him about the Goethe poem. I promised to send him a copy of it when *Literary Life* printed it."

Field was evidently actuated in this enterprise not by a desire to persecute an estimable lady, but by a sort of fierce contempt for the publication which sought to advertise itself by employing the President's sister. His satire soon brought about the demise of *Literary Life*.

Passing another period of two years I find a note which starts more memories:

DEAR MITCHELL: I know that you are interested in modern art; so I send you a sketch representing Mr. Dana's famous drive in Kidney Bill's hack. I am going to visit New York in February, and then you and I will ransack Bouton's old bookstore together. Ever sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

The scene of the drive in Kidney Bill's hack was Milwaukee, whither Mr. Dana had gone to deliver before the Wisconsin Editorial Association his lecture on "The Modern American Newspaper." The picture is by Eugene Field's friend and favorite cartoonist, Selanders, as are the two other drawings he sent me. Of these one represents Mr. Dana's visit to the office of *The Daily News* when passing through Chicago on that occasion.. It suggests both a comparison of dimensions as the New York editor appears in converse with the Chicago group, and of the relative niceties of apparel affected by Eastern and Western journalists. Field is the bald-headed young man with one hand resting gracefully upon his pistol-holster as he listens respectfully to Dana's utterances. The third sketch illustrated the poem already referred to as popular and oft quoted in the profession, "The Man Who Worked with Dana on the *New York Sun*." That noted impostor is holding forth to the same group in Mr. Stone's establishment. Eugene is regarding him with a cynic's eye, as if hesitating whether to kick him out or merely to shoot him. Field, himself, as everybody knows, could draw irresistibly funny pictures with his pen and colored inks. They appeared too seldom in print, but were lavished in private correspondence and are treasured.

His biographer, Mr. Slason Thompson —and few geniuses really deserving a biography have had a better—notes that Eugene Field's bibliomania, the passion that exercised so strong an influence upon his habits during the last six or seven years of life, began about September of 1888 to show symptoms in the literary output. This chronology of the disease coincides in date with the letter to me in August of that year proposing a combined attack the next February upon the shelves of Bouton's.

Chiefly after chap books, but with eyes wide open for anything bizarre in the printed works of the *fous littéraires* of all sorts, of which there was so rich a stock in Mr. Bouton's second-story shop in Broadway nearly opposite the old New York Hotel, was Field on such expeditions. He had an uncanny flair as a book hunter. He seemed to go by instinct to the right spot on the right shelf; even to the volumes tucked away in the hinterland. He was capable at times of pranks like the pretense of ignorance of values, excessive respect for volumes of stupid content because they were bound in tree calf, contempt for scraggly things which he knew as well as the dealer to be worth their weight in platinum. It was always polite comedy, never broad farce, and it served to amuse, without at all deceiving such astute old gentlemen bibliophiles as David G. Francis, under the Mercantile Library in Astor place, or such eager young experts as George Richmond, then a clerk in Miller's store near Ninth Street. Eugene's purchases were insignificant at that time; a case, he would have explained in other words, of the champagne appetite and the beer pocketbook. Yet book-buying is a ruling passion strong even in debt.

I am not sure whether the bibliomaniac tours of the Chicago Dibdin ever extended to old Joseph Sabin's in lower Nassau Street, the headquarters of Americana, and the finest place in the world for rummaging. Most certainly Field might have found in the bottom of Sabin's barrels of outcasts things he hungered for and things for which he could afford to pay. Those blessed old New York book-cellars and book-basements in the days of

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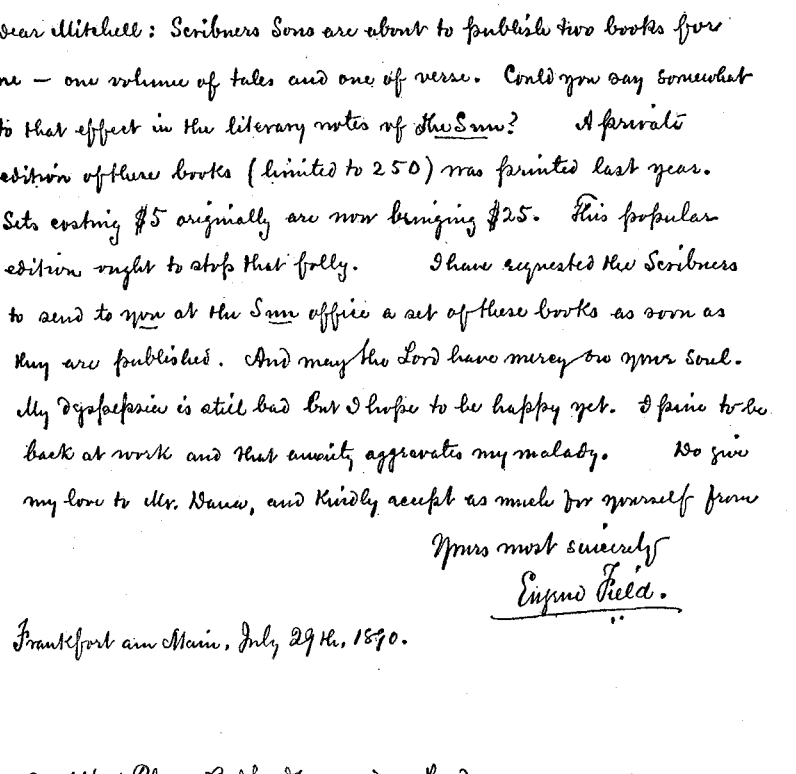

Dear Mitchell: Scribners Sons are about to publish two books for me — one volume of tales and one of verse. Could you say somewhat to that effect in the literary notes of the Sun? A favorable edition of these books (limited to 250) was printed last year. Sets costing $5 originally are now bringing $25. This popular edition ought to stop that folly. I have requested the Scribners to send to you at the Sun office a set of these books as soon as they are published. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul. My dyspepsia is still bad but I hope to be happy yet. I pine to be back at work and that anxiety aggravates my malady. Do give my love to Mr. Dana, and kindly accept as much for yourself from

Yours most sincerely
Eugene Field.

Frankfort am Main, July 29th, 1870.

20 Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W., London.

Facsimile of a letter from Eugene Field to Mr. Mitchell.—Page 162.

forty-nine cents instead of forty-nine dollars! Leggat's in Temple Place, and then in Chambers Street, where Frank Thoms was a bright youngster, knowing every volume in the immense collection upstairs and down; Bonaventure's under the Astor House; Scribner & Welford's rich store of archaic importations shelved opposite Astor Place, with Ernest Dressel North stationed close by the front door; nobody could write now of the dozens of them better than Christopher Morley, and he is too young.

Another personal reminiscence before we return to a book hunter really worth while: Some years later I was seeking the two quarto volumes of the bound-up *Dial*, the quarterly magazine edited between 1841 and 1844 by Margaret Fuller, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and George Ripley for the benefit of what Don Marquis would call a little group of serious thinkers of that generation. Walking down Fourth Avenue one morning, there was observed on the west side below Thirteenth Street, the sidewalk trays of a shop new to my explorations. I went down the steps into a room full of books in cases arranged in curiously labyrinthine manner; you got no vista in any direction. No owner appeared; he had doubtless gone out for his midday sausages. While awaiting him I scanned the shelves of the labyrinth and found that the stock was most intelligently assembled; many books of note, some of considerable price. By and by I became conscious, as one often does without knowing why, of a pair of eyes scrutinizing me; it was through a peep-hole from another alcove. My bookseller was watching his customer, I thought indignantly, for signs of predatory intent. But in a few minutes he issued from the hiding-place and asked me gently if I was looking for anything in particular. A tall, thin, stooping man, with a beard like a California forty-niner's and a manner shy and deprecatory. His

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nervousness partly disappeared as conversation proceeded. I found him extremely well informed. In well-modulated tones he used the best of English. He knew, he said, of a copy of *The Dial* for sale in Washington. I could have it for fifty dollars, and it would be ready for me on such and such a day, if I would call. So I left the shop, wondering a bit about its strange proprietor.

Returning to Fourth Avenue for my *Dial* on the day appointed, I found the shop locked and no sign of life within. The morning paper explained the mystery of the furtive bookseller. Yesterday the police had arrested the notorious Major Howgate, whose defalcation amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars of government money had astounded the country a few years before and whose long pursuit by the detectives of the Department of Justice had led them to several continents. And the pathetic quarry of this world-wide chase, after many flights and frights and new disguises, had finally sought safety in a cellar book-shop, opening a business dear to his soul, a few steps from Union Square, where he was taken by the police between the date of his receipt of my order for *The Dial*, and his expected delivery of the books.

Eugene Field's visits to New York were too infrequent, but they were enjoyed when he came. His ingrained habit of mystification always accompanied him. He seldom turned up in *The Sun* office when he was expected, and always at an hour when lunch or dinner invitations could be evaded plausibly and gracefully. His Chicago friends doubtless understood better than we did why it was almost necessary to go after him with a shot-gun in order to capture him for the most informal entertainment at table. Perhaps the reason was in the peculiarity just noted; perhaps it was dyspepsia, which afflicted him grievously throughout his short life. He refers to that ill in the following letter from Germany; likewise to the most interesting bibliographical event in his career:

DEAR MITCHELL: Scribners Sons are about to publish two books for me—one volume of tales and one of verse. Could you say somewhat to that effect in the literary notes of *The Sun?* A private edition of these books (limited to 250) was printed last year. Sets costing $5 originally are now bringing $25. This popular edition ought to stop that folly. I have requested the Scribners to send to *you* at the *Sun* office a set of these books as soon as they are published. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul. My dyspepsia is still bad but I hope to be happy yet. I pine to be back at work and that anxiety aggravates my malady. Do give my love to Mr. Dana, and kindly accept as much for yourself from

Yours most sincerely,
EUGENE FIELD.

Frankfort-am-Main, July 29th, 1890.

The latest letter I find having the neat signature that carried so much cheerfulness to so many people is dated July 5, 1893. It ends thus:

Are you coming to the fair? Or shall we send the mountain to Mahomet? Pax vobiscum.

Ever sincerely yours,
EUGENE FIELD.

And continued peace in his rest to him who at forty-five died, sleeping quietly in the early morning of November 4, 1895, the poet of the lullabys and of "Little Boy Blue."

In the prime years of the Dana period it used to be the fashion to describe *The Sun* not only as "the newspaper man's newspaper," but also as "the best school of journalism" then in existence. As to any attempt at formal instruction it was, of course, never a "school" in the sense intended. Such teaching as the beginner had was negative, rather than didactic. The editor, and those of his subordinates who were more or less wise in the ways of the profession, were too busy as a rule in getting out the paper seven days in the week to devote any time to the systematic training of their younger associates. If education there was, it was mainly education by absorption. It came to the aspiring by example rather than precept. They were taught by observation and by the self-preservative instinct what to do and what to avoid.

(To be concluded.)

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The Blessed Damozel

BY EDWARD L. STRATER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. VAN BUREN KLINE

ROMANCE, Peter often reflected, has three handmaidens, Persiflage, Spontaneity, and Uncertainty. The addition of Regularity to this charming sisterhood would be at least slightly damaging to the other young ladies. And so, with that fine sense of what is romantic and what is not, Peter detested Regularity.

Nor did he look with much more favor upon matrimony. Rather it seemed a just and logical penalty for dancing regular attendance upon one member of the opposite sex.

Therefore Peter, least of all mortals, could have explained why he had continued to call on Jane every Sunday evening for several years past. Perhaps he felt sorry for her; and Peter, once his sympathies were aroused, was not one to hesitate over tossing even his most innate prejudices to the four winds of heaven.

At any rate, Jane was different. She had given up going to dances years ago—wisely, no doubt. For there had always been a question whether she would have escorts. Nor was a good time claimed by all that danced with her. Clearly she should have gone to college, even gotten herself a job, anything to label herself as peculiar and put her in touch with the type of men that might have enjoyed her kind.

Even now, he would sometimes think of her living-room, and shudder; the long rows of books lining the dim room, and Jane, in her starched shirt-waist, her beautiful golden hair brushed so severely back, sitting among them, monologuing him on the ones she had been reading since the previous Sunday. If she would only once have admitted how futile and unnatural her life was, he would have felt better, for then he might have been able to help her get back into the swim with the other girls. Instead she seemed quite determined to waste away there, year after year, and perfectly happy doing it.

But lately Peter had discovered another and more valid reason for the regularity of his visits, and that reason was Rosalee. He felt sure that Rosalee must be fearfully annoyed that he continued to give Jane even one night a week. And this annoyance was part of a well-laid plan. For certainly romance is an entirely spontaneous matter—still, why take any unnecessary chances?

Faithful to his dream of the perfect girl, the one girl in the wide world with whom matrimony would be even remotely tolerable, Peter had waited long years until he had found Rosalee. There was nothing stay-at-home about this young lady; she was decidedly of the up-and-at-'em kind. Her ways were cute and fetching, and Peter thought nothing of lying awake an hour or two in his bedroom, already a sentimental hothouse of pressed flowers and other souvenirs of the chase, thinking of the soft fleeting touch of her hand on his arm.

He would propose to her at the proper time. After a careful survey of the situation he concluded that the proper time could not be far away.

So Peter felt very troubled in his mind one Sunday night as he walked down the street to Jane's. He had put off telling her for weeks past how matters stood with Rosalee; there could be no putting off this time. Perhaps by next Sunday Rosalee would have acquired the right to put a peremptory stop to these side excursions.

Poor old Jane, he wondered how she would take it. If he could only have managed to help her, this parting of the ways wouldn't seem so abrupt.

He turned in at the front gate just as the moon was rising over the garden wall

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at the side of the house. Damn the garden, anyhow! The whole business was characteristic of Jane. Once in the early days he had told the maid that he would wait for Miss Jane out there.

"She has the only key and never lets any one in."

Another time, thoughts of this mysterious garden in the moonlight, much as it was to-night, had prompted him to suggest in his most romantic vein that they go out and explore its possibilities.

Matter-of-fact Jane looked at him, almost in a rebuking way.

"Why pretend what you don't feel, Peter?" Then she added softly, almost to herself, "perhaps some time, some one will come along with a key."

Fairy-book stuff! No wonder the girl didn't have a good time. If she simply wouldn't put herself in romantic surroundings what chance did she have of changing an every-day mortal, with the aid of a little moonlight alchemy, into a lover?

At least a dozen times he had sworn to himself not to talk to her of the outside world of parties and dances, the gay world to which she would never belong. He always ended by feeling the pathos of her life more keenly than ever. Besides, Rosalee began to figure more and more in the narrative.

Still he had to start the evening somehow, and the impending ordeal of telling her about Rosalee made him prolong his recital more than usual.

And presently she commenced her story of what she had been reading during the past week, wherewith conversation began to lag. Lagging, perhaps, was a misnomer. The subject had wandered onto James Joyce, and Peter was struggling to contribute his share.

She looked at him with a fleeting suspicion of amusement.

"Relax," she said simply.

She resumed her knitting, apparently unaware of the mass of humanity floundering in the armchair. Joyce, Joyce, what had he heard some one say about the man! And as he sat there, wondering what he would say next, he gazed idly at Jane's beautiful gold hair, brushed so severely back.

"By George!" he sat up suddenly, his whole face tense. "Speaking of literature and that sort of thing, now, as for Rossetti——"

"Yes, Peter?"

"Have you long gold hair reaching down to your—you know—waist?"

She looked at him with surprise. The analogy was complete.

> "The wonder was not yet quite gone
> From that still look of hers."

What was the line? He cast caution to the winds, heedless of betraying his "rustiness" on the subject.

"I say, didn't Rossetti write something or other about a mild still look?"

"Why, yes, 'The Blessed Damozel.'"

"That's it!" He remembered it now. Poor kid, weeping at the gold bar of heaven. He never felt that she could have had much of a time on earth; she didn't seem to be quite in the swim at heaven, for that matter. And here was Jane, the same patient look in her gray eyes.

He continued his thoughts aloud. "Tell me about your earth life, Jane."

She looked puzzled.

"You don't understand. I've discovered the key-note to your character at last. You're so much like the Blessed Damozel, Rossetti must have had you in mind when he wrote it."

Jane managed a straight face. "Why, he died when I was a young girl."

"I know," he persisted roughly. Why did the girl always catch him up on such trifles? Rosalee wouldn't have challenged him. Imagine talking to Rosalee about such things, anyhow. Deftly and charmingly she would have put him in his place: "Come off the rostrum, old Mr. Educated!"

He remembered vaguely that various members of the Heavenly Host figured rather prominently in the poem.

"I didn't mean to say you're so awfully religious," he added hurriedly.

Jane smiled. "I might have the same amount of simple faith."

He felt that the remark was enigmatic. He would think it over when he got back home.

She was looking at him intently.

"I don't suppose it seems possible to you that I could be happy leading the—unnatural life I do, reading, thinking, dreaming?"

"No, I don't suppose it does."

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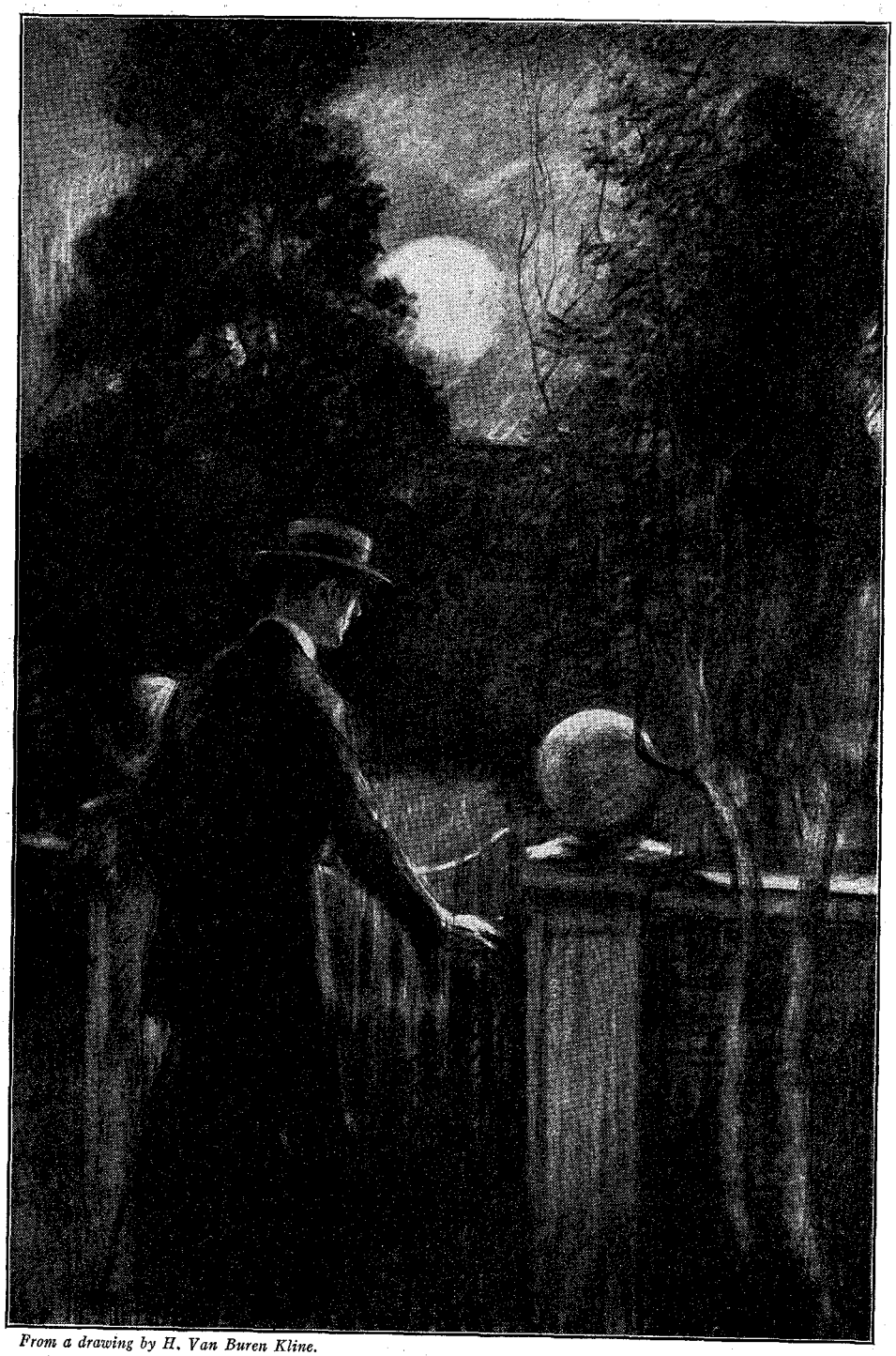

From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

Damn the garden, anyhow! The whole business was characteristic of Jane.—Page 164.

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"And you really want to understand my character?"

He was somewhat confused by the intimate direction the conversation was taking, but managed to nod.

"Perhaps if I did I'd be able to help you. I've always wanted to, you know."

She smiled gratefully. "That is why I am going to make this confession. I want your help."

After a pause she resumed quietly.

"My earth life began long, long ago, Peter. Living was not so complex then. People believed in faith, the efficacy of prayer, all sorts of silly things."

Peter remained silent, his eyes fixed in fascination.

"It was easier to be true to one's ideals. What one wanted, one prayed for. There was a God, so one was patient until He answered the prayer."

"Suppose He didn't answer it," Peter objected.

"Then the prayer wasn't for the best, Peter."

"H'm."

"To-day it is different. What one wants one must go after."

She suddenly became intense and rose to her feet, clinching and unclinching her hands according to the rules of the best schools of acting, when overcome by emotion.

"Peter, Peter," she burst out, "don't you realize the tragedy of my life?"

He was on his feet instantly. "Poor kid, poor kid!"

She turned away—to hide a faint twinkle in her eyes; her voice quavered.

"I want to have a good time; oh, I do! I want the things other girls have, parties, attention from the men, all of it! But I just don't know how to get them, I just don't know how."

She sank wearily into her chair. He followed suit.

"There," she concluded calmly, "I shouldn't have revealed myself to you."

The simplicity and intensity of her words had gone straight to his heart.

"I knew it all along!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "No girl can be happy without attention from the men."

Jane nodded sadly. "No girl can, Peter."

"Books!" Peter said in disgust.

"Books," Jane added wearily, resuming her knitting.

He looked at her earnestly. "But it isn't too late, even now."

She dropped her knitting and stared back in return. "You mean—there's a chance?"

"Why, certainly. There are plenty of girls with not half your sense getting away with it, and getting away big. All you have to do is adopt the up-and-at-'em spirit."

He warmed up to the subject, and for the next half-hour expanded on it.

Finally she seemed almost convinced.

"I can see how very wrong I've been." Then she looked at him in alarm. "Why, I might never even get a husband!"

"Exactly," he nodded; "chances are you won't."

"But, Peter," she made a last objection, "don't you think men prefer a girl that is sincere?"

He looked at her in surprise. "Certainly they do. But that's no sign a girl isn't sincere, just because she's popular. Now, take Rosalee, for instance." Damn it all, he hadn't meant to bring her name into the conversation. "Anyhow," he continued after his color had subsided, "the trouble is that you act like you're beaten; like you had a disastrous love-affair. By George—" he leaned forward, and surveyed her with new interest.

She shook her head. "No, Peter, you're wrong there."

But he wasn't convinced. Vaguely he seemed to recollect that years ago some one had visited her—a man with a peculiar name—Ducky—that was it!

But again she shook her head and smiled. "That was years ago, Peter."

Of course it was years ago. And the fact that she should cling through the passing years to the memory of this almost mythical lover made her seem more than ever like the Blessed Damozel.

Peter wasted no time when he got home. He knew there would be a copy of Rossetti somewhere among his father's impressive array of shelves. With a rare sense of propriety he spent the first several minutes in searching the drawer for a paper-cutter. Having found the book, he settled himself comfortably to read.

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The volume cracked ominously as he opened it. He sighed at this audible commentary on his parents.

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven."

Peter turned several pages. The poem continued; there were twenty-four stanzas. He settled himself once more, and commenced again.

"Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn."

"I knew there was something about hair reaching to her waist."

Peter gradually caught the swing of the poem. The paper-cutter in his hand, imperceptibly at first, was soon waving majestically up and down.

"'I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come,' she said.
Have I not prayed in heaven? On earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?"

"H'm," muttered Peter.

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light."

Peter thought of Ducky, and smiled indulgently.

"'We two,' she said, 'will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphones;
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdelen,
Margaret and Rosalys.'"

"Rosalee—symphony—" Peter stared off into space. There was a wonderful softness about his face, and the movement of his lips suggested he was learning something by heart.

"She'll like that!"

"And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)"

Carefully he closed the book.

"Poor old Jane," he muttered as he went up to bed.

Peter arrived at Rosalee's the next evening promptly at eight. It was a little early, but still— Perhaps to-night was the night, the long-dreamed night of nights, Peter mused as he listened to the dusk wind caressing the leaves. They would sit out on the veranda, Rosalee and he, watching the moon rise, while the dark earth turned suddenly into a magic world.

He settled himself comfortably in the room. It was all that a room should be; bright cheerful hangings; a piano in one corner, piled high with jazz music; deep armchairs with ash trays conveniently close; magazines—but no books.

Overhead he could hear footsteps hurrying back and forth. The footsteps approached the head of the stair. He reached hurriedly for *Woozy Tales* and commenced to read.

"Did I keep the poor man waiting so long, that he started to read silly *Woozy Tales*"? began a soft voice by his side.

Peter jumped joyfully to his feet. "Rosalee!"

"I'm glad to see you, Peter!" A shade on "glad."

Peter felt his heart in his mouth. "I'm glad to see you, Rosalee." More than a shade on "you." "It seemed like an age."

"You're a born flatterer," Rosalee conceded, leading the way outdoors to the veranda swing.

"Now tell me all about yourself." Her face was very pale, very soft in the gossamer light from the newly risen moon. To-night was the night! His voice quavered, but his heart sang.

"All?" she asked archly. "Well, we got up a crowd last night, and had a perfectly knock-out time!"

Peter cogitated a moment. "You didn't want to go out to-night, did you? I thought it would be nice to sit here and sort of talk."

"Oh, my, no, Peter." He knew she hadn't wanted to go anywhere.

"I'm tired after last night. And then we had such a wonderful time, we decided to go again to-morrow."

His heart sank. "I hoped you were going to save me some dates this week."

"I'm sort of dated up, I'm afraid."

There was a long pause. Finally he seemed about to speak.

"We missed you last night," Rosalee began hurriedly. "We all went out to

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the club and danced. Jerry was too funny for words!"

Peter listened to much on the subject of Jerry, told in her vivacious way.

"I wish I had been along," he said ruefully.

"Why don't you bring Jane to-morrow? We're going out to the club again."

"But, I wanted to be with you to-morrow."

She laid her hand softly on his sleeve. The intimacy and friendliness of the fleeting touch—she could have gotten away with murder when she did that.

"I'm sorry, but I promised Jerry. Go on and get another girl," she urged. "We'll all be there together; the bigger the crowd the more fun we'll have."

It wasn't according to schedule that she should urge him to "get another girl"; he would have to pay her off for it.

"All right, then, I'll get Jane." Instantly he was sorry he had said it. It was a mean trick to try to make her jealous. Besides, he could see now it was just her roundabout way of telling him nothing else mattered if he were only there, too. He humbled himself immediately.

"Maybe you will give me a dance or two?"

"Oh, lots of them," she replied vaguely.

His spirits rose with a bound. He laid his hand gently on hers.

"Not just now, Peter." She withdrew her hand, but the subtle promise conveyed in the words sent his heart to his mouth.

"'Your voice is like a symphony, Rosalee, my Rosalee,'" he began softly.

So still it was that he held his breath. To-night was the night, the culmination of a lifetime's searching for the ideal girl. She looked so lovely, so fragile, he was afraid she would disappear back to never-never-land like a little moonlight princess.

Suddenly he bent over and kissed her.

"Oh!" She turned her head and broke away. "I didn't want you to do that!"

"Didn't want me to kiss you?" he repeated.

"You mustn't. Ducky wouldn't—" she stopped abruptly.

"Ducky!"

"You mustn't kiss me," she parried.

Peter stood up very tall, very straight.

"Are you engaged to him?"

Still she was silent, biting her lip in nervousness.

"Are you—engaged?"

"You don't know him. He only visited here once. But I saw him a lot in New York."

"Well, if you're not engaged I can win you," he burst out savagely.

Slowly she shook her head. "It's no use, Peter."

"Then you are engaged?"

She laid her hand anxiously on his sleeve. "You won't tell, will you?"

He shook her hand off. "Why should I—what's it to me?"

"What chance would I have of getting attention, going to parties and everything, if every one knew I was engaged?"

He looked at her incredulously. "So it's that important for you to have a good time that you go out with your tricks and encourage some poor devil to fall——"

She flared up instantly. "How should I know you were falling in love?"

They stared at each other blankly, each of them deeply hurt, each of them angry.

"I guess I'd better go."

"I guess you had."

When the first gray shadows of the dawn crept through his room, they found him lying across his bed just as he had thrown himself there hours before. For the first time in his life he faced something abrupt and final. Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination could he interpret a ray of hope into her words.

By the time evening came Peter had formed a plan, and his plan boded no good for Rosalee. He would take Jane in hand, remake her into the type of girl no man could resist, so that when Ducky finally arrived on the scene she would score an easy walk away. Nothing would be easier.

He could imagine Rosalee now, spurned and cast aside, standing in the church while Jane and her lover were married; Rosalee, years later, an old maid with her sharp temper getting the better of her, cursing herself that she didn't take Peter when she had the chance.

Jane seemed surprised when he called her up, but nothing loath to see him.

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From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

"You're beautiful. . . . But I had no idea."—Page 170.

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The maid opened the door. "Miss Jane said please wait for her in the garden."

Peter stared in amazement. "What!"

"In the garden—the gate is unlocked."

"Oh," mechanically he started for the side door. As he opened it the moonlight struck him full in the face. He retreated precipitately back into the library.

He sank down in one of the large armchairs. Curious this dim dismal room with its rows and rows of books should suddenly seem so homelike. But any room would—he was very tired.

As Jane's steps neared the head of the stair, he reached for a magazine. It was a brand-new copy of *Woozy Tales*. He threw it down with a curse.

"Why, Peter, I'm so glad to see you." Jane came effusively into the room. But it was not the old Jane, starched and white, her hair brushed severely back. Instead a great soft mass of gold hair was drawn over her ears; her dress was something green and clinging that reflected strange lights into her gray eyes.

"Jane, your hair, your dress—there's something funny about them!"

"Funny!" She looked hurt. "Then you don't like my get-up?"

"You know I don't mean that. You're beautiful. But I had no idea."

He was still looking at her in open-mouthed amazement. The garden business, the *Woozy Tales*, and finally Jane. It was too much.

She laid her hand lightly on his arm. "It's really I, Peter."

He winced at the little trick of Rosalee's, yet there was something infinitely soothing about it.

"Look here, this garden business?"

"Yes?" Jane asked casually.

"But I thought it had some kind of significance, as if you were keeping the best part of yourself in reserve until the genuine article came along."

She laughed carelessly. "Doesn't it sound silly when you put it that way?"

He thought how Rosalee put her best foot forward for anything in trousers. "I don't know that it does."

"You see," she continued; "you helped me a lot Sunday."

Peter saw and groaned. Almost every word or intonation recalled a similar way of Rosalee's. Were all girls alike; was there no sincerity among them with their tricks to get attention from men?

He sank down wearily into a chair.

"Why, Peter!"

"What's come over you, Jane! Are all girls like that?"

She burst into peals of laughter. "Only two nights ago you told me how important it was for a girl to have attention." She looked at him coquettishly. "Do you think there's any chance for me?"

"Jane, please!"

"Well, I'm going to have it, dances, parties, everything! And that reminds me, Rosalee just called up to say a crowd was going out to the club to dance."

He sprang from the chair and grabbed the table. The whole world was spinning crazily around.

"She had the nerve!"

"The nerve?"

"You told her, of course——"

"That we'd just love to come."

"But," he exploded, "I wanted to talk to you!"

"We are talking."

The sheer nerve of Rosalee's latest trick spurred him on to a superhuman effort to frustrate her.

"I know, but about something special. You see I've been thinking a lot about our conversation the other night, and I feel sure I could help you with this fellow Ducky."

Again Jane looked hurt. "I thought I was making such a good start. Besides," she added mischievously, "I just knew you wouldn't want to stay in this stuffy room when there was a chance to dance, so—" she waved her hand toward her dress. Peter looked at it and saw that it was truly no stay-at-home affair. He supposed vaguely that he should feel pleased that she had already made such a good start in the right direction.

"I think it would be slick," he agreed, with assumed cheerfulness.

At any rate, he determined, he would show Rosalee a thing or two. After deep consideration he decided that absolute frigidity combined with irreproachable politeness was the proper course.

But it proved even harder than he expected. As they reached the top of the broad ballroom steps the music had just

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stopped. Rosalee, as might be expected, was the centre of an animated group, perilously near the head of the stairs. Jerry, of course, was trying to monopolize the conversation.

If Jerry's charm were only capable of holding out another half minute Jane and he would have slipped unnoticed by. There was a quiet corner, with many associations; but damn the associations! The corner was exclusive.

But he reckoned without Jane. With a sudden chill in his spine he found her heading straight for the group. The imminence of the encounter unnerved him. He would be brought face to face with Rosalee, have to dance with her perhaps, hold her close to him as he had before. If he didn't others would notice, and talk. He had to escape somehow.

"I say—I'll just take these things to the cloak-room."

When Peter's pale face peered cautiously around the coat-room door some five minutes later it could be seen at a glance that a sharp pain was disfiguring his otherwise calm features. For five anxious minutes he had watched the group through the door crack, and prayed. But Jane seemed glued—determined to wait for him right there.

With a final gulp he limped slowly toward them.

"Why, Peter!" exclaimed Jane.

"Why, Peter!" echoed Rosalee.

"I stubbed my toe," Peter announced, looking forlornly at both feet.

"Poor Peter," they chorussed. Each approached him, and laid a hand on one of his arms.

"It's nothing," Peter drew in his breath sharply. Any further remarks Peter had to venture about his toe were drowned out by a burst of music.

But Rosalee clung to his arm. "Jane, you and Jerry dance this dance, and I'll sit out with Peter."

"I say," began Peter, looking helplessly at Jane.

"I'll sit out the next one with you, Peter—unless your foot is better." She smiled and danced off with Jerry.

In spite of protests that all he needed was a few minutes by himself, Rosalee led him off to the quiet corner upon which he had pinned such hopes.

He watched her suspiciously as she arranged the cushions. If she felt any embarrassment she failed to show it.

"Now, then," she sank down beside him; "tell me about your poor old foot."

Her voice was a dream voice, coming from far away; a voice that quieted the mad turbulence of his mind—and the sharp pain in his toe.

The truth flashed on him. Rosalee realized the terrible mistake she had made, when it was too late. What a night she must have had, tossing about the bed, knowing that her lover would never return, wondering whether she would ever see him again. And then finally, in desperation, she had taken the only means she could think of to bring about a meeting—by asking Jane to bring him out to the club.

He looked at her joyfully. "Devil take the foot!" He bent nearer to her so that he could see her eyes. "I knew all along last night——"

She looked at him quickly with dumb pleading.

"Please, Peter, I didn't want you to bring that up."

"What!"

"Can't we be just friends?"

Again the world was topsyturvy; things moved around in the strange chaos of a dream. He wanted to escape—run away from this horrible nightmare. He couldn't run—his foot. It would look queer. He wanted to be alone—with Jane. Good old Jane, quiet and understanding. And just then she danced by. Not only was Jerry still dancing with her—or again—but he seemed to be enjoying himself immensely.

The music stopped, but Jane and Jerry made no move toward the lounge. Instead, they were heading for the door and the veranda beyond. Didn't the fellow have even the common politeness to bring Jane back?

He rose without a word to Rosalee, and followed after them, forgetting all about his foot.

"Slick night, isn't it?" he said, catching up and falling in pace.

"Certainly is." Jane resumed humming the last dance.

"Glad your foot's all right," Jerry remarked.

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"Oh! 's' little better." Didn't the fellow see he wasn't wanted? But Jerry made no sign of departing.

"Rosalee's been looking for you, Jerry."

"Shucks." Jerry turned to Jane. "I wanted to have the next dance with you." Both men looked at her earnestly.

"I told Peter I'd sit out with him." Peter heaved a sigh of relief, but Jerry persisted.

"Well, then, the next one."

"I'd love to."

At last the fellow was gone.

"He's a wonderful dancer, don't you think, Peter?"

Good Lord, couldn't she see through a chap like Jerry? Probably this Ducky was the same sort of bird, playing fast and loose with several girls at the same time. Well, Jerry was already falling for this girl he had created; Ducky next! He would pay Rosalee off, all right.

And all of a sudden he realized it didn't matter whether she were paid off or not. He looked at the girl by his side. The only thing that did matter was to have the old Jane back; the quiet friendly Sunday evenings, with Jane sitting so patiently by his side. Rosalee could marry her Ducky, for all he cared. If he were the kind of person he suspected, she wouldn't have a very sweet time with him. That would be revenge enough.

He wanted the old Jane, the quiet sympathy she would give. His limp increased perceptibly, but Jane didn't notice.

Finally the music started up again, and Jane swerved toward the door. Again he was filled with blind terror at the thought of entering the ballroom and facing Rosalee, just as he had been when he first came up the steps.

"It's no use; oh, it's no use!" He stopped dead in his tracks.

"What, Peter?"

"This foot—I'm afraid—" he began ominously.

"Oh, your foot! Dancing's the best thing for it." Again she started for the door.

"Jane," he cried out in desperation, "what's come over you? Can't you see——"

She was at his side immediately, her soft hand on his arm.

"There, that's better," he sighed, as the sympathetic feminine touch came back into his life. "But you mustn't do that, you know. They're just silly tricks to make a man fall, and they don't gain a thing."

She withdrew her hand and turned silently toward the window where the couples were toddling by. Finally she spoke over her shoulder in a low, dead voice.

"Then you think I ought to be just plain old Jane again?"

She looked very tired, very pathetic. Poor old Jane had tried so bravely for a good time like the other girls, and he, the one that had shown her the way, was the one to push her back into her corner. In that moment, when he realized how selfish he had been, he touched absolute bottom.

"Can't you be—just the Blessed Damozel?"

There was a convulsive movement of her shoulders.

"I'm sorry; oh, I'm sorry, Jane. You're crying."

She turned slowly toward him, a handkerchief to her mouth.

"I'm not at all, I'm laughing! A girl has to be such different things to different men. Now, to Jerry, I'm his little witchy-witchy woo-man——"

Damn Jerry! When he thought of him coming up for the next dance, he wanted to punch his eye.

"—while to you, I'm the Blessed Damozel!"

"Well, don't be, then!"

She stamped her foot, and looked at him defiantly.

"I will be! I've been reading just lots of books since Sunday— Besides—" she seemed very tired again after her momentary flare.

"Besides?"

"Besides, don't you see, the Blessed Damozel is a conscientious sort of person. I'll have to tell you something I didn't want to, when we were having such a good time together."

He looked at her blankly. "What?"

She seemed to be making a brave effort to smile without much success.

"Ducky's coming to-morrow. Rosalee told me a few minutes ago."

"Ducky! To-morrow!" He was

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From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

With a sudden chill in his spine he found Jane heading straight for the group.—Page 171.

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dumfounded. A multitude of thoughts were crowding into his mind at the same moment. So Rosalee had played him for a fool up to the very last!

And Jane, smiling so bravely when she told him, must have had a mighty good suspicion how matters lay between Ducky and Rosalee. He knew only one thing; he wanted Jane above all things in the world, but now it was too late. This devil Ducky seemed to cross him at every turn. He didn't know whether to denounce him to her for the philanderer he was— No, there was only one thing for him to do. Keep his mouth shut, and let poor old Jane have a run for her money. She was not the kind to fall in love a second time. He simply took a back seat any way he figured.

"This bird Ducky," he began, speaking automatically.

"He's my cousin, Peter."

"Your—cousin! Why, then you're not in love with him!" Peter looked at her incredulously.

"Why, of course not!"

"But you smiled so pathetically when you told me he was coming."

"Did I? Perhaps I was trying to warn you that a rival for Rosalee was appearing on the scene."

"So you thought I was in love with Rosalee?"

Peter laughed joyously, the first time in twenty-four hours.

"Well, I'll be damned!" He seized her by the wrist. "Come on, you. We're going home! I want to ask you a certain question there."

She looked at him uncomprehendingly. "But I don't understand. You ought to stay here with Rosalee, and get in some innings before Ducky arrives."

"No 'buts' about it. Come on, you—Blessed Damozel! Get your things and meet me in the car this minute!"

The drive back was a long one, but neither of them said a word. Instead they both seemed intent on their own thoughts, and the faint stars overhead.

When they finally entered the dim room, Jane was the first to speak.

"You wanted to ask me a question."

He walked over to the book-shelves and commenced scanning the titles of the long rows of volumes. Finally he turned to her in despair.

"Where's your Rossetti?"

She found it for him and watched him in wondering silence while he began feverishly to turn the pages.

The crucial moment had come. Somewhere Rossetti said in a few lines what it would take him hours—if he could only find the place.

At last he turned to her with an expression of triumph, and, seizing the paper-cutter, began to read aloud.

"Alas! We two, we two—thou sayest.
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?"

"Now, what do you think of that?"

Slowly she raised her head and looked at him with those earnest gray eyes in which perhaps a dream lay hidden. "I don't know what to think, Peter."

He turned some more pages. "Well, then, listen here.

"'When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light.'"

She considered the matter carefully. "I suppose you mean the garden?" Very timidly she reached out and took his hand and led him out the door to the garden—while Peter limped painfully on the wrong foot.

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Peggy

[A PLAY IN ONE ACT]

BY RACHEL CROTHERS
Author of "Expressing Willie," etc.

IT'S an old house, a short way out of Philadelphia.

The room is mellow with age and fine taste, and there is a subdued glowing under the sheen of the old woods and brasses that is felt rather than seen. The same restrained beauty is in the woman who sits in one of the charming chairs, waiting, tensely, with long delicate hands clasped in unresigned resignation.

The room has never quite let go—never flowed into the abandon of luxury and sensuous comfort, and the woman who has lived in it has the same subdued gleam that might have been radiant had she let the inner spark burn.

Her brother, much like her outwardly, but hardened into middle age with a fine hard polish which has no regrets and no doubts of its own fineness, is pacing the room with long strides which indicate an aggrieved and superior irritation that anything should keep him *waiting.*

Worthington. I've been foolish enough to think that just once—just once—for a thing as important as this, some of them might have done what I asked.

Angeline. (*In a voice whose sweetness and steadiness control its unfulfilled longings.*) Busy people don't realize what waiting means to people like us.

Worthington. Busy people? They're only busy with their own self-importance.

Angeline. There's a train from New York every hour, isn't there?

Worthington. Certainly.

Angeline. They're sure to be here on the next one.

Worthington. And there's no excuse under heaven for Harriette. There's a train out from Philadelphia every thirty minutes. I tried to impress them with the necessity of getting here before the woman herself does—but I might as well try to impress the wind as Harriette, and Laurence would make a point of being late to show me how much better he can handle the thing than I can.

Angeline. Oh, no, something has detained him.

Worthington. He shouldn't have allowed anything to detain him. If we let her slip through our fingers this time, we'll never get her again—never. It's only the diplomacy of my letters that has got her now. She's curious and ready to listen. She wants to hear what I have to say.

Angeline. I hope so. (*Looking at the tall clock.*) But it *is* late. Oh, there's a motor.

She braces herself without rising. Worthington stops walking, but does not go to the door.

A motor is heard on the gravel beyond the low veranda, after a moment a quick assertive step, and Harriette appears in full sail, a tall, long-lined woman who has made so much of her good points that she seems handsome.

Worthington. (*Going on with his walk.*) Oh, it's only Harriette.

Harriette. (*As she comes through the open door.*) I'm not late, am I? Where are the others? Don't tell me I'm the only one here. That's maddening. I could have stayed longer. I ran away from the nicest luncheon party.

Worthington. Didn't a motor just drive up?

Harriette. Of course. I motored out. Mrs. Rittenhouse gave me her car. She *is* so sweet about it. I almost feel as though it were mine now. What's the matter, Angeline, you look as if you had a cramp. You're nervous, of course—so am I—horribly—but don't be. She'll give up. If you'll just let me do the talking, Worthington—I know better than

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any of you what to say—and I have a better *right* than any of you to ask what we're going to ask.

She has seated herself on a long sofa and more or less filled that side of the room with her personality and her effects—her gloves one place, her purse and trinkets another. She makes a critical and satisfied inspection of her complexion in a small mirror, and the extremely long earrings bob and vibrate, adding to her all-pervading, all-embracing restlessness.

Worthington. The best thing you can possibly do is to keep still, Harriette, you'll irritate——

Harriette. Yes, of course you think *you're* the one to talk. What can you say that has any weight at all? Here you are—you and Angeline—an old maid and an old bachelor—with just barely so much money. How can you ask for the child? What do you want with him, anyway? What would you do with him if you——

Angeline. But it doesn't matter who has him—just so we *get* him. That can be settled afterward.

Harriette. Oh, but it does matter—and it's *my* case and *my* argument that will get him. I'm married and have no children. Obviously, I'm the one to have my brother's child. Who else? Laurence has more children now than he knows what to do with. If all of you will only *see* that, and throw your weight on my side, we'll——

Angeline. There's the motor.

Harriette. Heavens, I'm terribly excited. Now, do keep cool and don't lose your heads. Sit down, Angeline. Don't let her think you're— Oh, Lord, it's Laurence and Amy! Why on earth did he bring Amy? She will ruin it if she sticks in. Actually she gets a bigger fool every year, and I positively believe she's going to have another baby. It's disgraceful.

Angeline. Careful. They'll hear you. Come in, Amy dear. Come in, Laurence.

Laurence. (*Who is short and thick and therefore obliged to add to his height by a tall manner.*) Is she here?

Harriette. She isn't, but I am. Hello, Laurence. Hello, Amy.

Laurence. How are you, Harriette?

Amy. Oh, hello, Harriette dear. Hello, Angeline dear.

Amy kisses the two women with fussy sweetness and subsides, pushing back a lock of her dull hair where it will not stay.

Angeline. Wasn't there any— Wasn't she on that train?

Laurence. I didn't see anybody get off.

Angeline. Send the car right back to the station, Worthington. She'll surely be on the next one.

Worthington goes out on the veranda to give the direction.

Harriette. Your hat's crooked, Amy, and why did you get another drab one? And a hairpin's coming out. Laurence, I say if you'll only let me do the talking, I know just how to approach——

Laurence. And if you'll only keep still, Harriette, that's the best thing you can do. It's got to be handled in a business-like——

Harriette. Of course that's what you *would* say. Business has nothing to do with the case. It's going to take tact and a great deal of finesse and cleverness. Now wait, *wait*—do let me say *something* just *once*.

Laurence. We didn't come over here to hear you talk, Harriette. Worthington, listen to me. (*As Worthington comes back from the veranda.*) I tell you this thing has got to be tackled from a legal standpoint.

Harriette. Slush!

Worthington. I don't see that there's anything *legal* about it.

Harriette. Of course there isn't. It's going to take tact—tact—and a great deal of insight and intuition, which neither of you have a drop of in your——

Worthington. Oh, bosh, Harriette! It's the justice and fitness of things that has to be——

Harriette. Much she cares about justice and fitness! She's a—a something you people don't know anything about. Harry saw her dance in New York last week and she's perfectly——

Laurence. Now let me tell you at the go-off Harry has nothing to do with this. No voice in it at——

Harriette. He doesn't want to have,

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and he had the good taste to stay away. He knows the in-laws have nothing to say whatever. (*Raising her chin at Amy.*)

Amy. (*Whimpering.*) I only came for the trip—for a little outing. I'm so tired, I——

Laurence. That will do, Amy. I tell you, I've got to get at it from a legal——

Harriette. Now wait till I finish—just *once*, Laurence, *please*, if you can let somebody else say something.

Angeline. Go on, Harriette, do.

Harriette. Harry saw her, as I say, and she's perfectly marvellous. And he says we're fools not to take her up—recognize her while she's a success. People are mad about her, you know.

Angeline. Take her up? What do you mean?

Harriette. Know her—invite her here—(*There is a quick protest from them all.*) Now *wait*—make it smart to know her—so people can't say we're ashamed of her. That's the only thing in the world that will flatter her. She won't care anything about any money we could put up. She can get money easily enough, you know. She's had several fortunes spent on her already.

Amy. Oh, my! What are we going to call her?

Harriette. Peggy, of course. Why not? That's what everybody else calls her.

Worthington. Just avoid calling her anything. I refuse absolutely to know her at all—except for the necessity of this interview.

Laurence. Certainly. If you begin muddling it with personal stuff, Harriette, there'll be no end to it. She has no *legal*——

Worthington. I'm not so sure about that. If she's got anything in writing to show that Dan gave the child to her——

Amy. Oh, he couldn't do that. He couldn't give away his own flesh and blood to a woman like that.

Harriette. A woman like that! Don't be a ninny, Amy. Of course he gave her everything he had. She's just the kind men *do* give everything to. And, after all, he did marry her. Don't forget that.

Angeline. Of course he married her. I don't believe there was ever anything else.

Harriette. Oh, piffle, Angeline! Wake up. Wake up.

Angeline. After all, she is his stepmother, and we wouldn't have dreamed of taking him away from his own mother.

Amy. Of course not—his own mother was a lady.

Harriette. Yes, she certainly was—a lady and a *fish*. You know, I never did blame Dan in my heart of hearts for swinging to the other extreme after his years with Laura. Now, see here, I won't mind knowing this woman, Peggy—you know. I won't mind it at all, and if you'll let me *alone*, I'll get him away from her in my own way. Now, *wait—please*. Harry's father has always been perfectly rabid on the children business. He hasn't given us a cent for years, and if I took this child—a real Raymond—it would be the next thing to having one of my own, and the old gent would thaw. I know it.

Amy. Oh, my!

Worthington. Looking out for your *own* interests, of course, Harriette. What about us—Angeline and me?

Laurence. Well, if I may be allowed to say something—after all, I'm the head of the family. That's what you all seem to have forgotten entirely.

Harriette. Oh, no, you never *let* us forget that, Laurence dear.

Laurence. Are you going to begin again?

Harriette. Oh, no—no—go on—go on.

Laurence. I want a boy. I ought to have one. Amy doesn't seem to be able to produce anything but girls, and——

Amy. Oh, Laurie, you know you wouldn't exchange our five dear little girls for all the boys in the world.

Laurence. I didn't say anything about exchanging them. Now, see here, I'm prepared to put up more than the rest of you.

Harriette. Then that's taking a mean advantage of me. Money isn't everything, and I have social position to give him. That means more than all the——

Worthington. Poppycock! This is the place for him. This is the old home where Dan would have wanted him to be.

Laurence. Dan would have wanted him to be in New York and be brought up like a *man*.

Angeline. Dan evidently wanted her

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to have him. That's what we haven't taken into consideration at all.

They all speak at once in voluble protest at this, their voices rising. Angeline hushes them; they stop and turn to look at the woman who stands in the doorway with a boy of ten, whom she holds tightly by one hand. They are not able to speak to her at once, but stare at her, because of the warm magnetism of her lithe body, her white throat and the red hair—a strong irresistible force by which they are checked, and which they instinctively resent.

Angeline. (*Hesitating.*) Are you——

Peggy. (*In a warm throaty voice.*) I'm Mrs. Dan Raymond.

Amy. Why, how little Dannie's grown!

She pounces upon the boy and draws him into the room. The others surround him, all talking at once.

Harriette. I'm your Aunt Harriette. You remember me, don't you, dearest?

Amy. And I'm your Aunt Amy, Dannie dear.

Harriette. Oh, don't call him *Dannie!*

Amy. Wouldn't you like to come and live with me and be a big brother to my five little girls?

Laurence. Keep still, Amy. How are you, boy? I'm your Uncle Laurence. I live in New York. You remember me, of course, don't you?

Worthington. And I'm your Uncle Worthington. This is where you used to come and stay when you were a baby. Remember?

Dan. Peggy!

He calls to her sharply, and, pushing away from the others, goes back to her side, standing a little back of her and holding her arm. A flash of pride and satisfaction softens her face, and she throws a protecting arm about him.

Angeline. Did you—did the chauffeur find you? We sent the car.

Peggy. We walked. Nobody seemed to be looking for us.

Angeline. Oh, I'm so sorry. Sit over here, won't you?

Peggy. (*Moving to the chair with rather insolent grace.*) I can't stay long. I have to get back, you know.

Harriette. Oh, we hoped you might stay over. At least, I did. So we'd get to know you and see how you—how you feel about things, you know. You will stay, won't you?

Peggy. (*With a very keen look at Harriette.*) I'm working, you know.

Harriette. Dancing, you mean. My husband saw you last week in New York, and he says you're *perfectly marvellous.* I say he says you're *mar-vel-lous!*

Peggy doesn't seem to hear this but she watches them all with probing eyes. These eyes are smuggy and blue, and under their suspicion and hardness is a very great wistfulness and fear.

Angeline. Shan't we have some tea? You must be tired.

Peggy. No, thanks.

Laurence. No, no, I'm sure she wants us to be as businesslike as possible and get at things.

Worthington. As I wrote you, I have something of very great value to offer you.

Harriette. *I* have—of *very* great.

Laurence. What I have to present is a very definite proposition. It's this way——

Peggy. It's about Dan—little Dan, isn't it?

There is a pause. Laurence clears his throat and lifting a chair places it near Peggy and sits with an air of being about to settle all unsettled things.

Laurence. He must be a great burden to you. We want to relieve you of that.

Peggy. What?

Worthington. Now, let me explain. We don't expect you to be entirely disinterested.

Harriette. Oh, but there's so much more than money to be considered. When I think of what I can give him, money seems horribly——

Worthington. The child has inherited something vastly more important than money. I wondered if you wouldn't see that, if you came here. I wondered if you didn't want him to have it—the—the fineness of his inheritance.

Peggy. (*Some of the hardness and suspicion relaxing and the wistfulness increasing.*) Yes, I do want him to have it. That's why I came. I want him to have what belongs to him, and what you people can give him. Oh, I can take care of him. That isn't it. It's the other things

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—that are his—that I don't want him to lose because of—of me.

Laurence. Oh, well, then that's very good. We didn't know just what your attitude would be.

Peggy. No, I s'pose not. While Dan was alive I never thought anything about you. He had enough of all this you're talking about—to give little Dan. But after he was gone it was different. I began to think about what the boy wouldn't have now—without his father—and—and when I got your letter I decided to let—Well, I said, if they've held out a friendly hand, I must take it—for the boy's sake—not for mine—mind you. *I* don't want any of this—but I'm perfectly willing to let you see Dan some—to even let him come and visit you just so often. I mean, regularly, you know—and for you to pick out his school and that kind of thing—and I'm doing it—not just for the boy—but for Dan. That's what I owe to him—and I'll go through with it.

The thing that breaks her voice and comes into her face is so startling that Angeline lowers her head and even the others turn their eyes away. Dan leans more closely against her.

Laurence. (*After a pause.*) Well, then, as I say, that's very good. We thought he might be a burden to you; but if you're willing to give him up for his own sake, why that's so much the better.

Peggy. Give him up?

Harriette. Oh, now, if he came to me, I wouldn't insist upon that—absolutely.

Laurence. There couldn't be any going back and forth. That's impossible. It's— The two things wouldn't go together at all.

Peggy. (*Something ugly coming into a corner of her mouth.*) Oh, you don't want any of him then?

Laurence. Don't misunderstand me. We mean for his sake he would have to be under our care entirely—come to us entirely.

Harriette. Now, Laurence, I tell you——

Worthington. Don't, Harriette. (*To Peggy.*) Of course, you know as well as we do the two a—atmospheres couldn't be mixed. It—a—a child has to have one thing or the other, and in this case there is no doubt as to which it must be. This is —as I say, his inheritance—his birthright —his place where he belongs.

Peggy. (*Holding Dan a little tighter.*) What do you mean?

Harriette. You want him to have it. You've said that yourself. You've been splendid.

Peggy. Are you trying to tell me you want me to give him up? Entirely? To *you?*

Laurence. Of course we don't expect you to be entirely disinterested. I'm prepared to be fair. I'm prepared to—name a sum that will make you willing to set aside all claims to him whatsoever.

Peggy. I don't seem to understand.

Laurence. I'm prepared to say twenty-five thousand dollars—outright—if he comes to me—with all claims relinquished.

Peggy. God! (*She rises with a quick movement.*) God, I was a fool to come! Dan always said I was soft.

Laurence. Now, now—don't get excited. You have no legal claim to him, you know.

Worthington. None whatsoever. He's *ours.*

Peggy. Listen. You cut Dan out entirely when he married me—and now I'm going to cut you out. You can't see little Dan again. You can't write to him—you can't get at him—*any* way. Dan gave him to me—not because he had to—but because he wanted *me* to have him—not *you.*

Laurence. We want to settle this without the law if we can, but we'll——

Peggy. He gave him to me, I tell you. He saw me with him for three years—and he wanted him to be with me. He *wanted* it! Don't be afraid, Dan, they're not going to get you. They're trying to buy you for twenty-five thousand dollars. It's a joke. Come on. We'll go.

Amy. (*Beginning to cry.*) Oh, I think it's awful! Poor child!

Peggy. Poor child? Do you think I'd leave him here? Not for all the money the whole Raymond tribe could raise. Come on.

Their anger and their egos and their wills are now united in their common cause against her. They move toward her—all speaking at once—except Angeline, who stands aside watching.

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Peggy. (*Raising her voice above the excitement of theirs.*) There's one of you—Angeline—is that you? Dan always wanted me to see you—and I'd like to speak to you a minute. We'll go just in a minute, Dan. Don't be afraid.

Angeline. Will you come into the library?

Worthington. No—no—stay here. We'll go. I hope you know what to say, Angeline. Don't let her browbeat you.

They go out protesting.

Dan. (*Who has been watching Angeline most of the time.*) Are you my Aunt Angeline?

Angeline. (*Flushing with surprise.*) Yes.

Dan. Dad said if I ever saw you to give you a kiss for him.

Angeline. Oh!

Dan kisses her cheek. She throws her arms about him and hides her face on his breast. Peggy turns to the window, brushing away the tears that suddenly swim in her eyes.

Angeline. Did he? Did he do that?

Dan. Yes, and he said to tell you he loved you.

Peggy. And didn't blame you for anything.

Angeline. I'm glad you told me that.

Putting a timid hungry hand on his head.

Dan. Is this the house where my father lived when he was a little boy?

Angeline. Yes.

Dan. Like me?

Angeline. Yes. So like you— Oh, he was so like you—I can't tell you.

Dan. (*Slowly looking around the room.*) Did he play in this room?

Angeline. Yes, dear—in this very room. Some of his books are over there, and I have lots and lots of his toys put away.

Dan. Couldn't I see 'em?

Angeline. I'll send them to you.

Dan. Why couldn't I see 'em now?

Peggy. Oh, no, Dan—not now.

Dan. Was that his? (*Pointing to a sword on the wall.*)

Angeline. That was his great-grandfather's.

Dan. Can I have it?

Peggy. No, Dan.

Angeline. I'd like you to have it.

Peggy. Dan, you skip outside and pick some of those flowers for us to take back with us. I want to speak to this lady for a minute.

Dan. She's my Aunt Angeline.

Peggy. Yes, I know, dear. That's why I want to talk to her. Run along. I'll call you in a minute.

Angeline. Pick all you want, dear. All you can carry.

Angeline puts out a hand to him. He takes it firmly and walks with her to the outer door.

Peggy is not at all unaware of the pride and beauty of the two figures as they walk together, and of the poignant things which reach out to Dan from the room. Angeline lets him go and stands watching him as he crosses the grass.

Peggy. The thing I wanted to tell you was this.

Angeline. (*Turning back to her.*) Yes?

Peggy. He talked a lot about you. He always said he didn't give a damn about the others, not a tinker's dam, but he wanted me to know you. And then toward the last—when he—knew he was going—he wanted to see you. He never said so—but I knew it. I could have sent for you and I didn't. It's the only rotten thing I ever did to Dan. You've heard plenty of things about me—some of them are true and some of them aren't, but Dan *knew*—and he was happy. I made him happy, I tell you, and we *lived*—and, I'm not going to give his boy back to these cold-blooded snobs. Why should I? Little Dan loves me. I'm working for him—I'm living for him. He's big Dan now. I—there isn't anything else on earth that cuts any ice at all with me now but him. They haven't got anything like that to give him—now, have they? All the aristocracy in the world can't do what love can. Now, can it? Their claims don't mean anything beside mine—do they? I love him, you know—that's what I want to get *to* you—and nothing else matters, does it? *You* haven't put in any claim for him. *You* don't think you have any right to him, do you?

Angeline lowers her eyes.

Peggy. Oh—you do? (*Slipping into a chair mechanically.*) You're in it, too—

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are you? You are all alike, then—after all. And what have *you* got to offer? What do you put up for him?

Angeline. (*Moving a chair and sitting close to Peggy.*) I have love, too.

Peggy. You make me laugh. You've got a kind of family pride, I s'pose, that would like to have him—but nothing that would keep him close—like me—like me. You don't know what my kind of love is. Can't you understand that?

Angeline. And what is your kind of love?

Peggy. What *is* it?

Angeline. Is it great enough to do the best thing for him—no matter how much it hurts you?

Peggy. You needn't try to talk that to me—sacrifice. I don't believe in it. It's love that counts—human love that *keeps* the thing it loves—and makes it happy. Love doesn't give up.

Angeline. I think it sometimes does.

Peggy. What?

Angeline. I think it sometimes does. I could give him up to you if I were sure it were right for *him.*

Peggy. Oh—you *are* what Dan said. That's big.

Angeline. Oh, no, it isn't. I love him and I want him to have what *he* loves.

Peggy. And I'll *keep* him loving me. Don't be afraid. You can trust me. You see, you couldn't love him the way I do, because you've never had him. You haven't so much to give him as I have.

Angeline. Don't you think I have?

Peggy. I know you haven't; you couldn't have, you've been here so long—alone—proud and quiet, with nothing to hurt you. You're still—and beautiful and—and perfect—but you haven't *lived.* It's when you're out in it—taking it as it comes, and *down* and *hurt*—and then find something to love—that you know what love means. Don't you see, I'll put into Dan all the *best* of everything that the worst has taught me. I know—I know what life is, and what's worth hanging on to. Don't you see? I have so much more to give him than you have.

Angeline. But I have all I *haven't* given. And all I've wanted to give all my life.

Peggy. Oh, but—he needs—he's like big Dan—he needs the sun. He'd die without it. I'm not all I'd—I'd like him to have. I'm not kidding myself—not a little bit—but don't you see—how lonely he'd be here? Don't you see how empty—how cold you'd seem to him?

Angeline. But you don't know how warm the coldness would become for *him.* You don't know how the emptiness would overflow—for *him.* Perhaps my love is stronger than yours because it never *has* had him. All that has never been given to *any one* I'd give to him.

Peggy. (*Rising.*) Never! You can't have him. I'll never—never—*never* give him up.

Angeline. And are you keeping him for his sake or for your own?

Peggy. He's mine. Why shouldn't I keep him? Come in, Dan. Come in and say good-by. We're going now. (*Going to the door to call him.*)

Angeline. But you can't take him away from us like this—and never let us see him again. They *have* a right—all of them.

Peggy. They haven't. They don't love him. They just want him because they think he's theirs.

Angeline. We must compromise. We must all give up something.

Peggy. I was ready to, but they——

Angeline. I know—I know—but they must. Wait—just a minute. I'll speak to them. They must give up something.

Peggy. All right, ask them. They won't. The way to test their love is through their pocket-books. They said twenty-five thousand. Ask them what they say to a hundred thousand. Go on—ask them that and see how much they love him. Go on—I'll wait.

Angeline. You will wait—won't you?

Peggy. I will.

Angeline hurries out.

Dan. (*Who has come back into the room.*) What's the matter, Peggy?

Peggy. Nothing, honey. Don't you be afraid. Nothing's going to hurt you.

Dan. Why don't we have flowers like these?

Showing her the stiff bunch of flowers he holds tightly in his little hot hand.

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Peggy. I'll buy you all the flowers you want.

Dan. I like to pick 'em.

Peggy. Do you?

Dan. Why don't we live in this house, Peggy?

Peggy. Un?

Peggy is watching the door.

Dan. She said we could. Aunt Angeline says this is my father's house.

Peggy. (*Looking at him sharply.*) Un? Oh, no, she didn't. She didn't say that, dear.

Dan. She said he lived here when he was a little boy. Why don't we live here?

Peggy. We couldn't.

Dan. I'd like to.

Peggy. But you wouldn't want to *stay* here. You like to move—and travel—and see things. Just think, where you've been, old man, and what you've seen. Not many boys as little as you have seen the things you have, I tell you, and lived in the grand hotels.

His eyes slowly take in the room again. Peggy turns him to her quickly.

Do you like these people, Dan?

Dan. I like Aunt Angeline.

Peggy. As much as me, Dan? As much as me?

Dan. Ho-o! I *love you!*

Peggy. How much, Dan? How much?

Dan. Fifty bushels. (*She catches him to her; he gives her a bear-like hug and releases himself.*) Couldn't I have that now? (*Pointing to the sword.*)

Peggy. *No.*

Dan. Who's going to have it if I don't, Peggy?

Peggy. I don't know.

Dan. Have they got any little boys?

Peggy. No.

Dan. Didn't they say I could have this house if I'd come and live here?

Peggy. Why do you want it, Dan? Why do you *want* it?

Dan. Because it's mine. Why don't we live in it, Peggy?

Peggy. They don't want *me.*

Dan. *I* do. *I'd* let you live in it, Peggy.

Her hot tears are falling unchecked; she puts her cheek against his hair.

Peggy. Would you, dear?

Dan. Dad said he wanted me to live in this house.

Peggy. (*Lifting her head quickly.*) What? When? When did he say that?

Dan. Lots of times. He said *he* lived in it, and *his* father lived in it—and he wanted my little boy to live in it. Don't you want me to, Peggy?

Peggy. No.

Dan. Why not, Peggy? I like it better than any place I ever saw.

Peggy. Oh, God, Dan—don't say that. Would you like to stay here without me?

Dan. No.

Peggy. We'll go, then, in a minute.

Dan. No, Peggy, I want to stay. I'm the only little boy there is to live here. *My* little boy wouldn't like it if he isn't here. I have to be here so's he can have it. I have to give it to my little boy so he can give it to his little boy. Please stay, Peggy. I want to.

Peggy. (*After a long pause.*) Well, listen, honey. You see I can't stay just now—but you can.

Dan. Oh!

Peggy. Listen, I have to get back because I go on at nine o'clock, and old Craps would give me hell if I wasn't there—wouldn't he? But you can stay, and—and make Aunt Angeline a little visit. Won't that be nice? Just a little one, you know, and see how you like it. Dan—if you—if you ever think I did a mean thing to you—you tell your little boy some day that—I wanted him to live in this——

Dan. What's the matter, Peggy?

Peggy. Nothing, darling.

Dan. Yes, there is. Don't cry, Peggy.

Peggy. I won't. Here, you see, I have to beat it or I'll—I want to write a note to your Aunt Angeline, and tell her about it, you know. (*She tears a fly-leaf out of a book and writes rapidly.*) There, honey, you give that to her—not to any one else. (*Folding it in a small bit and thrusting it into his hand.*) Now I've got to hurry. Good-by, dear, you stay right there and wait for her.

Dan. I want you to stay, too, Peggy.

Peggy. Oh, do you, sweetheart—do you? I—well—I—you—good-by, honey. I have to hur—good-b——

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There are no tears now, but a deep pallor has come into her face. She gives him a long look, goes swiftly to the door, and with a limp wave of her hand, is gone.

Dan. (*Calling.*) Good-by, Peggy. You come back to-morrow.

He stands quite still looking after her. The voices of the others are heard as they come back into the room.

Angeline. Where is she?

Dan. Peggy told me to give this to *you.*

He gives the folded paper to Angeline. She reads it. The paper flutters to the floor. She kneels beside Dan, taking his hands with a reverent tenderness. The others are hushed—in the presence of something greater than themselves.

The Curtain Falls.

How the New Immigration Law Works

BY ROY L. GARIS

Professor of Economics in Vanderbilt University; Author of "The Immigration Problem"

IN his first annual message to Congress on December 6, 1923, President Coolidge made four important recommendations concerning immigration:

1. Continuation of a policy of numerical restriction based upon a census prior to 1910, viz., stricter restriction.
2. A practical plan of oversea inspection.
3. America should be kept for Americans. To obtain this we can admit only those whom we can assimilate, viz., those whose background, traditions, etc., are similar to ours and those who come for the purpose of making America their home and who will be "partakers of the American spirit."
4. Registration of all aliens now here.

Few subjects can stir more argument, more differences of opinion, than immigration. Nothing breeds so much trouble as racial differences. Therefore, drafting a bill that would carry out the principles of restricted immigration in a constructive, scientific manner as outlined by the President in his message was full of difficulties. The House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization had studied the problem during the two years of the Sixty-seventh Congress. Its conclusions were set forth in a report to the House of Representatives on February 15, 1923. In the congestion of legislation nothing was done before Congress adjourned in March. The intervening months to December, when Congress again assembled, gave an opportunity for public opinion to crystallize and assert itself. It is conservative to state that fully 75 per cent of the American people made it clear in no uncertain terms that they approved of the recommendations reported to the House.

Before January 20, 1924, fifty proposals dealing with the subject of immigration had been presented in Congress, and many others were introduced after that date, among which were twenty or more well-defined plans for restriction.

However, from the time Congress assembled until its enactment into law the nation as a whole was concerned only with the Johnson bill, now known as the "Selective Immigration Act of 1924." This measure was drafted by the House Committee and contained its previous recommendations, plus various perfecting amendments. Its principal features are:

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(1) it preserves the basic immigration law of 1917; (2) it retains the principle of numerical limitation as inaugurated in the act of May 19, 1921; (3) it changes the quota basis from the census of 1910 to the census of 1890; (4) it reduces the quota admissible in any one year from 3 to 2 per cent; (5) it provides a method of selection of immigrants at the source rather than to permit them to come to this country and land at the immigration stations without previous inspection; (6) it reduces the classes of exempted aliens; (7) it places the burden of proof on the alien to show that he is admissible under the immigration laws rather than upon the United States to show that he is not admissible; and (8) it provides entire and absolute exclusion of those who are not eligible to become naturalized citizens under our naturalization laws.

The key to the law lies in an understanding of the definition of immigrants. The Act of 1921 dealt with the definition of aliens, whereas the new law deals with the definition of immigrants. All persons who may come to the United States are considered immigrants except those who are exempted in the definition of immigrants. Exemptions are made in respect to government officials and their families; aliens visiting the United States as tourists or temporarily for business or pleasure; aliens in continuous transit through the United States; aliens lawfully admitted to the United States who later go in transit from one part of the United States to another through foreign territory; bona-fide alien seamen serving on vessels coming to and going from the United States; and all aliens entitled to enter the United States solely to carry on trade under and in pursuance of provisions of existing treaties of commerce and navigation. These classes just mentioned are not immigrants. The law then divides all immigrants into two classes, quota immigrants and non-quota immigrants. Both classes are required to secure certificates, but only those in the quota class are counted to fill the quotas which are allotted to the various countries.

Non-quota immigrants include all unmarried children under eighteen years of age and fathers and mothers over fifty-five years of age; the husbands and wives of citizens of the United States; immigrants previously lawfully admitted to the United States, who are returning from a temporary visit abroad; those who have resided continuously for at least two years immediately preceding the time of the application for admission to the United States in Canada, Mexico, Cuba, countries of Central and South America or the adjacent islands; ministers of all religious denominations, professors, and members of any learned profession; skilled laborers, subject to restrictions; and bona-fide students at least fifteen years of age who come solely for the purpose of study at accredited schools, each student to designate a particular school and this to be approved by the Secretary of Labor.

A brief study of the above legislation makes it clear that the Act is filled with humane provisions. Under the Act of 1921 a family might arrive at a port in the United States, only to find, as many did, that the quota provisions necessitated a family division. This led to many hardships and much criticism. It was a weakness that had to be eliminated. The Act of 1924 does this by permitting the emigrant to bring in his wife, children under eighteen years of age, and his parents, if they are over fifty-five years of age, and these are not counted as part of the quota. Nothing is gained by bringing in new immigrants without their wives and children, for we want only those who come to America to remain here. Children over eighteen years and parents under fifty-five years of age may come in under the quota, so the law works no hardships. These age limits were put into the new act because they correspond with the provisions in the Act of 1917 with regard to the literacy test. The opponents of the bill tried, but in vain, to eliminate the age limits and to amend it so as to permit all children, parents of any age, and other relatives to enter as non-quota immigrants. Their purpose was to load the law down with so many "humane" provisions as to destroy the quota provisions indirectly and all together. Thus they would have accomplished indirectly what they failed to do directly.

Two years ago Congress passed a law which provided that when an alien girl

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married an American citizen she did not by that marriage ceremony become an American citizen. Up to that time she *ipso facto* became an American citizen and could come in as such. Since that law we have had cases where wives of American citizens, seeking admission to the United States, could not come in because the quota of their nationality was filled. Under the new law such wives and husbands of American citizens may enter. This is a humane provision which experience proved necessary.

Another humane provision is the one which permits an alien now in this country to go out on a temporary visit for a year and return exempt from the quota provisions. Let us assume that the alien has taken out his first papers and has forsworn allegiance to his mother country. He has not taken on complete allegiance to the United States. In that event he cannot get a passport from us to the country from which he came nor can he get a passport from the country he left. The new law provides that he be given a kind of travel permit which does not have the full force of a passport. It simply shows that he travels with the intention of returning to the United States. However, it does not relieve him from being debarred on his return if he has contracted any disease or subjected himself to deportation under the Burnett Law. This provision, enacted for the benefit of the aliens now in the United States, permits them to return to their native land, yet it prohibits additional ones from coming except under the quota. It will be of most benefit to the aliens now here from southern Europe, the so-called new immigration, for these are the ones who desire to return home to visit their families and friends. Experience should prove this to be a beneficial provision instead of a loophole as feared by some. If properly enforced it will prove the former, otherwise the latter.

The basis and heart of the new law are those provisions concerning quota immigrants, a quota immigrant being defined as any immigrant who is not a non-quota immigrant. The Act of 1921 admitted from any one country 3 per cent of the number of persons born in that country who were resident in the United States as determined by the census of 1910. The total quota was 357,803. The Act of 1924 admits from any country 2 per cent of the number of persons born in that country who were resident in the United States as determined by the census of 1890 and, in addition, 100 from each country. The total quota on this new basis is 161,184.

Under the new plan the quotas from England, Germany, and most of the other northern and western countries of Europe are practically unaffected. The reductions of a most marked character are:

Austria, reduced from 7,451 to 1,090.
Czechoslovakia, reduced from 14,557 to 1,973.
Greece, reduced from 3,294 to 135.
Hungary, reduced from 5,638 to 588.
Italy, reduced from 42,057 to 4,689.
Poland, reduced from 21,076 to 8,972.
Rumania, reduced from 7,419 to 731.
Russia, reduced from 21,613 to 1,892
Latvia, reduced from 1,540 to 217.
Lithuania, reduced from 2,310 to 402.
Spain, reduced from 912 to 224.
Eastern Galicia, reduced from 5,786 to 870.
Portugal, reduced from 2,465 to 574.
Yugoslavia, reduced from 6,426 to 835.
Syria, reduced from 928 to 112.
Sweden, reduced from 20,042 to 9,661.
Turkey, reduced from 2,388 to 123.

It is evident, therefore, that the adoption of the census of 1890 automatically reduced the so-called new immigration which comes from countries in southern and eastern Europe. It is this *new* immigration which constitutes *the* immigration problem of to-day. Since 1890 it has come in such volume that it has been impossible to assimilate it. The total old immigration from 1882 to 1914 was only 7,566,041, while the new immigration amounted to 11,960,122, of which more than 10,000,000 came after 1897. Almost every year after 1900 saw a million or more aliens pouring into our already congested foreign districts. It soon became evident that the melting-pot was a myth and that America was being used as a dumping-ground for Europe. If this continued it would not be long until there

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would not be any America for Americans. The census of 1920 disclosed the fact that at least ten American cities each have more foreign-born whites than native whites of native parentage. These cities are New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Providence, R. I., Fall River, Mass., New Britain, Conn., Passaic, N. J., and Paterson, N. J. This situation has resulted from the ever-increasing stream of new immigrants, who have proved to be non-assimilable in character. It was necessary, therefore, not only to limit but also virtually to stop this tide from southern and eastern Europe. The use of the 1890 census accomplishes this, since very few immigrants from these countries were here in 1890.

The charge was made many times, both in the House and in the Senate, that the change to the census of 1890 was unfair discrimination against the peoples from southern and eastern Europe and in favor of the peoples from northern and western Europe. It is true that this change does make a very great shift in the proportion of our immigrants which will be permitted to come from these two groups of countries. The opponents of the law assume that this constitutes discrimination. What they really demanded was the perpetuation of a very gross discrimination in favor of the countries of southern and eastern Europe, a discrimination against the countries of northern and western Europe, and, in effect, a discrimination against the United States.

The United States ought not to have to apologize for or explain any actual discrimination which it might think expedient for its own welfare and prosperity. Immigration is a domestic question to be decided in the interests of the American people and not in the interests of any other people or nation. If we desired to be so arbitrary, we would be within our rights to decide that no immigrant should be admitted unless he was six feet two inches tall and had red hair.

The complaint which alleges discrimination against certain countries in regard to the numbers of their people whom we shall admit necessarily rests upon some theory of the right of those countries that their nationals shall be admitted. It was due to the fact that several countries virtually made this demand and threatened serious consequences if it were denied, that the American people as a unit demanded this very legislation, if for no other reason than to prove to the world that we are master in our own home.

It would seem that our concessions in the past have been regarded by many peoples, especially the new arrivals from Europe, as establishing some actual right, equivalent almost to a constitutional guaranty, that more shall be admitted, and that they shall be admitted in this or that proportion as desired by the foreign country concerned. Past favors have merely served to whet the appetite for more and to nourish a spirit of resistance. Their ambition had been stirred and yet they seemed to see the goal tantalizingly receding into the distance. So they cried discrimination when there is no discrimination. They threatened, but those threats only served to convince the American people that they were right in the first place.

The white population in the United States, according to the census of 1920, was a little over 92,386,000 people. The countries of northern and western Europe have contributed 85.2 per cent of this white population. Under the Act of 1921 they received only 56.33 per cent, while under the present act they are entitled to 84.11 per cent of our annual quota immigration. On the other hand, the countries of southern and eastern Europe have furnished only 14.62 per cent of our present white population. Under the Act of 1921 these countries were entitled to 44.64 per cent of our quota immigration, while under the present law their share is 14.88 per cent, which is about a quarter of 1 per cent more than they deserve. It is evident then that the Act of 1921 discriminated in favor of the new immigration, while the Act of 1924, based on the census of 1890, divides our future immigration as nearly as it can be divided in proportion to the national origin of our *present* population. Boiled down, then, the charge that the census of 1890 discriminates against the countries of southern and eastern Europe is, in essence and effect, merely a greedy complaint that it does not perpetuate a discrimination that then existed—a complaint that comes

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with particularly bad grace when it is remembered that no one is entitled to enter this country except at the will and pleasure of the United States.

Who were the opponents of this plan? They were the very persons who have assaulted every effort to restrict immigration in the past. They would have made an assault just as strenuous against any other restrictive measure. Some of these opponents knew so little about the problem as to state publicly in Congress that the plan was one in favor of blonds against brunettes! Amendment after amendment was proposed, each with the hope of creating some loophole that would weaken the law. Some urged that we continue to use the census of 1910. Others proposed a cross section of the last four censuses as the basis. Others claimed that the time was not ripe for permanent legislation. Still others advocated that the new law's life be limited to one or two years so that the battle might be fought over again in the near future with perhaps better chances for victory on their part. However, the outstanding rival plan was the national-origin scheme, which proposed to base the quotas, not on the number of foreign-born residents here in any census year, but on a cross-section of the entire population of the United States as now constituted. That the 1890 census and this national-origin plan give the same result was acknowledged by the advocates of the latter. The figures given above prove this. However, it was claimed that this rival plan would not give rise to claims of discrimination. How little its advocates understand the opponents of restriction! Had this plan been made the basis of the new law the same charges would have been made against it. The weakness in the national-origin plan is its lack of definiteness, for at best it is a mere estimation. The plan based on the census of 1890 is practical, definite, and, as proved above, is based on historical facts. It is, therefore, scientific and automatically selective as well as numerically restrictive. Whether the plan, incorporated in the new law, to use the national-origin scheme as the quota basis after 1927 ever goes into effect will depend upon facts yet to be discovered.

Having failed to accomplish their purpose through the cry of discrimination, the advocates of cheap labor, the lawyers of un-American corporations, and the representatives of foreign districts suddenly became enthusiastic advocates of absolute restriction for five or ten years. How consistent! Like a spoiled child—everything or nothing! But again their efforts to destroy the law failed.

Their next scheme was to rail against the immigration from Mexico. They urged that all nations be put under the quota. Now it is true that thousands of Mexican laborers come or are smuggled into the United States every year, but over 90 per cent of them come illegally in violation of the contract labor law and the literacy test. They come to work for the very interests who tried and will continue to try to destroy the new legislation. What is needed is an effective border patrol, enforcement of the two stipulated provisions, and honest *American* business men who can see that cheap labor is a liability both to America and to themselves. Any law will be a farce if not properly enforced. The problem of Mexican immigration is thus a demand for the enforcement of already existing law.

One of the most constructive provisions of the new law is the one which provides for a form of examination overseas. Until a year or two ago such a provision was deemed impractical and impossible. Under the new law both non-quota and quota immigrants are required to file their written application under oath in duplicate before a United States consul in their country for an immigration certificate. In this application the immigrant is required to state certain essential facts concerning his past life, from which the consul can judge whether he is qualified for entrance into the United States and what is his capacity for assimilation. In other words, we make the selection there, going fully into their past records, their family history, their mental, moral, and physical qualifications. This process will enable us to weed out in advance the weaklings, the diseased, and the morons. A satisfactory examination there will procure an immigrant certificate for admission here. The final inspection and medical examination, however, will be made at the port of entry. The certificate does

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not exempt the immigrant from such examination here, for he is subject to deportation if he fails to measure up to the requirements as set forth in the Act of 1917.

The law further provides that not more than 10 per cent of the total number of certificates allotted to each country may be issued in any one month, and a certificate is void four months after the date of its issuance. The counting of these certificates is made abroad. These provisions will prevent undue hardships, uncertainty, and unnecessary expense to those who come here. Immigrants with valid certificates will be admitted if they can be legally admitted otherwise. This eliminates the racing of steamships into the ports of entry on the first day of each month. It eliminates the necessity of immigrants being forced to return to Europe due to exhausted quotas. At the same time it gives our consuls power to prevent obviously undesirable aliens from coming to America.

A former consul in Russia told the author recently how at times he longed to prevent certain aliens from coming here but he was powerless. Frequently he asked them where they received their money with which to come. Their answer was always that they had been paid to leave by those who wanted to get rid of them.

Several countries have very definite emigration policies and they issue passports only to those whom they desire to have proceed to America. The American consuls now have the power to check and control such a practice by refusing to grant the certificate. It is evident, therefore, that this is a practical, humane provision, which should be of untold benefit to future America.

The provisions in the law abrogating the gentlemen's agreement with Japan and excluding all Japanese laborers from the United States because of their ineligibility for citizenship led to a temporary acute situation both in America and Japan when Ambassador Hanihara wrote his now famous letter of April 10 to Secretary Hughes protesting against the action of Congress. Under this gentlemen's agreement Japan, not the United States, determined what and how many Japanese laborers could come to America. Congress was within its rights when it ended this arrangement. Such exclusion does not signify racial hatred. Restriction does not mark a nation as the inferior of any or all others. Many individuals of any race may be superior by every just standard of measurement to many individuals of the white race. Yet true assimilation requires racial compatibility, and any irreconcilable resistance to amalgamation and social equality cannot be ignored. For America, the Japanese are a non-assimilable people, as are all Asiatics, and little could be gained by the continuation of a policy contrary to American interests and which removed from our control a universally recognized domestic problem.

The new law passed the House on April 12 by a vote of 323 to 71 with 38 not voting. It passed the Senate April 18 by an even larger majority, the vote being 62 to 6 with 28 not voting. An analysis of the vote proves that the fight was not a partisan one. In the House 33 Republicans and 37 Democrats voted against the bill becoming law. The vote also reveals the dangerous fact that races will stick together and that the foreign element in this country has power in Congress. Representatives voting against the measure were from the following States: New York, 24; New Jersey, 9; Massachusetts, 8; Pennsylvania and Illinois, 6 each; Connecticut, 5; Rhode Island and Michigan, 3 each; while the other votes were scattered. This analysis is but another vindication of restriction.

Minor differences between the two houses were easily adjusted. The President received the bill on May 19 and signed it on May 26.

Such then are the important provisions of the Immigration Act of 1924. While it is not perfect and cannot please everyone, yet it contains fundamental, humane, constructive measures that in time will solve our immigration problem. Here is permanent legislation worthy of the name. It is but a step forward in our traditional policy of *ever-increasing* restriction. It needs honest, strict enforcement. Under it America can yet be saved for Americans.

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Lonely Beaches

BY GEORGE STERLING

I HAVE not seen those shores,
But memories come of old sea-captains' tales,
Whose worn, intrepid sails
Had refuge where the northern osprey soars.

On coasts forlorn and cold,
Where mountains end, or fogs are on the lands,
Lie those inviolate sands,
Mourned over by an ocean unconsoled.

No keel has here a home,
But hour by hour the hesitating wave
Hollows an emerald cave,
Crumbles in broken thunder, and is foam.

Here lie no homeward prints
Of feet, and here no glowing flower dwells:
The sunset-colored shells
Restore the rose and rainbow with their tints.

Often the silent gull
Rests where the foam-flowers bloom and die, day-long,
On shores without a song,
For very loneliness made beautiful.

Here the sandpipers feed,
Or huddling, face the wind. Those flown, there lie
The sand-scoured kelp, long dry,
The sea-bird's bones, the moonstone and the weed.

On waves that poise and lean
The sliding, pure quicksilver of the moon
Makes ghostlier the dune.
The snows of sand and foam alike lie clean.

But man comes not to tread
Those gleaming floors between the sea and land—
The surf-enduring strand,
Cold as the Arctic heavens overhead.

. . . . . .

From old sea-captains' tales
I find again the beaches that they found,
And hear once more the sound
That reached them from the waters and the gales—

The twilight's far turquoise
Along the dim horizon; winds that cry
Below the wintry sky;
The stars of ocean and its mournful voice.

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"I am so little, so helpless, and so dumb; and you are so big, so clever, and so fine!"—Page 191.

Roly-Poly Chubb

BY LAURA KIRKWOOD PLUMB

Illustrations by E. M. Ashe

NOBODY loves a fat man, yet everybody agrees that he fares well. Roland Pertwee Chubb had received at fate's hand almost everything desirable. Perhaps he sometimes wished that his wife had a more sympathetic understanding of his interests in life—his was a scientific mind and hers was not; yet this longing had so far not become tangible enough to cause him any unrest. Then, too, a fat complex occasionally irritated him. This had given him inordinate worry in youth; but it was gradually fading away, for middle age was pouring layers of avoirdupois over his friends, whose voices of protest were now drowning his. His complex had not been without grounds. His contour was born, not made. In infancy he was all waistband and the rest of him never caught up. At

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twenty he weighed around two hundred pounds, with no height to speak of as an offset; and later years had not diminished him. No wonder his name, Roland Pertwee, had evolved into Roly-Poly Chubb.

Forty years of life were necessary to produce Roly-Poly Chubb; but only forty seconds are required to review the process. The high lights of his career are interesting. The low lights, save one, are not. Roly-Poly's corpulency had always been outweighed by a pocket-book of the overstuffed variety. This, coupled with a background of family which was not to be sneezed at even in a democracy in hay-fever time, gave him boyhood advantages above the average. Then after specializing in science at Lincoln College, one of the big three on the west coast, he established himself as a chemical engineer in the Puget Sound city which houses his alma mater. His success was so marked that the alumni used him as an example for the younger scientific generation.

While Roly-Poly was specializing in chemistry Nadine Larrimore, who studied bank-books instead of text-books, the cutest, littlest, fluffiest blond trick in college, specialized in him. Nadine was in the fine-arts department studying expression, particularly of the eyes and face. Her understanding of science was nil; but of Roly-Poly infinite. As their communion was in the realms of alchemistry, the alchemistry of love, Roly-Poly did not suspect her limitations. However, Nadine could register disgust charmingly at the unintelligible nomenclature of chemistry. In addition two decades of teasing had coalesced Roly-Poly's fat complex, which made this slim, sylphlike creature seem to him a goddess.

Nadine and Roly-Poly may have touched upon real thought in the realm of natural science concerning the passion which obsessed them; but here recorded history ceases, for typewriter ribbons should be bathed in honey, the linotype should have a glucose base for the use of the recording angel of love. Nadine was adept in forging adamantine chains.

Said she repeatedly: "I am so little, so helpless, and so dumb; and you are so big, so clever, and so fine!"

To which Roly-Poly, never suspecting the strength of this fragile creature, invariably replied: "You're just what I want. I wouldn't change you one bit!" Then once he had added, but never again: "I love every inch of you. Let's see how much that is." Here he deviated to the path of science. "We'll have to figure up the square inches, you're always on the square all right. You are four feet eleven high; but how wide are you?"

"I am not wide at all," she flared. "I'm never going to be wide!"

"Right-o! You're never!" laughed he, engulfing her adorable little self in his arms, as he kissed the pout from her lips.

The music of the spheres was in their ears. The moon shone ever in their eyes. Never a cloud obscured their horizon, save one. On the first visit to the Larrimore home Roly-Poly had found Nadine's mother an older edition of Nadine. And she was undeniably wide! Now Roly-Poly's fat complex should have knocked a warning; but the only thing that knocked was his heart. He should have realized the coming shadow, for the substance stared him in the face. However, he was walking in the starlit path of love. No earthly detail reached him.

The lethal influence of marriage and success produced the one low light of interest in Roly-Poly's career. He had forgotten an ambition born in the heat of youth to make a great discovery, which would perpetuate his name forever. He felt that though Watt and Franklin had beaten him to the teakettle and the kick in forked lightning by centuries, and though others had reached the auto and the airplane by a few years' margin, yet equally startling inventions could be conjured out of the empyrean blue. This belief had pointed his way to industrial chemistry because of its fertile fields of discovery. Now if this early intention was not dead, it was sleeping soundly. A shame! Roly-Poly's mind properly stimulated would have meant much to the world.

One evening, as Roly-Poly Chubb was journeying home in his Sportdorf Four—these events precede by some years the invention of the six-cylinder car—he was caught in a traffic jam opposite a gaunt skyscraper which held the Timanus Chemical Company's laboratory. As he gazed up at the company's sign, he thought

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of Annis Skidmore, a college classmate, who had come to him a fortnight ago with a question about a process for vulcanizing rubber. Annis vowed she had a big idea in rubber production which had come to her some time before, when she noted the action of the little cups in a semiporous complexion brush. Her subconscious mind would not let her alone. She realized that she had to do something with the idea before it did something to her. She was eating, talking, thinking, dreaming in terms of rubber.

Occasionally a skirt which strays into a college science department makes good so emphatically that the world apologizes for its stiff-necked attitude toward women in men's professions. Annis Skidmore was one of these. But she had become one by wedding her profession as lovingly as other women wed their husbands. Then, too, Annis had been experimenting ever since she was a baby. Most infants put their feet in their mouths and are content. But Annis howled herself blue trying to get her feet in her ears. As a chemist she had cut her eye-teeth with the Sunray Biscuit Company; for its products make better teething-rings than food. Then she had gone to the Timanus Wholesale Drug Company, and now was head chemist at their laboratory.

The interview with Annis had taken Roly-Poly back twenty years in a second. The memory it invoked was painful; for then Annis had leaned across a laboratory table and had earnestly said: "Roly-Poly, after we get out in the world, I wonder which one of us will really make a worthwhile discovery?" To which he had replied with equal earnestness: "We will work together and find us one apiece." The realization that he the man, not she the woman, had become a sluggard sickened Roly-Poly.

"What has Annis up her sleeve?" Roly-Poly now asked himself. "I can't imagine her fooling with any beauty contraptions. She thinks they are fakes. She says the complexion brush which caught her attention enough for closer study will have its day and fade away in the wake of some newer fraud, while her idea will live on forever. She can afford to think beauty contraptions fakes, for she has grown so handsome with the years. What a baby elephant she used to be! How time changes people, all but me! I am set for eternity. Fate's a joker! Annis has worked herself down to a perfect thirty-six, while Nadine has loafed herself up to a perfect fright.

"Annis could give Nadine a real run for her money now," continued Roly-Poly. "I surely fall for the thin ones! I was surprised to see Annis again. But glad! I'll say so! I am sorry that Nadine's paths are too divergent from Annis's for any social intercourse. What funny things women say about each other! Instead of Nadine rejoicing in the change in Annis, she actually seems sore. What spitfires little women are! I was only teasing when I said that fat is pugging her nose now, as it once did Annis's. I wish Nadine wouldn't get so angry at trifles! It's disgusting! I'll never dare intimate again that time tells less on a brunette than a blonde, since her flare-up. Regardless of what she thinks, I did not have Annis in mind when I said that. Women can't stick to generalities! But then Nadine began to put on flesh after the coming of Pee Wee, and I should love her all the more for it! Nadine frets herself sick. They all do! Though fat grows on one gradually, one never ceases to rebel. Continuous diet with exercise does reduce flesh; but that's too strenuous. Some day a fellow will figure out a chemical action on fat that has no reaction on other tissues. Enter then the thin millionaire! Exit fat prosperity!" He laughed. But his subconscious mind grasped a dream. Here traffic was resumed and Roland Pertwee Chubb glided on to the next crowded crossing.

Roly-Poly had not even skimmed the depths of Nadine's grief over her avoirdupois. Nadine's mind was frivolous, frothy, and light as eiderdown. Her body had been as dainty as a Dresden shepherdess. This, with a baby face, blue eyes, and saffron-colored hair, gave her an ethereal air which layers of fat were fast effacing; a grim tragedy which no masculine mind can ever grasp because of a different view-point concerning resources. With Roly-Poly resources were minerals, water-power, chemical energy, money, and such. With Nadine hair, eyes, complexion, and, lastly and mostly, figure were

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"I wonder which one of us will really make a worth-while discovery!"—Page 192.

the real assets to be conserved. She was prouder of the fact that Roly-Poly, though middle-aged, still had an abundance of black curly hair and the twinkle of youth in his handsome brown eyes than she was of his financial success.

Roly-Poly's reference to Annis and the run which she could now give Nadine was the rift in the Chubbs' lute of happiness. Annis had been a congenial friend to Roly-Poly before the advent of Nadine. Perhaps this companionship might have become a tender one. Who knows? About Nadine, however, was that appealing atmosphere of femininity which has broken masculinity on the wheel from time immemorial. She severed so adroitly the ties which bound Annis and Roly-Poly that the former never realized the result was by intent and not by chance.

After the intimacy of marriage, Roly-Poly realized that Nadine had used her girlhood friendship with Annis to carry out certain piratical plans on him. He did not urge a continuance of a friendship which Nadine desired to drop, renewing it spasmodically as her conscience dictated, although he really missed Annis.

As the car moved past the last crowded crossing and shot down the street free, Roly-Poly sighed: "I wish Nadine was interested enough in my work to discuss

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it with me. How I enjoyed talking over my kelp process with Annis! She knows about kelp. All Nadine can think of in that line is the fun we used to have fishing it out of the Sound and feeding it to the bears at the zoo for Pee Wee's enjoyment. Why did I ever let a chance like that kelp fertilizer get by me? True, the Quinault Fishing Company turned the idea over to me for development; and I freed the nitrogen and phosphate cheap enough for commercial use; but I knew as well as they that the Indians have always used kelp for fertilizer. I just failed to see its possibilities. I've become a fat-head all right! Well, fifty thousand and a royalty for my trouble isn't so bad. And isn't Nadine busy getting away with the loot! She may not have any realization of my work, but she does have of its results."

"Think of Nadine at thirty-nine, as wide as she is high, romping with that thirteen-year-old kid."—Page 195.

Here Roly-Poly's conscience pricked him. "Well, Nadine doesn't throw money away. She gets results. Our house is as handsome as any on the Boulevard. She has furnished it beautifully. Artistic instincts aren't half bad when the other half in the matrimonial mix-up can gratify them. Nadine may be frivolous, but she does know how to make a home into a haven of rest. I imagine that any one

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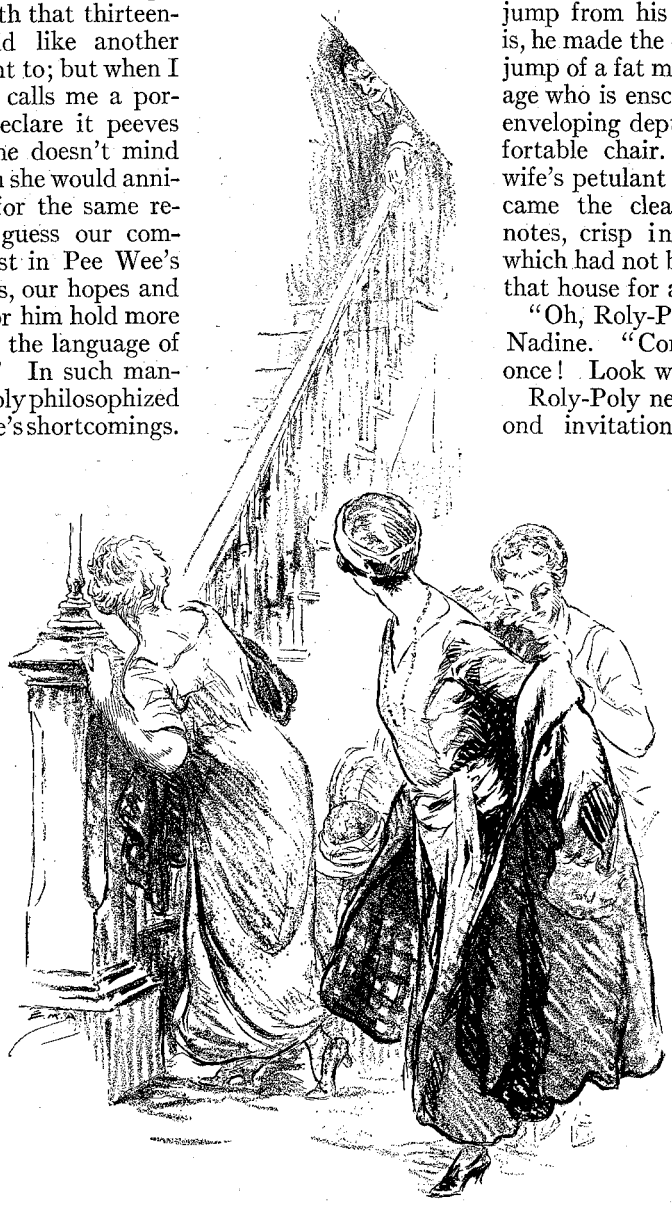
who eats chemistry alive as Annis does would be lost in a house. And children! She would forget their names! Nadine is Junior's slave! Pee Wee is her love name for him. I'd never thought of such a thing. He is on her mind day and night, when honestly I sometimes forget I own him. What a beloved little sprite she has made of him. Think of Nadine at thirty-nine, as wide as she is high, romping with that thirteen-year-old kid like another boy. I want to; but when I wheeze, he calls me a porpoise. I declare it peeves me. Nadine doesn't mind him, though she would annihilate me for the same remarks. I guess our common interest in Pee Wee's daily doings, our hopes and our fears for him hold more of joy than the language of chemistry." In such manner Roly-Poly philosophized over Nadine's shortcomings.

When Roly-Poly reached home neither Nadine nor Pee Wee had come. He dressed for dinner and sought a comfortable nook in the sun room, which faced Mount Rainier. He was too weary for a magazine, so he feasted his eyes on the snow-clad splendor of that giant sentinel which towers over the Sound cities. He had hardly settled himself when voices in the hall below made him jump from his seat. That is, he made the conservative jump of a fat man of middle age who is ensconced in the enveloping depths of a comfortable chair. Above his wife's petulant lisping tones came the clear bell-like notes, crisp intonations, which had not been heard in that house for an age.

"Oh, Roly-Poly!" called Nadine. "Come down at once! Look who is here!"

Roly-Poly needed no second invitation. "Hello,



"Come down at once! Look who is here!"

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Annis!" he bellowed joyously from the top step. "It is good to have you with us again. Where did you pick her up, Nadine?" He laughed in boyish abandonment as he took the stairs two at a time.

Had Annis been more of a woman and less of a scientist, her mental barometer would have registered an approaching storm in the area of the Chubb family; for Roly-Poly's greeting had an effect upon Nadine which, spoiled child as she was, she could not conceal. The entrance of Pee Wee and the announcement of dinner closed the incident for the present.

As the evening progressed Roly-Poly studied his wife in proximity to Annis, something he had never done before. Later a subconscious idea awakened and a thought shot through his head. In a trice a resolution was born. This evolving idea made Roly-Poly more preoccupied than ever. As the evening drew to a close, Annis spoke of the Chubb process for kelp fertilizer and complimented Roly-Poly upon the figure into which his fortune was mounting.

In unpardonable absent-mindedness Roly-Poly replied: "True, Annis. But Nadine and I would exchange that figure in a jiffy for just the figure you have attained! Wouldn't we, my dear?"

Nadine left the room in tears. And Annis departed with strained adieus.

This incident crystallized Nadine's determination. She began on a course of strict dieting and strenuous exercise, overruling Roly-Poly's protest: "But, Nadine, you always end up in bed after a reducing spell, and the rest puts every pound back on you. Why tear up jack with the household?"

"I'm not going to bed this time. I'd rather be dead than fat!"

This passionate affirmation drove Roly-Poly to his evolving idea. He delved into the chemical world and let the other go by.

At the end of six months the principal thing which showed thinness about Nadine was her nerves. A change, however, was coming over Roly-Poly. Nadine could not believe her eyes! But turn him this way, turn him that, she could not deny his loss of fat. It was gradual, but persistent. And every ounce lost proved a permanent gain. Roly-Poly seemed a jubilant creature bubbling over with excitement, the nature of which he would not disclose. Then something happened!

Nadine collapsed. She had lost weight; but the bed awaited her. Doctor Keller turned to poor frightened Roly-Poly and said: "Now I'll send you a good nurse and we will have Mrs. Chubb on her feet in due time. There is no cause for alarm. Strenuous exercise with a strict diet is good for a normal person. But certain muscles here which support important organs have gone flabby. Mrs. Chubb's fat acts as an added support. She has either got to stay fat or have a major operation. As she has a tendency to grow fat with the years, let it go at that. It's far simpler and safer!"

Roly-Poly turned pale. Utterly shaken, he sank into a near-by chair. Nadine lay silent with her eyelids tightly closed, a habit she had for clear thinking in times of stress. At the doctor's departure she murmured: "I knew you detested fat, dear, but I never dreamed you could care like this. Age is cruel!"

"It isn't that," he retorted, "but I——"

"But what?"

"You must not ask me. It's no use now," he said dejectedly.

"Yes. I must," she rejoined sobbingly. "For months you have not acted like yourself. Sometimes you are radiant with happiness; then again your mind seems a blank. And you're never at the office. Half of your time is spent at the Timanus laboratory. Why, you don't even look like yourself. I know you have lost fifty pounds!"

"That's the exact amount," he groaned.

"Well, stop whatever it is that is wearing you down. I love you fat now. For while you are that, you can't grieve much over me."

During Nadine's convalescence Roly-Poly should have rejoiced, but he gloomed in despair. Consequently Nadine's thoughts in the light of present facts wove a tissue of jealous torture. Retrospection can be a baleful nightmare! "When Annis's charms were submerged fathoms deep in fat I cut her out," wailed Nadine to herself. "Time and poetic justice! Now Annis is doing the same thing to me, with the result that Roly-Poly is like a man in a terrible dream. This is reflected

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in his loss of flesh, fifty pounds in six months; and now in his moroseness. What in heaven's name shall I do?"

Just as Nadine got on her feet Roly-Poly missed two dinners for experimental work at the Timanus laboratory. The first Nadine stood gracefully. The second message came just at dinner-time. Nadine snorted over the telephone: "You seem to have a room here without board!"

"Now, Nadine," soothed he, "Annis and I'll be through with this deal mighty quickly and I will be home regularly then. I can't let this hang fire now. It means too much to us both."

She hung up in his ear. However, he went on his own sweet way. Nadine wiped away the tears and swallowed several imaginary Adam's apples, while she gazed out of the window waiting to compose herself. She must conceal facts from Pee Wee as long as possible.

"His frankness doesn't fool me," she muttered. "Agnes Adair found a letter in Adrian's pocket. Adrian said that he was glad she did, as it saved him from breaking the news himself. Oh, Roly-Poly, how can you? I know I am not interested in your work. Chemistry is as dry as dust to me, and always will be. But you are not interested in a lot of

Into Annis's arms she fell in hysterics.—Page 198.

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things I am. Your bridge is rotten. You handle a golf club like a meat cleaver. Socially you are a terrible responsibility with your absent-mindedness. But I am not chasing other men. Why do successful men begin plucking roses red on the primrose path to Hades and forget the lilies white which grow by the domestic wayside? Well, I'm not the only woman who is sitting on a marital volcano waiting for the lid to blow off. But I have reached my limit!"

Nadine had. The next day she showed up unexpectedly to take Roly-Poly to lunch. However, he had lunched early with Annis and would not return from the Timanus laboratory until four.

The storm broke in Nadine's soul. Borne on a whirlwind of despair she sought shelter in her car. There she sank down in a pitiful heap. "Annis, I know I took Roly-Poly from you; but we were kids then and things did not matter so. And, Roly-Poly, you took me for better or for worse, though I suppose you never dreamed the worse could be so bad. I've fought Annis's chemical hold on you for years. I even tried a tutor in chemistry on the quiet, but I got nowhere! If it were something that could be just memorized like English, I could get by! I'm a good parrot; but I've no real brains! But Annis's thinness has settled the matter at last. While I was petite and charming, I held you. Oh, Roly-Poly, you just can't stand us fat! I'll go mad unless this thing is settled, and settled now."

On her way to the Timanus laboratory poor Nadine repeated over and over again: "It's Annis's thinness. Just look at me. I hate mirrors. I hate scales. It doesn't take many ways to tell fat. Fat! What an ugly word; obeseness, worse; avoirdupois, more so; embonpoint, too little known to be used; and so it goes. I can't find an ounce of grace for a pound of flesh. I suppose, though, fat under any other name would weigh as much!"

The office girl asked Nadine to be seated. The only seat for her was the anxious seat, so she followed that efficient lady to Annis's door. Into Annis's arms she fell in hysterics.

"Why, Nadine?" gasped Annis.

"Nadine!" shouted Roly-Poly, starting toward her. "Has Pee Wee been hurt? Has he been killed?"

"It's not Pee Wee. It's you!"

Roly-Poly sank back in his chair the picture of despair. Annis stared at Nadine. Roly-Poly recovered first. "The truth will out! I suppose Annis and I have been fools. We should have told you from the start."

"Oh, don't. I can't bear it!" moaned Nadine, collapsing in a chair. "What an awful thing to happen!"

"It is!" groaned Roly-Poly.

"I'll say so!" muttered Annis. "Fate is so disgusting."

Under their ministrations, against which she protested stubbornly, Nadine gained her self-control. "There is just one thing to do!"

"There is," agreed Roly-Poly vehemently.

Nadine quailed at the resolution in his voice. With an effort she gasped: "A separation and a quiet divorce. Oh, Roly-Poly! Oh, poor Pee Wee! He adores us both!" Her head sank upon the near-by desk and scalding tears bathed the litter of papers there.

"Separation and divorce!" howled Roly-Poly, looking in consternation first at Nadine and then at Annis.

Tears of shame shone in Annis's eyes. "Why didn't you have the nerve to tell her? It would have been easier to bear than this!"

Roly-Poly raised Nadine's face from the desk. He cupped her chin in his hands and looked straight at her closed eyelids. "Nadine, I intended to tell you the first week of your sickness. We had tested our discoveries enough then, so that we knew they were not wild dreams."

"Oh, Roly-Poly! How can I endure it?"

He was asking himself that too, yet he continued: "But Doctor Keller's ultimatum on your reducing, dooming you to flesh forever, shut me up!"

"You thought I could not stand two mortal blows at once!" quavered Nadine, tears welling from the closed lids.

"Exactly," replied Roly-Poly. "When you said that life with me thin would be more of a nightmare than with me fat, I tried to seal the secret in——"

"Love is never a secret. Love is its own tattle-tale!" sobbed Nadine.

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"Love!" yelled Roly-Poly. "Love! I knew you were jealous of my business interest in Annis; but I never thought of love. I am talking about my obesity cure!"

Nadine's eyelids shot open. She gazed

"I've invented a nonskid auto tire," replied Annis, bracing herself for Nadine's hilarious howls.

None came. Nadine was speechless for the moment. "Have you two gone mad or am I crazy?" she gasped.

"A man with a fat wife selling Chubb's Obesity Cure!"

at Annis. She stared at Roly-Poly. "Your obesity cure?"

"Yes. Mine!"

"Chubb's Obesity Cure! Now fancy that! A man with a fat wife selling Chubb's Obesity Cure!" Nadine laughed and laughed until she cried.

Annis caught the awful look in Roly-Poly's eyes. "If you laugh until you cry at that, I suppose you'll laugh till you die at Skidmore's Nonskid Tire," she exploded.

"What do you mean?" asked Nadine in astonishment.

"Neither," retorted Annis. "Roly-Poly and I have made two great discoveries. Roly-Poly got his idea from your grief over flesh. I got mine from a fool rubber complexion brush which I handled in my wholesale drug work. Neither of us could work out our ideas alone, so we joined forces. I have developed a process of vulcanizing rubber by which a tire can be finished with a layer of vacuum cups, which will adhere to the slipperiest pavement, just as a complexion brush sucks up the impurities of the skin. This tire will drive the smooth one off the mar-

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ket. Roly-Poly's cure is harmless and genuine. It took off those fifty pounds which confirmed your suspicions of his infidelity. He was just ready to tell you that you could have back your girlish figure when Doctor Keller made his pronouncement. Then Roly-Poly intended to lock our secret in his heart and knock my cure as a fake before you."

"Your cure?" cried Nadine in puzzlement.

"Yes. Skidmore's Obesity Cure!" eagerly interrupted Roly-Poly. "My dear, you see for yourself the folly of advertising a Chubb's Obesity Cure or a Skidmore's Nonskid Tire. So we have planned an organization whereby Annis heads a company to handle my product, while I receive the royalties. I shall do the same with her nonskid tire. This is the only way to associate our names with these great discoveries. If Father Time himself should discover an elixir for eternal youth, he would have to turn it over to Mother Nature for development before the world would take him seriously."

"Oh! Oh!" uttered Nadine as the light of comprehension dawned.

Roly-Poly concluded in boyish relief: "Nadine, since no one will ever know the origin of the supposed Skidmore discovery, I'll forswear my own cure just for your sweet sake. Was there ever such a pledge of love?"

Answered Nadine, leaning down and humbly kissing the broad hands that engulfed her own: "Never! My dear! Never!"

Smile and Lie

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL MUELLER

MARGERY HOLLISTER had a day and ten dollars.

She was not obliged to account for either.

Margery was pretty, scatter-brained, bobbed-haired, inexperienced and seventeen. She lived in Seneca Falls, an innocuous western New York village, where nothing of importance has occurred since 1848, when the first Women's Rights Convention was held there.

A story still circulates in Seneca Falls about that convention. The Presbyterian minister, viewing with alarm the depraved attitude of women who demanded the ballot, announced the first meeting with these words: "To-morrow night, at the Town Hall, a hen will attempt to crow."

During the seventy-five years that have slipped by since then, woman suffrage, prohibition, three wars, automobiles, motion pictures, electric lights, radio, modern dentistry, and sundry other calamities have been chronicled in the school histories. Margery Hollister, aged seventeen, conscious of the liberty contained in a Saturday and ten dollars, determined to crow.

For the first time in her life, Margery was going to Rochester unhampered by chaperon or escort. She planned to spend four dollars and forty cents for carfare, a dollar sixty-five for a ticket to a matinee, forty cents for candy, forty cents for tips, three dollars for luncheon and dinner. She knew that she could return to her home before her parents arrived on the New York train, that night.

And so the warm sunshine of a perfect April morning found her at the railroad station, waiting for the seven o'clock westbound train. She was wearing a new dark blue duvetyne suit, and a new blue taffeta hat with a big rosette of blue and silver on the side. Her "King Tut" gray suède slippers exactly matched her silk stockings. Her gray-gloved fingers clasped a flappy little bag of gray and

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silver beads, which she opened now and then to make sure she had her powder-puff, handkerchief, and ten-dollar bill. She proposed to pay her fare on the train, as she did not wish the station agent to know where she was going. Margery, in a word, was a delectable figure, calculated to rest the eyes of any one with a liking for the fresh charm of youth.

Her cheeks were pink with excitement. Her gray eyes peeped demurely from beneath her long dark lashes, as if she were afraid that some man would notice her.

A travelling man gave her a dyspeptic's admiration as he observed her standing on the station platform. She ignored his presence. But in his innocence, he was mistaken. Margery was supremely conscious of the effect she created. There was a full-length mirror in her home, and her lack of experience did not mean a lack of education. The movies had taken care of that.

The train was late.

Margery grew uneasy as the minutes passed and the village woke up. She realized that, before long, some friend of her parents might appear and ask embarrassing personal questions.

Providentially, it seemed, a long gray roadster slid up to the station, and the driver, a prepossessing youth who wore chamois gloves, vaulted from the seat and dashed into the station.

He looked at Margery with an evident interest that heightened her color and led her to assume a nonchalance she did not feel. She caught a glimpse of him writing a telegram and paying the agent, who was also the telegraph operator.

Margery determined to ride in the gray roadster, with the shining nickel trimmings. She had never been "picked up," in fact had never realized the desirability of being "picked up," until the previous Sunday, when she had listened to a torrent of ministerial invective poured from the pulpit upon the "tendencies of the times."

The young man came out of the station door. Margery, wishing to speak to him, turned her back. The young man, wishing to speak to Margery, walked toward her, raising his gray cap.

"Excuse me," he began, with a perfect Valentino smile.

Margery regarded him frostily. He was not intimidated.

"I'm Charlie Moore," he volunteered, apologetically, as if aware of the insufficiency of his own name. "The agent tells me this train is more than an hour late. I wonder if I could give you a lift? That is, if you're in a hurry."

Margery was thrilled with Charlie Moore and the prospect of riding in his expensive car. She recognized it as the most interesting moment of her life, and vowed to herself that she would accompany Moore if she had to hang on the spare tire at the back.

"Oh, no, I couldn't think of going with you," Margery replied, severely. "My mother would never forgive me if she thought I'd do anything like that."

It was plain to both that Margery was accepting the invitation. But the proprieties of impropriety must be observed. Social usage required Charlie Moore to urge and Margery to display a maidenly reluctance.

"I'm safe and sane," said Charlie Moore. "I neither drink, dance, smoke, nor swear. As soon as the good weather is over, I'll join the Y. M. C. A."

"How interesting," Margery commented, anxious to omit the preliminaries and drive away before some family friend stumbled on the scene.

"I always drive in low gear," continued Moore. "Only time I ever had an accident with this bus was when a man, pushing a wheelbarrow, ran me down and bent my back fender."

"No," Margery returned, firmly. "Thank you so much, I couldn't."

"The agent says the train may be two hours late."

At that moment both of them heard the train whistling for a crossing a mile away.

"There's the train now," said Margery, taking a few steps toward the automobile.

"That's going in the other direction," he corrected her, opening the door so she could climb into the machine.

Before the accommodation milk and passenger train rumbled into the station, Charlie Moore had pressed the starter button, slipped in a gear, and whirled away, with a shower of pebbles kicked up by the rear wheels descending like a cloud behind them. Margery pulled her hat

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down over her eyes and slumped deep into the cushions, praying that no neighbor would notice her departure.

Margery's possession of twelve hours and ten dollars came in an unexpected manner. Her father, the county treasurer, had been called to New York City and had taken her mother with him. That left Margery stranded in Seneca Falls, and in order that she might not drift away on the rising tide of hilarity which the minister said was engulfing the community, Dick, her older brother, was ordered back from Cornell to spend his Easter vacation at home.

Dick was twenty and a sophomore in college. On Wednesday and Thursday he engaged Margery in hectic battle over their housekeeping. Friday night he told her that her absence was earnestly requested.

"I got some men coming up from college," said Dick, thrusting his thumbs through the armholes of his vest. "Here's ten dollars. You go up to Rochester and see a show."

Receiving ten dollars from Dick was a novel experience in Margery's life. Never before had he offered to buy her so much as an ice cream cone. Naturally, she was suspicious.

"You'll not pull off any rough parties in this house, Dick Hollister," she warned him. "If you've stolen the key to dad's wine cellar again, you'd better put it back, because he counted the bottles."

Henry Hollister's wine cellar was only a closet, stocked with a modest supply of doubtful liquids, which he had taken as partial payment of a bad debt some years before prohibition set in. They had been undisturbed because, prior to the day when Mr. Volstead leaped to fame, no reputable citizen would have imperilled his health by drinking such questionable beverages.

Dick and Margery, in their conversation, raised the closet to the dignity of a cellar.

"This is going to be a stag party, Marge," her brother assured her. "We're going to play a little poker."

"I can play poker, too. I can play stud. I'll take this ten dollars and sit in the game."

"Now, Marge . . ."

"Now, Dick . . ."

"Think what the fellows would say if they came up from college and found you hanging around . . ."

"You'd better think what mother and father will say when they get back from New York and find you and your gang all clocked up . . ."

Down in her heart, Margery realized that it would not do for her to be present. "What the fellows would say" was a real terror to her. And she was intrigued with the idea of going to a theatre unencumbered by family or friends. She capitulated, but at a price.

"I'll go," she agreed. "I'll go, if you promise to steal me a bottle of gin when you get yours."

The first Women's Rights Convention was held in Seneca Falls. Margery knew it and demanded at least a partial equality.

"What would you do with gin?" thundered Dick, feigning a surprise he did not feel.

"My crowd will gargle it at the next high-school dance. What did you s'pose I wanted it for? To wash a dog?"

Margery pondered upon the events which led to her trip, but she made no explanation to the man beside her upon the seat of the speeding automobile. They were moving northward at a speed which fairly took away Margery's breath. Moore handled the car with the skill of a racing driver.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"Anywhere at all."

"Where were you going?"

"Rochester, to a matinee."

Charlie Moore grinned. "Suits me."

A few more miles were counted off on the dial of the speedometer.

"I've a date to meet my brother in Pultneyville," Moore informed her. "We'll drive around that way and hit Rochester in time for lunch."

Margery smiled at him blissfully content.

II

Some three hours later, they turned down the straggling village street in Pultneyville and saw Lake Ontario, blue as a robin's egg. It spread out across the horizon, cold with the memory of the

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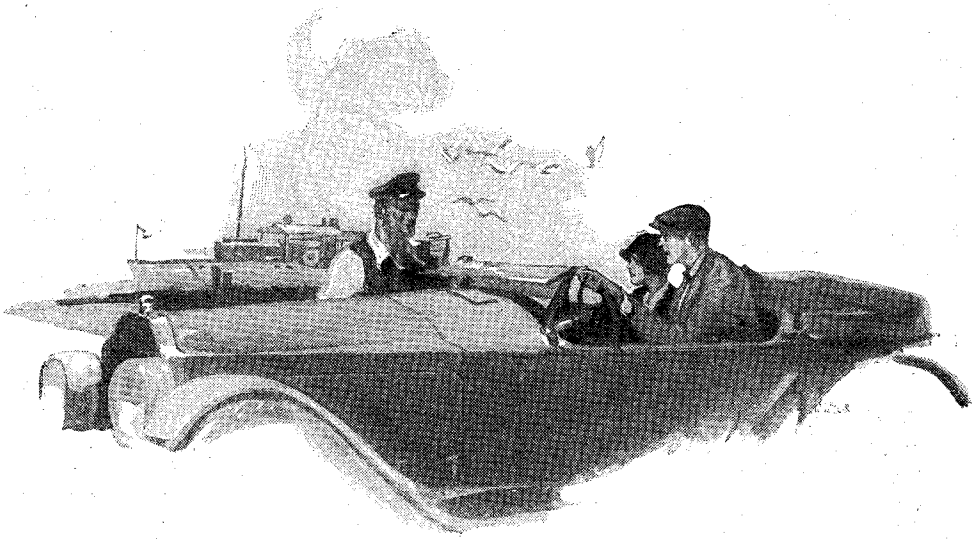
winter's ice, but sparkling in the sunshine with the promise of summer. At the little stone wharf a cruising motorboat was tied. Near by, on a nail-keg, sat a man of forty-five. He waved to Moore and walked to the car.

Charlie Moore drew Margery's attention to the man.

"My brother and his boat," he whispered.

"'Lo, Tom," Charlie called. "Miss her that he must be carrying a small national bank. Charlie counted tens and fifties with as little regard for the value of the money as if he had been adding up cigar-store coupons. Before her eyes he counted twenty-five hundred dollars, and returned the depleted roll of bills to his pocket.

"That's twenty-five hundred," he remarked, tossing the money to Tom. "Right, isn't it?"



"Pretty girl, good car, and nice day."

Polly Benton, my brother, Captain Tom Moore, of the Royal Air Service."

Tom pulled off his ragged cap and bowed. He was twice as old as Charlie, Margery decided, as she noted his grizzled gray hair and his skin, burned a deep copper color by exposure to wind, sun, and water. Charlie's freedom in giving her an alias was somewhat disconcerting to her, but she recovered her composure and smiled at Tom.

"Glad to meet you," Tom replied to the smile, and then turned to his brother. "Pretty girl, good car, and nice day. I don't blame you a bit."

In spite of herself, Margery blushed furiously, while the others laughed.

Charlie Moore thrust his hand deep into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills that made Margery gasp. It seemed to

Tom nodded and did not bother to count the money.

Charlie turned to Margery with a word of explanation. "I cashed a check for Tom. He's a Canadian and isn't known on this side of the lake."

"There's a box of candy in my cabin for mother," Tom remarked, casually. "Going home?"

"To-night or to-morrow," Charlie returned, with an equal lack of interest. "I'll take it."

Tom stretched himself, as if he were in no hurry, and sauntered over to the cruiser. He vanished into the tiny cabin and reappeared, carrying a candy-box stamped "Gibaud—Paris et Bordeaux."

"If you will, please," he said, handing the box to Charlie. "It saves me the trouble of wrapping and mailing it."

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"These imported French chestnuts are the only candies mother likes," Charlie explained to Margery. "My brother brings them from Quebec."

Charlie started the motor. "We're going to Rochester for lunch," he called to Tom as they drove away.

Margery was lost in admiration. She wished that Dick could see her. "They're the real thing," she whispered to herself. "Charlie's the kind Dick tries to imitate. He handles hundred dollar bills the way Dick and I handle postage stamps."

"Hope you didn't mind, when I gave you a phony name," Charlie interrupted her reflections. "You see, I didn't know your real name, and I didn't want Tom to think you're the kind of girl who goes riding with a man before she's introduced to him. Because you're not, really."

Margery went limp. She began to worry. Suppose that by accepting Charlie's invitation she had forfeited his respect!

"My name's Margery Hollister," she confessed. "My father and mother are in New York. I never went out like this before."

"I'm sure of that," Charlie reassured her.

Twelve o'clock whistles were blowing when the lean roadster slipped down the Rochester streets and paused beside the curb.

"Just time for lunch," Charlie Moore remarked as he lifted Margery from her seat. "Time to eat comfortably and get to the theatre." He picked up the box of candy with a smile. "We'd better take this along."

"Can't I try just one?" Margery begged, with a pretty pout as she regarded the tempting box, sealed with embossed gold stickers and gay ribbon.

Charlie Moore shook his head, gravely. "If they were mine, you could have the whole works. But Tom sent them to mother. I'll get you a box of chocolates for yourself."

The suggestion did not please Margery, who had never tried a French chestnut and possessed a natural curiosity. However, she would have gladly died rather than admit her ignorance. She contented herself with the thought that Charlie Moore was certainly very nice to his mother.

Faithful to his promise, Charlie stopped at the candy counter in the hotel lobby and bought a five-pound box of chocolates, which he handed to Margery.

"Have them wrapped," she suggested. "I feel foolish carrying this. Looks as if we were going away on a candy jag."

Charlie laughed and passed the Gibaud box to the clerk, who camouflaged it beneath brown paper and pink raffia. Margery noted, with satisfaction, that when they were wrapped, the two boxes looked exactly alike.

Then they went in to luncheon.

Never before had Margery eaten in such luxurious surroundings. She gave the decorations of the rose room a timid glance and, with a sigh of contentment, perched herself on the chair which the waiter held for her. On one corner of the table she laid her box of candy. On the opposite corner Charlie Moore set his mother's box of French chestnuts.

The first time that his attention wandered, Margery switched the boxes. She was determined to eat a French chestnut before she was a day older.

Then she lost herself in admiration of the superior tone her escort used when he addressed the waiter. Gilded surroundings evidently meant nothing to him.

"Tomato bisque, creamed chicken, eggplant à la Créole," he ordered; "plantation yams; then an endive salad, Roquefort dressing, Royal ice, French pastry, and coffee." The waiter bowed.

"How does that hit you?"

Margery was too happy for words. "Heavenly," she exclaimed.

The waiter served the soup.

Suddenly Margery noticed that Charlie Moore was no longer interested in her conversation. His eyes were set, and, as her gaze followed his, she saw he was looking intently at a man and woman who were sitting at a corner table. The man was heavy, powerfully built, perhaps forty years old. The woman, well-groomed, coarse-featured, and expensively dressed, was about the same age.

Charlie Moore's face seemed a trifle pale, and the corners of his mouth were drawn. He turned to Margery.

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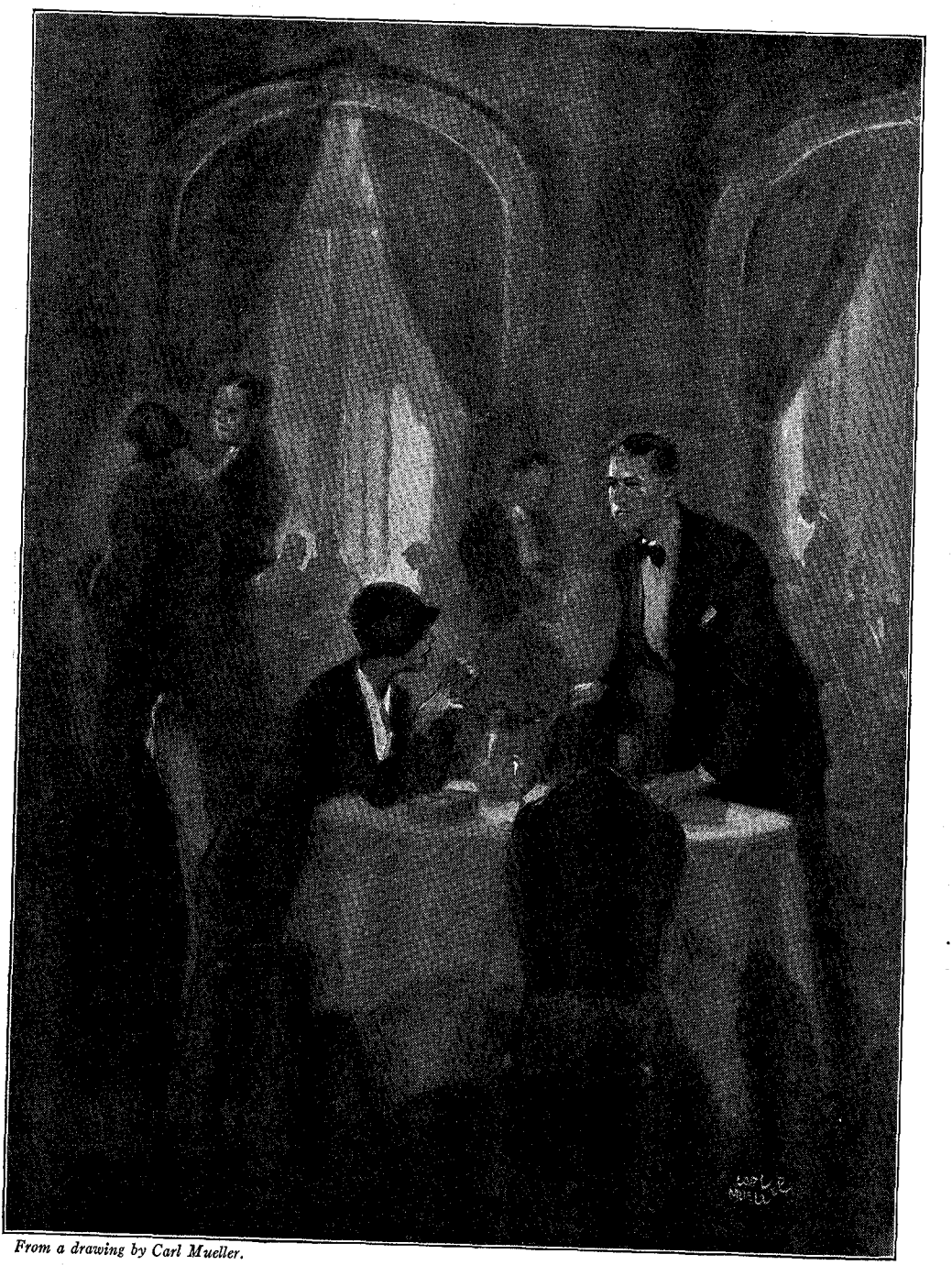

From a drawing by Carl Mueller.

"I just saw my cousin come in. I can give her this box of candy for my mother."—Page 206.

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"Excuse me for a minute," he said, all of the lazy drawl gone from his tone. "I just saw my cousin come in. I can give her this box of candy for my mother." Charlie drew toward him the box of chocolates he had purchased in the hotel.

"Surely," Margery smiled. As he left the table and literally ran from the room, her finger-tips caressed the box he had left. She felt the embossed name, "Gibaud—Paris et Bordeaux," beneath the wrapping-paper.

"He wasn't so smart, after all," she said to herself.

Charlie's hurried exit caused great activity in the dining-room. The man at the corner table sprang to his feet and ran after him, just a second too late to intercept him. The woman fixed a calculating eye upon Margery, so hard and coldly appraising that Margery began to worry.

The waiter came to remove the soup-plates.

"Shall I serve the chicken, Miss?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Shall I serve both portions?"

"Well, no. Just serve mine."

"Will the gentleman be back?"

"Yes. That is, I think so," Margery affirmed with a confidence she did not feel.

She devoured the chicken, wondering if she had money enough to pay the check. She ate the salad and toasted crackers, wishing that her vanished escort had ordered a less elaborate meal. She wondered what happened to people who ordered a meal for which they could not pay. She thought she had read of their being sent to jail.

Margery ate the pastry, and, just as the waiter brought the coffee and a finger-bowl, she saw the man who had pursued Charlie re-enter the room. The woman seemed to question him, and the man shook his head. Deliberately, the woman rose and walked over to Margery's table.

"Say, dearie," she began, while her eyes seemed to bore holes through Margery, "say, what became of your friend? Where are you two stopping? I'm from the Department of Justice," she flashed a little gold shield, which she carried in her handbag, "and I want to know right, and I want to know quick. Come on now. Come clean. Do your stuff."

"What became of Charlie Moore?" repeated Margery, enchanted at meeting a real woman detective. "I'm sure I don't know. He said he'd be back as soon as he took a package to his cousin."

"Never mind that innocence line. Save that for the Commissioner," snapped the woman. "Maybe you can fool him, but you can't kid me. I'm Ada Ragan. Sell your papers and we'll get busy. We don't want to hold you, if we can catch your partner. But we want Polo Charlie, and we want him bad."

"Polo Charlie? Is he the same as Charlie Moore?" Margery was puzzled.

"Where'd he pick you up? N'York?"

The implication that she was from New York City flattered Margery. But she resolved to tell the truth.

"Seneca Falls."

"Seneca Falls! Where in hell is that?"

"It's a place between Syracuse and Rochester."

"When?"

"This morning."

Ada Ragan permitted herself a laugh. It was a hard, metallic sound like the clacking of a worn vacuum cleaner. She signalled to the waiter.

"Bring me a coffee," she ordered. Then she addressed Margery. "Now, kid, tell me all about it."

Margery told.

As she unfolded her tale, Ada Ragan laughed again and again, until tears stood in her eyes. Ada insisted upon elaborate descriptions of Seneca Falls, the high-school dances, and the basket-ball team. Then she asked about Major Tom Moore and his cruiser on the lake. Margery's recital was barely over when Ada motioned to her companion to come to the table.

"She's going to a matinee with me," Ada informed him. "Polo Charlie met Chinese Tom—he's on parole from Atlanta—at a dump called Pultneyville. Chinese Tom has a cruising motorboat on the lake. The kid's all right. She's dumb, but she lives in a place called Seneca Falls, so what can you expect?"

"What's Polo Charlie driving?"

"Gray roadster, nickel trimmings. A racing-car."

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From a drawing by Carl Mueller.

"I tell you she's exactly what she says she is."—Page 208.

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"Where will I meet you?"

"In the lobby, after the show. We'll come back here for tea. And, Jim. Pay our check before you go."

Margery was greatly relieved. She was not in danger of being arrested for eating the best luncheon of her career. And she still had carfare home.

Ada bought the tickets at the theatre. They sat in a box and Ada watched Margery, while Margery watched the play. Margery thrilled to every situation of the mystery piece. When the ghost of the murdered man appeared, she screamed in genuine terror, which performance sent Ada Ragan into spasms of silent laughter.

The capable Jim met them as they left the playhouse. He took them to the hotel, where there was a tea dance. It seemed that Ada didn't care to dance, but Jim liked it. It was wonderful music, too. Margery and Jim enjoyed every minute of it.

Then they went to the dining-room for dinner.

Ada offered Margery a cigarette. Margery declined.

"Not smoke?" demanded Ada. Margery made a mental note to learn. "Well, kid, that's right. We all have to draw the line somewhere. But to put in a day with Polo Charlie, work him for a five-pound box of candy and not smoke!" Ada laughed until Jim growled at her that she was attracting too much attention.

Before they finished dinner, Margery became uneasy. It was close to train time. If she missed the seven-thirty o'clock train, she could not get back to Seneca Falls before her parents. That meant disaster.

"I really must hurry," she apologized. "If I miss that train, my name's mud around home."

Jim looked at Ada, who met his glance squarely.

"Wait here a minute, kid," the woman ordered. Then Jim and Ada walked over to a window and stood there, deep in conversation.

Once, when the traffic noises diminished, Margery heard their voices.

"I tell you she's exactly what she says she is," Ada snapped, as if the man had angered her. "She's a darned nice little small-town kid. The chief wouldn't stand for holding her, and neither will I. Besides, I won't have her dragged down to the Commissioner's office for some thick-headed bull like you to shake down and scare her half to death. That's that."

"But, Ada . . ." protested the man.

"I won't let them get her name in the papers just because she went riding with a dirty slicker."

"But, Ada," boomed Jim's discontented bass voice. "Are you sure she's right? If she was a boy, I'd believe her story. But skirts learn so young."

"All she knows is that she wants to have a good time."

"Skirts have fooled me so often. They smile and lie and get away with it . . ."

"They don't fool me," Ada retorted. "They can't smile and lie to me."

The pair walked back to Margery's table. "Come on," Ada commanded. "And don't forget your box of candy. That's some little souvenir, if you only knew it. We got to hustle. Call a taxi, Jim."

They rushed her to the station. Jim bought Margery's ticket to Seneca Falls, which left the ten-dollar bill still intact in her hand-bag. Then Jim and Ada walked out into the train-shed with her.

Ada touched Jim's shoulder and spoke into his ear. "She reminds me of what I was like before I left home and got into this dirty business," she said.

"Huh!" Jim grunted, ungallantly. "You must have a wonderful memory."

Ada glared at him. "That's more than you can do," she countered. "It would take more than memory if you wanted to think you were decent. It would take imagination. You never were."

Margery was embarrassed. "Good-by," she ventured. "If you ever come to Seneca Falls you must look me up."

"Listen, you," Ada began sagely, then she laughed. "You tell your fat-head brother you had luncheon with Polo Charlie, who has a longer record than Babe Ruth, and more indictments hanging over him than the Crown Prince. Then you can add that you ate dinner with Ada Ragan and Jim Turner of the narcotic squad of the U. S. Secret Service. What's your brother's name?"

"Richard," Margery replied, in a subdued voice.

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"Tell Richard if he ever lets you come away like this again, he'll draw about two years in Atlanta, as accessory to a crime, if I have to frame the case. I wish I had him here. I'd wrap something around his conk."

"Come, come, Ada," Jim interrupted her. "Who asked you to broadcast a sermon?"

"You wanted something to happen. Now, kid, it did. You got out of it darned lucky. Go back to Seneca Falls, and when you feel that you just got to vamp some one, pick on the grocer's boy. Get me? The grocer's boy." Ada's tone changed. "Mind kissing me?"

"Shut your eyes and it won't be so bad," Jim advised, under his breath.

Margery could hardly refuse. She noticed, with a start, that there were tears on Ada Ragan's cheeks. Just as the train moved, she climbed into the coach, her box of candy under her arm.

The train jolted along toward Seneca Falls.

Margery Hollister made sure that no one was watching her. She unwrapped the candy-box and viewed with great satisfaction the name "Gibaud—Paris et Bordeaux."

"I'll bet that Polo Charlie was mad when he found I'd made him take the wrong box," she mused.

One by one Margery broke the seals. She opened the box. She was not disappointed.

It was filled with little cube-shaped packages. She tore open a package. It contained a gray powder.

"That's worth a lot of money," she decided. "If Polo Charlie paid twenty-five hundred dollars for it, we ought to be able to sell it for twice that. Wait until Dick sees the stuff!"

Dick met her at the station.

He was voluble as he recounted the success of the poker party. There had been a thrilling day in the village, he said. He told of a fire, an automobile accident, and a runaway.

Margery could hardly contain herself. She wanted to recount her adventures.

"Say, Dick," she began, then stopped abruptly. She remembered Jim's words: "They smile and lie, skirts do. And they learn so young."

Margery looked at her brother, dimpled and smiled.

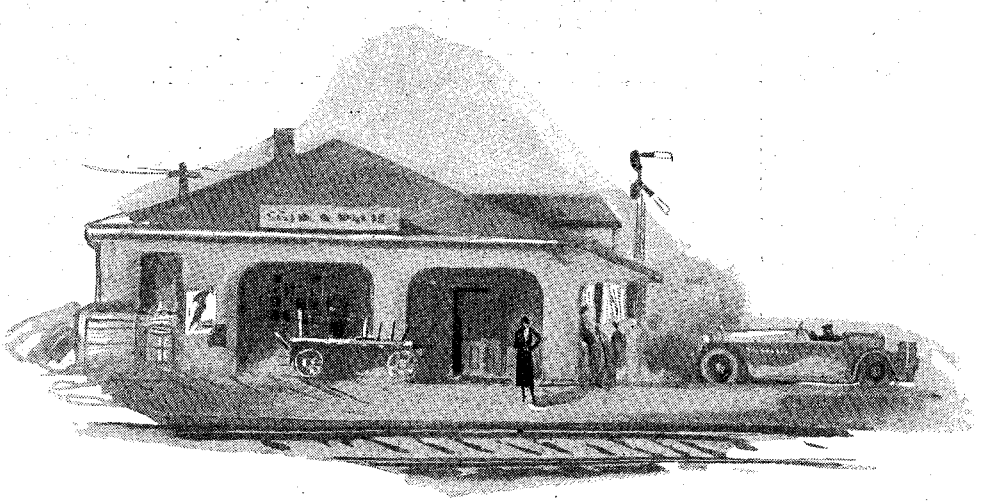
"Oh, Dick," she complained. "I had a rotten time. You gotta do something nice for me to make up for this. If you don't, I'll tell mother. You gotta invite me down to Cornell for Spring Day and the boat races."

Dick promised.

"Did you get my bottle of gin?"

Dick nodded.

And then, as they walked over the canal bridge, Margery dropped a package into the water. The package contained some five thousand dollars' worth of cocaine.



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The Wood-Cutter's Wife

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TIMES she'll sit quiet by the hearth, and times
She'll ripple with a fit of twinkling rhymes
And rise and pirouette and flirt her hand,
Strut jackdaw-like, or stamp a curt command
Or, from behind my chair, suddenly blind me;
Then, when I turn, be vanished from behind me.

Times she'll be docile as the gentlest thing
That ever blinked in fur or folded wing,
And then like lightning in the dead of night
Fill with wild, crackling, intermittent light
My mind and soul and senses—and next be
Aloof, askance as a dryad in a tree.

Then she'll be gone for days; when next I turn,
There, coaxing yellow butter from the churn,
Rubbing to silver every pan of tin
Or conjuring color from the rooms within
Through innocent flowers, she'll hum about the house
Bright-eyed and secret as a velvet mouse.

'Tis not your will They do, no, nor the Will
That hushes Anselm's chapel overhill.
Something that drifts in clouds, that sings in rain,
That laughs in sunlight, shudders in the pain
Of desolate seas, or broods in basking earth
Governs Their melancholy and Their mirth.

Elusive still! Elusive as my reason
For trudging woodward in or out of season
To swing the ringing axe, as year by year
The inexplicable end draws slowly near,
And, in between, to think and think about it,
Life's puzzling dream, deride, believe—and doubt it.

But if I leave her seriously alone
She comes quite near, pre-empts some woodland stone,
Spreads out her kirtle like a shimmering dress
And fills my mind's remorseful emptiness
With marvellous jewels made of words and wit
Till all my being sings because of it.

Sings of the way her bronze hair waves about
And how her amber-lighted eyes peer out;
Sings of her sudden laughter floating wild,
Of all her antics of a fairy child,
Of her uplifted head and swift, demure
Silence and awe, than purity more pure.

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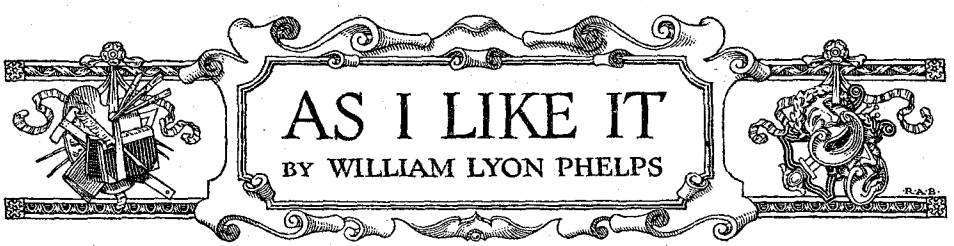
So I must scratch my head and drop my axe,
While in her hands my will is twisted wax;
So, when she goes, deaf, dumb, and blind I sit
Watching her empty armchair opposite,
Witched by evasive brightness in the brain
That grows full glory, when she comes again.



NOT so very long ago, it seemed that the contribution of American women to the novel was chiefly financial; by reading and talking about works of fiction, but principally by buying them, they kept novelists from starvation. And in truth women were and are just as necessary to the novel as to foreign missions, symphony concerts, art-galleries, literary lectures, and other good things.

A list of leading story-writers drawn up in any decade of the nineteenth century would have shown an overwhelming preponderance of men. How about such a list to-day? What group of men have produced within the last few months novels equal in merit to "So Big," by Edna Ferber; the four books of old New York by Edith Wharton; "The Home-maker," by Dorothy Canfield; "Faint Perfume," by Zona Gale; "The Lost Lady," by Willa Cather; "Lummox," by Fannie Hurst; "Jennifer Lorn," by Elinor Wylie? When the house of Harpers recently offered a prize for the best new novel, it was awarded to Margaret Wilson for "The Able McLaughlins." In every sense of the word, women are looking up.

Poetical and musical compositions show perhaps more creative power than prose fiction. Some day the world may see a first-class woman poet and a first-class woman composer. There are of course many who regard Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti as in the front rank of poets; but there are more who do not. Nowhere and at no time on the earth has there appeared a woman among the great makers of music. This is at first sight all the more remarkable because it is probable that there are a hundred women to one man who understand and appreciate the best music. The fact is, however, that poetry and music are pre-eminently the manly arts; there are more first-class woman athletes than first-class woman poets and composers. Must this always be so? The late Professor George Trumbull Ladd, an authority on philosophy and psychology, wrote an article in the *Yale Review* in which he attempted to prove that women *cannot* write the best music. He did not have to prove that they had not.

Those who still believe that "woman's place is in the home" ought to read Dorothy Canfield's novel "The Home-maker." And those who do not believe it ought also to read the same book. It is the best story she has written since "The Bent Twig." The idea and the characters are original; and it is free from the verbosity that so seriously injured "The Brimming Cup" and "Rough-Hewn." It is a novel of an interior, a family composed of father, mother, and three children. While each one of the children is cleverly individualized, the main interest for the reader lies in the father and mother—two living persons who at a certain point in the narrative exchange occupations to the enormous advantage of both, and particularly to the advantage of the three children, who, like all children, are in the

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power of older but not necessarily wiser beings. For there are many parents, not intentionally cruel or indifferent, who take more care of so elementary a mechanism as a Ford car than they do of the delicate and complex souls of their offspring. . . . One reason, among others, for my admiration of Dorothy Canfield is that the artistic structure of her work rests upon spiritual foundations. It is her recognition of the forces that make human life significant that gives to her productions an importance that can never be found in any mere record of imagined adventures or in any copy, no matter how accurate, of trivial events.

Perhaps emboldened by the success of "The Age of Innocence," which dealt with New York society in the seventies, and which is the best of her works, Edith Wharton has launched four new novels simultaneously, "False Dawn," "The Old Maid," "The Spark," "New Year's Day." They deal externally with New York in the forties, the fifties, the sixties, the seventies; but their real and common subject is the human heart, which remains the same in every age. I like the first and the third in this series better than the other two; but as Americans, we do well to be proud of all four of them, for the dignity and beauty of such literary art. These books bring glory to America, and while we are materially the most enviable nation on earth, I feel somehow that we are a little short on glory. I can only imagine what foreigners must be saying of our political wisdom by knowing what we say of it ourselves. "*Art still has truth, take refuge there!*"

The human heart remains the same in every age; hence, if the Utopia of Mr. H. G. Wells, as cleverly and even brilliantly set forth in "The Dream," should ever become a reality, it will materialize on some other planet. His imagined people seem to enjoy themselves and seem quite free from the disasters and tortures of this present time; my only criticism of them is that, although they are attractive, they are not human.

Just now there is much interest in the re-creation of the fashions and manners of former generations. Mr. Rupert Hughes, whom I admire more than some of his critics (ambiguity intentional), in his novel "Within These Walls," made a vivid though somewhat lurid picture of New York in the forties. It is really an epic not written in, but of, water. And Meade Minnigerode, who has an especial talent for the gossipy side of history, has produced this year a book, "The Fabulous Forties," which I find full of fascination; also full of material for thought.

Two excellent mystery stories have recently appeared, which I confidently recommend to my readers: "Who Killed Cock Robin?" by Harrington Hext, and "The Great House in the Park," by Anon. Harrington Hext is a famous novelist, and the publishers ought to offer a prize to all those who can guess his identity, for no one could guess the outcome of the story, which is as puzzling and baffling as "The Grey Room." I will not attempt it, because I know.

On Friday, May 23, I had the pleasure of seeing Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" presented by an extraordinary cast, including Clare Eames, Dudley Digges, Margalo Gillmore, Roland Young, and Fritz Leiber. The play was produced by Robert Edmond Jones, and directed by the Equity Players. It is an interesting fact that the revival of an American or English piece which may have scored heavily some ten years ago usually fails to arouse those who hear it for the first time or to re-arouse those who can remember their earlier enthusiasm; whereas "Hedda Gabler" (1890) held the audiences of 1924 so strongly that it was necessary to extend the number of performances. The simplest explanation is that Ibsen was a man of genius, whereas—but there are other reasons. "Hedda Gabler" makes no appeal to time or place, but deals with fundamental and eternal elements in human nature; hence, when intelligently acted it must impress intelligent people. I could not help thinking, between the acts, that, although we now have a considerable number of excellent contemporary American plays, they seem light in comparison with this work by Ibsen. It is a drama entirely made up of conversation—but how magnificent the economy of its construction! How definitely every sentence contributes to the movement toward

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the catastrophe! Strange that so many used to believe that Ibsen was primarily a dramatist to be read rather than to be acted, when the average experience with "Hedda Gabler" is bewilderment in reading it and clarity in seeing it.

Despite the excellence and intelligence of Miss Eames's interpretation, it was not equal to that displayed some years ago by Madame Nazimova, and indeed could not be. Mr. Archer believes that Hedda resembles the normal society woman; yet I cannot help thinking it is just the taint of abnormality that gives her such a horrible fascination.

The publication of Otis Skinner's autobiography, "Footlights and Spotlights," reminds me of the time when I first saw him on the stage. It was in Hartford, a place more fitting than I then knew, for Mr. Skinner is a graduate of the Hartford Public High School. The play was "Macbeth," and the bills announced Mr. Edwin Booth and Madame Modjeska. Booth was plainly tired, and only occasionally exhibited a flash of his former genius; Madame Modjeska gave a capable but uninspiring interpretation of the Lady. The success of the evening was won by Macduff, who aroused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm; this part was played by a promising young actor named Otis Skinner. Although I have enjoyed his fine art many times since that memorable occasion, I never enjoyed it more than in October, 1900, when I saw him, Eleanor Robson, and Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne play in Browning's "In a Balcony," which was so successful that the company went on tour for a year. The excitement in the theatre on that October day was so great that William Winter never forgave Robert Browning, the actors, or the audience.

What right has a play to be successful when, according to all the canons of dramatic art, it isn't?

I shall be glad to hear from any one who will take the trouble to read "In a Balcony" and then see the motion picture called "The Eagle's Feather."

The death of Victor Herbert removed the foremost composer of light opera in America. Although the papers properly devoted much space to this event and printed many lists of his compositions, I saw no mention of his masterpiece, "The Serenade." Yet who, among those who heard it, can forget its lovely melodies, the splendid singing of Eugene Cowles, and the glorious humor of dear old Barnabee?

Mr. E. Byron Hostetter writes enthusiastically that he has just witnessed in Dallas, Texas, on the stage of the Dallas Little Theatre the first night of "Judge Lynch," with which the Dallas Little Theatre won the David Belasco cup in the National Little Theatre tournament held in New York in May. The successful playwright is J. W. Rogers, Jr., and the interest in the performance was so great that hundreds of applications for seats had to be refused. Mrs. R. E. L. Knight, Jr., the wife of a Harvard graduate, is the prime mover of the Little Theatre in Dallas, and has justly earned the gratitude of all the people in the city who are interested in the various things that appeal to the mind.

I learn from that admirable weekly periodical called *Time* that the *Etude*, a Philadelphia magazine, assembled a court composed of twenty-five professional musicians and one novelist to decide on the greatest composers and their masterpieces. The only composition that obtained a majority of votes was "Die Meistersinger," which certainly deserved it; the four immediately following were Bach's Mass in B Minor, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The first six composers came in this order: Beethoven, Wagner, Bach, Mozart, Brahms, Schubert. This vote interested me, for I have always maintained it would be easy to agree on the first four, but that the fifth man would be a matter of dispute. On the façade of the Music Hall in Chicago appear the names of what those who placed them there regarded as the leading five: the fifth is Schubert; in the *Etude* court, he is sixth. But there is no one who can oust any of the big four.

The vexed question as to whether or not "Uncle Tom's Cabin" deserves high

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rating in the world's literary masterpieces makes Macaulay's memorandum, as cited in the Boston *Transcript*, interesting: "I finished 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' (October 4, 1852); a powerful and disagreeable book; too dark and Spagnoletto-like for my taste, when considered as a work of art. But on the whole it is the most valuable addition that America has made to English literature."

Recent acquisitions to the membership list of the Asolo Club are Miss Letitia Simons, of Port Chester, New York; Mrs. A. D. Wasson and Miss Elizabeth Wasson, of Buffalo, who happened to witness the funeral of Eleonora Duse, who was buried there in May. Her grave forms an additional reason for making a pilgrimage to the charming little town.

The dinner of the Fano Club was held in New Haven on May 7; ten were present, and letters and telegrams were received from San Francisco and other places. The most original contribution to the gathering was sent by Dean J. H. Wigmore of Northwestern University, who wrote an exceedingly clever parody on the first stanza of the first canto of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata." Here is the original:

"E invan l'Inferno vi si oppose, e invano
S'armò d'Asia e di Libia il popol' misto;
Il Ciel gli diè favore; e sotto ai santi
Segni ridusse i suoi compagni erranti."

Here is Dean Wigmore's poem:

"E in Fan' il maestro pose il Circol' Fano,
Che tien' del Mondo Nuovo un' popol' misto:
E il Ciel gli diè favore; e sotto ai santi
Olmi ridusse i suoi compagni erranti."

William Morrell, special agent of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission in Pittsburgh, tells me of another literary bookshop which should be added to my list. This is John H. Bruder's Book Mart, at 521½ Pine Street, St. Louis. It is "located in a cramped, ground-floor hall of a walk-up house. There, buried in stacks of dusty old books and hovered over a reeking oil stove, you will find the proprietor . . . poring over a pamphlet which catalogues the wants of book lovers from all over the United States. And it will surprise you how many of these wants he will be able to supply."

I quote from two letters I have received on the "Five Pounds of Cinnamon" question, and now, by the help of four correspondents, my curiosity is satisfied, my memory of a book read in childhood corrected and enriched, and the matter definitely settled. Miss Elsie Maynard, of Freeport, Illinois: "On the title page is 'Five Pounds and Other Stories.' By Ellis Toune, Sophie May, and Ella Farman. D. Lothrop and Company, Publishers." Miss Charlotte Eddy, of Perryville, Ohio: "I have a book, treasured from childhood, called 'Happy Hours for Girls,' D. Lothrop and Company, which contains 'Five Pounds of Cinnamon.' The exact quotation alluded to in the January SCRIBNER'S is: 'Her mouth was tingling pungently with the fine cinnamon and in her pocket yet were eight moist, fat, sugary raisins, to be slipped in her mouth one by one, four during the geography lesson, four during the spelling lesson." Eight, not four! Both of these correspondents refer to *Wide Awake*, where the story seems first to have appeared. I well remember that magazine, for I was a subscriber.

Although I am almost immune from shock, I confess that I was slightly seismized by receiving almost at the same moment from two persons a nomination for the Ignoble Prize of one of the world's favorite novels—"The Three Musketeers." The two men who have the temerity to suggest this are Mr. William A. Watts and Professor Wilmot Sheldon. The latter also informs me that William James states in one of his books that he attempted to read "The Three Musketeers" while seasick, and obtained an incurable dislike of the book. Now what is the good of being a psychologist if you allow seasickness to triumph over so marvellous a work of genius? If there are any others in the world who do not like "The Three Musketeers" let me recommend that they reread Stevenson's essay "A Gossip on a Novel of Dumas's," which contains an appraisement of the character of D'Artagnan. In the "Vicomte de Bragelonne," Athos becomes an

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insufferable prig, and Aramis is a sad spectacle; but Porthos and D'Artagnan run true to form.

The town of Logansport, Indiana, will always be bright in my memory, for upon a certain occasion I had to remain in that place three hours to wait for a train. I went to a hotel, sat down in front of an open fire, drew from my pocket "Les Trois Mousquetaires" and passed a supremely happy afternoon.

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize all cigar bands. What an accursed nuisance they are! of value only to children who collect them. To smoke the cigar with the gay surcingle upon it, is the last word in vulgarity; to tear it off with your fingernails requires at least thirty-eight separate attempts, resulting in thirty-eight scraps of paper; the tenacity of the sash is amazing. To slit it with a knife, if you have one, is almost always to break the skin of the cigar, which hurts both its appearance and its drawing power, and results anyhow in a certain amount of proud flesh that has subsequently to be removed even more carefully. Mark Twain, to show his indifference to these gauds, said that he bought his cigars by the barrel; "some had bellybands, and some had not."

Why must cigars have these superfluous embellishments? Is it because so many people love splendor more than comfort? Or does it come from the same human weakness that makes men love to wear labels and badges?

Another of my candidates for the Ignoble Prize is the light billiard cue. Although nearly every player selects a cue of eighteen ounces or more, fully half and usually more of the cues in any billiard-rack are under eighteen ounces in weight, and are therefore never used. And if one buys a private set for the house, light cues predominate.

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize all published poetry by children. Such publications are bad for literature, bad for the author, and bad for the character and temper of critics. I do not refer to humorous verse, which may display a charming naïveté or a real sense of fun, or may be so crude as to be amusing. I am talking about the numerous volumes of "poetry" written by children, and which are gravely presented to the public as authentic literature.

I am hoping that I shall be able to discover a new novel where the young heroine's figure is not described as "boyish," and where she does not say "damn" within the first ten pages. A change in speech fashions is proved by the fact that twenty years ago, when a playwright wished to "get a laugh," he required one of the men on the stage to say "damn"; now for the same effect it is necessary that the monosyllable be uttered by a woman. Why, to the *eye*, is the final "n" so weighty? Many novelists believe that an apostrophe robs the word of its sting, thus: "He is a dam' fine fellow." They also cherish the belief that "damn it!" loses any possible tinge of vulgarity if spelled "dammit!" Perhaps they are right; but if so, why?

I am pleased to see that *The Catholic World* not only believes in saying "I" when one means "I," but that it took this position in print in September, 1923, some time before I published in this department Doctor W. W. Keen's letter on the subject. Had I known this, I would have cited the prior mention. In *The Catholic World* for June there are two interesting editorials on the theme, bringing forward the latest convert, Heywood Broun. It may be necessary to form the "I" club, with *The Catholic World* as president, Doctor Keen as vice-president, Heywood Broun as secretary, and "the present writer" as treasurer. The last would have almost as easy a job as shovelling snow in Timbuctoo. All those who are in favor of this motion will say "I."

In a recent issue, I called attention to the various evils resulting from the growing fashion of soloism. Now let me, with less emphasis, indicate its more agreeable aspects. Every one ought to have noticed the steadily increasing use of personalities in banks, railway ticket-offices, and other places. Whereas formerly the visitor merely addressed Mr. Anon seated behind his glittering mahogany, or gazed at him through the iron grille, where he glared at you in se-

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curity, now one sees a handsome copper sign:

MR. ALLING.

and knows that the functionary is actually a human being with a name. This is a feature of soloism that has everything to recommend it, and nothing against it. But it should be carried further. Every railway train should have posted a legend:

THE CONDUCTOR OF THIS TRAIN IS MR. JOHN MEANS.

THE PULLMAN CONDUCTOR IS MR. HENRY ATKINSON.

or whatever their names may be. When I was a child, I never imagined that a railway conductor was a person. I thought he was a machine in uniform which mechanically punched tickets. I thought he was born in his uniform and slept in it. Had I chanced to see him *in mufti*, laughing and talking, off duty, I should have been astounded. Even now I think we take policemen, professors, conductors, etc., much too routinely. Strange as it may seem, they are human beings. A year ago, on an infernally hot day, I entered a crowded dining-car, and as I passed the dining-car conductor, I remarked casually: "This must be a pretty hard day for you; and as for those boys in the kitchen, I certainly am sorry for them." To my surprise, he fell on my neck and wept. "Say," he cried, "I don't know your name or who you are, but I *want* to know! You are the only person to-day who has shown me or my men the slightest consideration. I have received nothing but kicks and complaints of all kinds, and I shall never forget you as long as I live." And yet I had only "passed the time of day." It was because I had regarded him and his men, not as automata, but as human beings.

In speaking of *persons* as distinguished from functionaries, the English have a custom which, although it may have no belittling significance, rather infuriates me. They never say: "That is the milkman, or the postman," but "That's the *milk*." "That will be the *post*." As though these two human beings had as their sole reason for existence the bringing of milk or letters! No matter how inconsiderate we may be in America, at least we have the grace to call him the milk*man* or the post*man*.

By the way, how amazing it would be if when a train makes a long stop in the midst of a desolate country, and a passenger had the temerity to ask a uniformed official why, any definite information should be returned! I suppose the companies tell all their conductors never to reveal the secret.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

IN the recently published "Souvenirs du Dîner Bixio" of the late Jules Claretie there is a passage which rather amusingly illustrates the attitude occasionally held by one eminent man toward another, and incidentally it gives us a clue to the status in French art of one of its most famous figures. The passage reports a colloquy between Meissonier and Gérôme, about Léon Bonnat, which ran as follows:

MEISSONIER.—*Qui va-t-on nommer comme vice-président à l'Institut?*

GÉRÔME.—*Bonnat.*

MEISSONIER.—*À quel propos? C'est donc un peintre?*

GÉRÔME.—*Oui . . . maintenant.*

Thus we see that even an Academician may sometimes be a little acrid toward another Academician. But, as I have indicated, besides what is droll in the anecdote there is a suggestion of Bonnat's character as an artist. He was one of the salient painters of his day, but was he, in the esoteric sense of the term, a painter? He promised to be one when he was a young man in Italy, a *pensionnaire* of the Villa Medicis in the early sixties, the ardent soul painted by Degas at that time in one of the most interesting of his portraits. Bonnat delineated then the models who hang about the Scala di Spagna in Rome wearing their most picturesque garments, and he made capital pictures out of them. Even then, however, there was working in him a deleterious influence. Born at Bayonne and spending part of his youth just across the border in Spain, he had conceived a great admiration for Ribera. In one of his Italian pictures he invented a scene in which that master sat on the steps of a Roman church drawing the monks issuing from the edifice; and besides commemorating his hero in this way he emulated him in method when he came to paint the portraits that occupied a large part of his career. He went in for a simple but dramatic play of light and shade and put forth a series of extraordinary images. It is resplendent with great names. He portrayed Pasteur and the Duc d'Aumale, Gounod and Pasta, Thiers and Victor Hugo—in short, all the celebrities of an epoch. They live magnificently upon his canvas. You look, for example, at such a portrait of his as that of Léon Cogniet and for a moment you feel that you are looking at a masterpiece. On second thoughts you revise this judgment, for you observe that the portrait is as hard as nails, as rigidly defined as though it were cut out of iron. What was it, in addition to the vitalizing characterization in them, that nevertheless gave them high rank in modern French portraiture? They were superbly drawn, drawn academically, no

Portrait of Paumgartner.
From the drawing by Dürer at Vienna.

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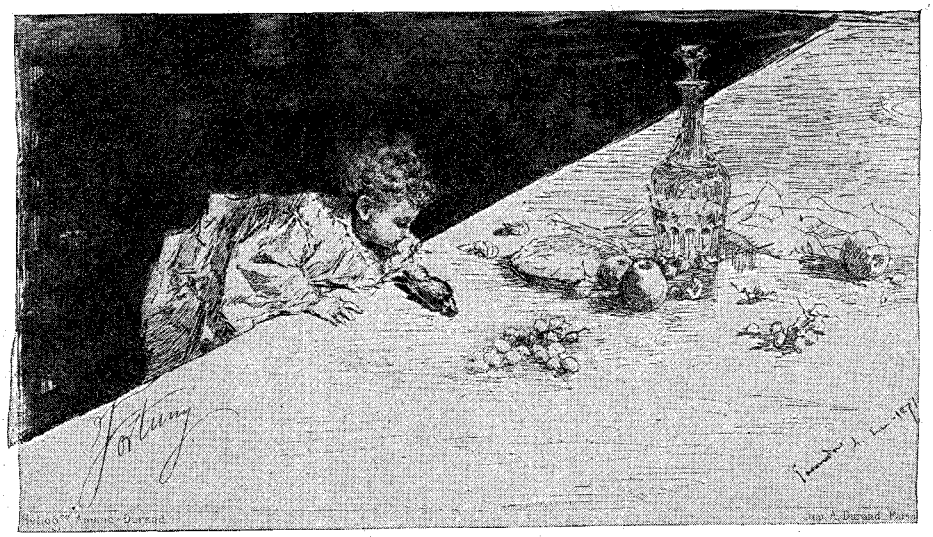
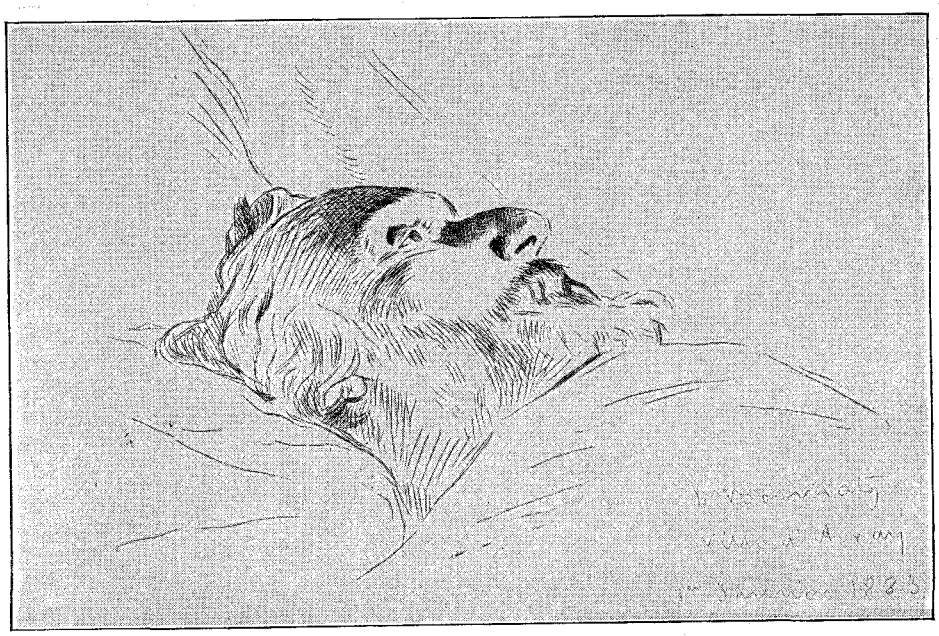


The Daughter of Fortuny Looking at a Dead Bird.
From the drawing by Mariano Fortuny.

doubt, but still with the touch of a master.

Apropos of this matter of Bonnat's draftsmanship I may recite here a very curious incident. Gambetta died on December 31, 1882. In its issue for February, 1883, the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* published an article about him as a man of taste by Jules Claretie, and accompanied it by a reproduction of an etching from the head of the statesman drawn the day after his death at Ville d'Avray by Bonnat. It was signed and dated. I tucked it away among my prints and



Gambetta on His Death-Bed.
From the etching by Léon Bonnat.

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years afterward, in 1898, when Bodley published his book on France, I reprinted the portrait in a review of that work. This fell under the eye of my friend, the late Samuel P. Avery, the old art-dealer, connoisseur, and collector. He wrote to me with astonishment, saying that Bonnat himself had aided him to complete his collection of his (Bonnat's) etchings, sending him an impression of any new plate he made, and this one had never turned up. Avery said he would send my reproduction to his agent in Paris with instructions to make inquiry. The report came back stating that Bonnat declared he had never etched the plate, and scrawled across the reproduction were these words: "Bonnat swore by the point of his knife that he never made etching of this in his life." Now what could have caused that amazing repudiation, made under the most sacred of Basque oaths? I call it a repudiation because the documentation of the print is conclusive. Its mere publication in the *Gazette*, one of the sedatest periodicals on earth, would by itself be fairly conclusive, but besides that it bears the familiar signature and Claretie specifically ascribes it to Bonnat in his text. That the artist didn't see it in the magazine at the time is next door to incredible, and that he never protested to the *Gazette* is shown by the fact that when the "Tables Générales" of the magazine were subsequently compiled by Charles de Bus the etching was attributed therein to Bonnat. It will be interesting if some day, in some passage of social or political reminiscence, a ray of light is thrown on this little mystery.

A Study.
From the drawing by Clodion in the Bonnat collection.

BONNAT triumphed, we have seen, through draftsmanship. The point has a dual significance. He not only drew well himself, but he had a cult for the drawings of others; and if he left one monument to his art in the body of portraiture to which I have referred, he left another to his taste in the Musée Bonnat at Bayonne. That little town in the extreme south of France was good to the artist in his youth, subsidizing his studies, and he never forgot it. As he rose in the world and prospered he collected paintings and drawings, and he gave a prodigious collection of these to the municipality in 1901. I remember that when I visited Bayonne the drawings in the museum made me catch my breath. Nowhere else in the provinces could one encounter quite such riches. It was as though one were in an annex to the Louvre. Bonnat made memorable gifts to that great national institution—especially one of a priceless sheaf of Rem-

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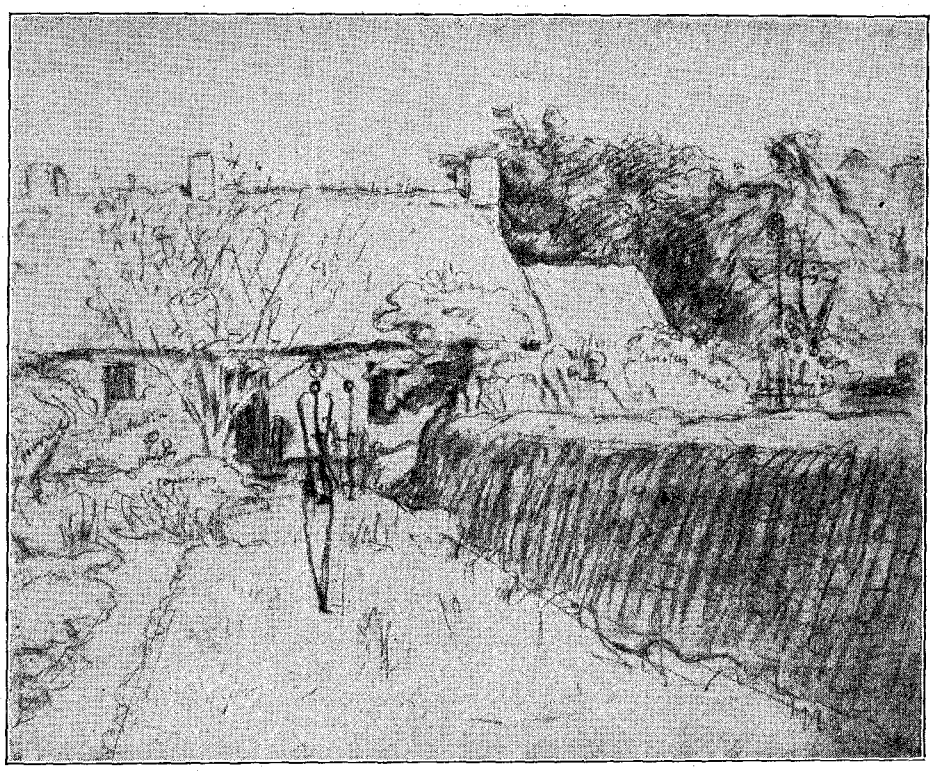

Millet's Garden.

From the drawing by Jean-François Millet in the Bonnat collection.

brandt drawings—but the Musée Bonnat was very close to his heart and it possesses most of his finest gems. These are now being made accessible to a wider public. There is an admirable co-operative organization in Paris, Les Presses Universitaires de France, which exists to supply its members with books at reasonable prices. It also engages in publishing, and it has just begun to issue a series of portfolios under the title of "Les Dessins de la Collection Léon Bonnat." Four times a year subscribers receive a group of from twenty to twenty-five drawings and publication will go on until the best at Bayonne have been reproduced. This means that in the long run we will have in facsimile some of the greatest drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michel-Angelo; Rembrandt, Holbein, and Dürer; Claude, Poussin, and Watteau. Nor is the collection confined to the ancient masters. Bonnat had a passion for the drawings of Ingres, and, with his fine catholicity, he showed the same ardor in assembling souvenirs of that master's romantic rival, Delacroix. Other moderns are present. The German Menzel, for example, is represented by six beautiful drawings. The first portfolio, which lies before me, well brings out the wide range of the affair. It opens with Guardi and Signorelli. There follows a brilliant sanguine attributed to Maes, and from this we pass to an exquisite Rembrandt. Then come Dürer and the elder Holbein, followed unexpectedly by a brilliant drawing in colors from the hand of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The eighteenth-century French School is glitteringly represented by Clodion, Fragonard, Lancret, and Gabriel de Saint-Aubin. Barye, Corot, Delacroix, Géricault, Ingres, and Millet round out the company.

The important thing about these reproductions is that, thanks to the development of modern processes, possession of them is tantamount to possession of the originals, and I note the fact with the

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more appreciation because it plays into the hands, if I may so express it, of a hobby which I would urge upon every lover of art. Of course there are, I suppose, people quite interested in pictures for whom drawings as such have no great appeal. Well, frankly, I'm sorry for them, and, indeed, I will go so far as to assert that their equipment is sadly incomplete. The world is divided, for me, into two groups, formed respectively of those who care for drawings and those who do not. For those who do care there is nothing so thrilling as a good drawing. I have ridden this hobby all my life and I know. Some old Frenchman—it may have been Mariette—once said that in a drawing you get an artist's idea in its *premier éclosion*. You get more than that. You get in its most revealing autographic expression the very breath and pressure of his individuality, you come into the most intimate possible contact with the very essence of his genius. Pater and the rest of them have uttered their dithyrambs in celebration of the "Mona Lisa." They seek thereby to draw nearer to the secret of La Gioconda. But if you want to draw nearer to the secret of Leonardo, the secret of that almost unearthly beauty, impalpable and evanescent, which he brought forth from the recesses of his soul, you go to the drawings. There is eloquence enough in his few paintings to carry us far, but in the final interpretation of Leonardo's magic the drawings are so indispensable that without them criticism would be gravely handicapped.

The Painter Charles Thevenin.
From the drawing by Ingres in the Bonnat collection.

♣ ♣ ♣

IT is so with all the masters. When the Dürer Society issued its first portfolio in 1898 it specialized necessarily in the prints, but it included a few drawings and multiplied the number of them as it went on with its ten years of devoted reproduction. More and more have facilities for the study of drawings been made the object of a beneficent activity among artistic associations. Long ago, before he dispersed his renowned eighteenth-century collections, M. Doucet took me through them in his house in the rue Spontini. I lingered especially over his drawings by Watteau and the others of that school. Doucet smiled sympathetically and said: "Wait. You shall have them." What he meant, as he proceeded to explain, was that he was about to found his now famous library of art, and with it the Société de Reproductions des Dessins de Maîtres. I joined it, of course, when it started in 1909, and remained a member until the concluding portfolio appeared only the other day. Annually I was enriched by a large group

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of masterpieces, practically, as I have said before, originals. That Société has done precious things. As a separate venture it reproduced in four large portfolios all the drawings by Pisanello and his school in the Codex Vallardi in the Louvre. It also made some six or seven volumes out of the old Salon catalogues facsimile reproduction. The English, however, have been close behind them. Their Vasari Society, created in London to do what Doucet did in Paris, has issued and is still issuing beautiful plates. The Germans have not, in my experience, been so successful. Everybody knows that their book-work and color-work are

Trumpet Blowers.
From the drawing by Lancret in the Bonnat collection.

annotated with pencil sketches by Gabriel de Saint-Aubin. Anything more adorable—there is no other word—than those pictorial memoranda of the eighteenth-century draftsman it would be impossible to find, and the facsimiles are so exact that you get the very spirit of his page. I must mention also the fine work done by the late M. Demotte in making a series of facsimiles from the drawings of Degas, a series being continued by his son. The group of five portfolios will contain, all told, a hundred plates. Degas could have no more eloquent memorial.

The French have been the most brilliant miracle-workers in this matter of exceptional, but I was disappointed in the drawings I got from a society in Frankfort before the war broke out. I have found better plates in two volumes by Detlev von Hadeln on the drawings of Tintoretto and Titian, but these recent books, good as they are, might be better. They certainly don't challenge the supremacy of the French. While I am speaking of that I ought to mention another source of valuable reproductions for the amateur to whom the cost of original drawings is prohibitive. I mean the sale catalogue as it is issued in Paris. Some remarkable French collections of drawings have passed under the hammer, Doucet's, the

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Muhlbacher collection, and that of the Goncourts. The drawings of the great Heseltine collection have also been reproduced to a certain extent; and, in fact, more instances crowd upon my memory than I can enumerate here. Some of my best prizes have come from the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. It is not at all an unexciting sensation to buy a bundle of back numbers of the *Gazette* at auction, to buy it "unsight unseen," and then to sift out of it a handful of superb drawings, perhaps a new Leonardo or a Dürer of the first water. The browsing among books is almost illimitable since photography came to the aid of illustration. There are monumental folios like Berenson's classic work on the drawings of the Florentine masters and there are popular inexpensive collections like the one which the Scribners imported from England some years ago, each thin volume in which was given two excellent full-page plates from the drawings of a single master. Decidedly the collector who gives his mind to it may go on indefinitely adding to his portfolios. In one way and another the reproductions of drawings in the last twenty or thirty years have been run up into the thousands.

Virgil Appears to Dante.
From the drawing by John La Farge.

♣ ♣ ♣

THERE is more in this circumstance than its reference to the collector's purse. He has one great advantage besides that of gathering unto himself treasures available only to the millionaire before the mechanical processes involved in the matter were perfected. He is absolutely unrestricted in his choice. The luckiest of millionaires is helpless before the fact that a given drawing is lodged forever in the British Museum or in the Louvre, in the Uffizi or in the Albertina. On the other hand, the collector who could not dream of possessing an original Leonardo may little by little assemble facsimiles of virtually all the Leonardos. And I cannot too often reiterate the tremendous meaning of that word "facsimile." A photograph of a painting is one thing; a facsimile of a drawing is quite another, often giving you not only the drawing, but the color and texture of the paper and even the stains thereon. In other words, the judicious collector having the modest status to which I allude, may make himself the master of the whole cosmos of historic draftsmanship. He will ride his hobby, of course, in accord-

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ance with his own taste. He may specialize in this or that school. He may concentrate on Botticelli, say, or on Rubens, and be utterly indifferent to Degas. But on one point, I think, all amateurs of this subject will agree. The drawing for which they care will be not only the drawing of a true artist, but it will be a chip from a workshop, a study, a preliminary step toward something else, a natural gesture which we surprise looking over the artist's shoulder. There are exceptions, to be sure. Ingres made some of his finest drawings as finished portraits. I might cite other illustrations from types old and modern, but I need not go into this phase of the subject. The drawing I have particularly in mind is just the drawing that I might describe as the informal fragment of personality, the drawing in which the painter or sculptor feels his way toward the creation of a work of art and thinks aloud, as it were, unfettered by those conditions which confront him when he is functioning in full dress.

If this character is important to the drawing there is also much emphasis to be placed upon the distinctive quality of the artist, his flair for draftsmanship, his way of giving to line a special power and enchantment. Where the drawings of some painters are full of the subtlest elements, disclosing beauties that frequently evaporate when they work with the brush, the drawings of others are negligible, even though those others can paint like masters. Sargent, for example, is more of a technical virtuoso on canvas than John La Farge ever dreamed of being, but his drawings, as drawings, haven't a tithe of the felicity belonging to those of La Farge. It is strange, by the way, that the drawings of the modern painter seldom have the virtue residing in the drawings of the past. Occasionally draftsmen turn up. In England they have Charles Shannon, Augustus John, and William Orpen. Here we have a consummate draftsman like Arthur B. Davies, who is as unique in black and white as in color. But men like these are excessively rare. And the most singular circumstance is that the draftsmen who professionalize the subject, the artists who draw strictly for publication, make scarcely any contribution at all to our subject. A master like Forain is only the exception that proves the rule. Great illustrators like Abbey and Howard Pyle may draw with unqualified authority, but there is a crucial distinction between their draftsmanship and the kind of draftsmanship that I have been talking about. It is the great paradox of this cult for the drawing that the connoisseurs who have followed it from the Renaissance down have almost invariably sought the drawing which was not so much a masterpiece in itself as a stroke on the way to one. The typical drawing of superlative interest and beauty is a kind of sublime by-product of art.

Constellations.
From the drawing by Arthur B. Davies.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 17.

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A Group of Poems

Little Ponds

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

WHERE balsams droop their fragrant boughs
And ferns their fronds,
Below Katahdin idly drowse
The little ponds,

Until the southwind calls, "Awake!"
Or paddles ply,
Or trout come flashing up to take
The scarlet fly.

The little ponds are bright and clear
And soft of brink;
And after twilight when the deer
Come down to drink,

And in their mirrors, coldly pure
The moon is shown,
The moon, each little pond is sure
Loves it alone.

Let not the little ponds be told
That every night
On countless ponds as clear and cold
Their moon is bright!

They do not guess that such things are
For good or ill—
The strange, high ways of moon and star;—
And still, and still,

When hushed feet cross the beaver-dike
And stars are strewn,
Each little pond, Endymion-like,
Enfolds the moon.

And so the little ponds are glad:
They keep their dream
From wintertime when chained is mad
Katahdin Stream,

Through autumn when the maple-tree
Is crimson-leaved.
Oh, happy little ponds to be
So well deceived!

Evening at Vallombrosa

BY EDWARD HUTTON

THE woods are very still,
Dear, let us lie,
Here or here, where you will,
Just you and I.
Here or here, where you will,
'Twixt the woods and the sky.

The woods are very still.
The valleys old
The setting sun shall fill
With glory and gold;
And each beloved hill
He shall enfold.

The little old cities rare,
Hidden at noon,
Shall each shine forth and share
His blessing soon;
While over Florence fair
Low sets the moon.

The lingering day its sweet,
Its last light strews,
And heaven with silence meet
The earth endues,
While faint far towers repeat
An angel's news.

The woods are very still.
Here let us lie,
Forgetting all the ill,
Just you and I,
Forgetting all the ill,
'Twixt the earth and the sky.

Unfathomed

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

WE cannot reach with lead and line
One ocean bed of depth divine—
A sea with inspiration fraught,
Where genius shapes the pearls of thought.

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Sonnets by David Morton

IN TIME OF LONG RAINS

THIS gray and drifting rain will touch the heart
With such a dim and melancholy grace
As wakes a ghostly world, long laid apart,
Of many a swaying figure and a face:
Old loves that once were new as blossoming May,
And griefs forgotten through the healing years,
Come by again the grave, familiar way,
Some with sad smiles and some with grievous tears;

Along the dreamy valleys of our thought,
Returning, now, in hushed and ghostly guise,
The wisdom and the beauty that they wrought,—
With all the years that slumber in their eyes,—
And I am old and older than those hills
Whose fronded hollows, now, the long rain fills.

EARLY DAYS

THERE comes a day between the snow and flowers,
When the frank earth, returning, brown and bare,
Lies drenched with dream through mystical, white hours,
Before the tiniest leaf or spear is there;
It were as though the listening land had heard
Incredible tales the roving wind would tell
Of skies that opened for a singing bird,
And fields that were a flowery miracle.

These early days, when changing light and gloom
Are on her virgin musings, I have found
The earth more lovely than her opulent bloom;
And this hushed, eager waiting for the sound
Of far-off bugles and the hidden drum,
More beautiful than flowers when they come.

WHO SHAPES THE CARVEN WORD

WHO shapes the carven word, the lean, true line,
And builds with syllable and chiselled phrase,
To rear a sheltering temple and a shrine
To house a dream through brief and meagre days
Must know that time wears words away like stone,
And blurs the sharpness of the clean, straight thought;
A ghost will wander out and leave alone
And tenantless the temple that he wrought.

This will be ruins for another day,
Of lichen-bitten stone and empty tower,
A tumbled shrine whose god has moved away. . . .
Yet later-comers, in some moon-hushed hour,
May find a strange light haunting still the shade,
And footprints that no mortal feet had made.

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To the Ladies

BY ELIZABETH DALY

FAIR ladies, rest; since you were born
  The scene you trod has suffered change;
  You wander in a world grown strange,
And you are wistful and forlorn.

The days are long, the joys are few
  Of such as are not young nor old;
  And life is lovely to behold,
But holds no longer much for you.

Your loves are lost: they could not stay.
  Your pleasures fade: they could not last.
  Your satin steeds are of the past,
Your waltz a dance of yesterday.

With conquering youth you dare not strive—
  Transformed, that beauty would be gone
  Which seeing, I seem to gaze upon
Birds of bright feather caught alive.

Fair ladies, rest and take your ease:
  Kind gardens wait you, quiet looks;
  Soft music too, and time for books,
And famed far countries over seas.

A Dancer from Tanagra

BY HELEN MINTURN SEYMOUR

I THINK your craftsman, long ago,
  Had kept before his spirit's eye
The dance of leaves, the fountain's flow,
  The slide of swallows down the sky.

And so he caught beyond escape
  The airy poise of head and arm,
And merged within a single shape
  Their fadeless, ever-flying charm.

Oh, light above the April grass,
  Light, light beneath the rosy bough,
I see your swaying figure pass,
  With veil tossed back from knee and brow.

The gray years slip from 'neath your feet
  Like waves beneath a sea-bird's wing,
And still you find your April sweet,
  You windflower of immortal Spring!

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Certainty

BY EVELYN HARDY

WHAT wisdom have I that I surely know
Your going from me is a temporal thing?
What woman's intuition, strange and slow,
Fills me with patience like a quiet Spring?
I tell you I am like a mariner,
Weary of wind and rain and open sky,
Who feels himself no more a wanderer,
Knowing the long-desired land is nigh.
Give me no chill advice nor solace cold,
All you who see me laugh and judge me wrong,
I am not yet so comfortless and old
That I am stripped of mirth, bereft of song.
You will come back; I care not what the time,
Be it the green of Spring or Winter's rime.

I Have Known This Many a Day

BY IOLA RIESS

I HAVE known this many a day
That love will tire;
For I have heard the cool stars say
There is no fire
In earth or heart of man will burn alway.
Only the cool stars ever stay
Time's sullen ire.

Sun and moon arise and bring
On earth a glow,
And while they burn the high winds sing
Of love, and so
We, too, believe in the eternal thing;
Of love beneath the suns we sing,
Poor, singing fools below.

When they have set, the sun and moon
Of love, then can
No mortal ever hear again the tune,—
No mortal man,—
That once the high winds cried; and soon
Our hearts forget love's splendid noon
Nor sing again.

I do not cry against this thing,
Beloved; I know
It was decreed that all great moments wing,—
Each flying glow,—
Into time's dusk. Perhaps the stars will bring
Strange peace whereof the poets sing,
Poor, singing fools below.

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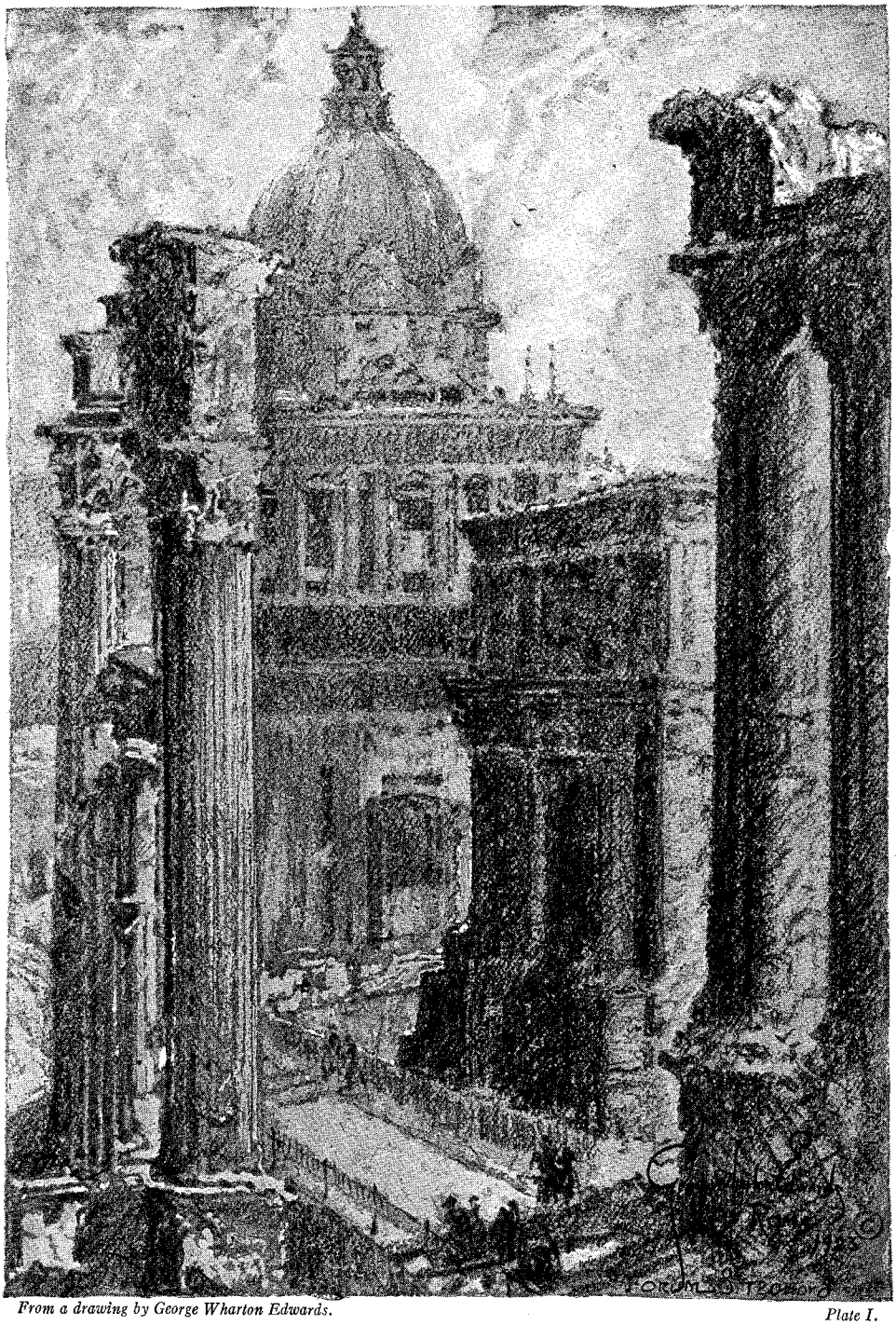

From a drawing by George Wharton Edwards. *Plate I.*

THE FORUM AND SAN TEODORO (HORREA AGRIPPIANA), WITH THE ARCH.

—See "Rome," page 251.

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